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The Phillips Andover Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Phillips Academy.

Vol. VI. — OCTOBER, 1896. — No. 1.

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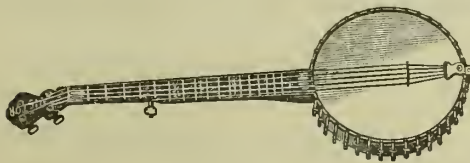
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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if possible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

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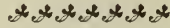
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Vol. 6.

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No. 1.

Chess in Schools and Colleges.

IN the spring of '94 an effort was made to found a chess club in the Academy, but owing to the lateness of the season and the small number of those really interested, the idea was abandoned for that year. A second attempt last winter resulted in the formation of a vigorous and enthusiastic club. A tournament was held, and though no remarkable stars appeared, several players of very fair ability were discovered. Quite a number graduated and went to college, most of them to Yale. Some of these will doubtless make their mark in college chess.

The P. A. club is but one manifestation of a general awakening of interest in chess in the schools and colleges all over the country. We are still far behind England and Germany in this matter. For many years there have been tournaments between Oxford and Cambridge, while in Germany chess is taught as a regular study in some schools. Although this is hardly to be desired in American colleges, yet the increased interest in chess caused by the annual inter-collegiate tournaments, has undoubtedly been an excellent thing.

Until four years ago, college players had little to encourage them

and make them put forth their best efforts. In 1892, however, the present system of annual tournaments was introduced, chiefly owing to the exertions of a Yale graduate, Mr. E. A. Caswell of New York. Alumni of four colleges, Columbia, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, contributed four hundred dollars with which to buy a cup. This is practically a permanent challenge cup, as the conditions make it virtually impossible for any college to acquire possession of it. During the fall term, preliminary tournaments are held in each of these four colleges. Two players and two substitutes are thus chosen for the inter-collegiate tournament, which is held in New York during the holiday vacation. On the day after Christmas, the games begin in the rooms of the Harvard School, on Fifth Avenue. Each contestant plays one game a day, and as he has six games in all, the tournament lasts just a week. Play begins at half-past two in the afternoon and continues till ten o'clock in the evening, with a recess from six o'clock to eight. This is time enough for any ordinary game,—many, in fact, are finished during the afternoon session—but if there are games unfinished at ten o'clock, they are adjudicated as won or drawn by prominent New York professional players.

The games are played in a long, bare room, ordinarily used as a gymnasium. On the wall are several banners won by Harvard School in New York inter-scholastic athletic meets. There are also four larger banners, one for each of the colleges represented in the tournament. On one long wall is Columbia's blue and white, and by its side a plain flag of darker blue with YALE in white letters. Facing these from the opposite wall are a crimson and an orange banner, the former with a large white H, the latter with a black P in the centre. Four tables with chess-boards and men are set at a considerable distance from one another. For the convenience of the spectators, each player is provided with a standard of his college color, with his name and that of the college he represents printed on it. This is placed by his side on the table. Four scorers take down the moves as they are made. On a blackboard at one end of the room are written the names of the contestants at each table, and as the games progress, the open-

ing adopted, the winner and the number of moves. After the first day, the detailed score of each college is also posted.

There are not many spectators in the room the first day, but as the tournament progresses, the crowd increases. This is particularly apt to be the case when two or three colleges are running neck and neck, and a single game may decide the outcome. The crowd is made up of several different classes of people. There are a number of professional chess-players, who could easily beat any of the contestants. These are devotedly fond of the game, as one of them said, and come because they cannot help coming to any place where chess is being played. They have pocket-boards, on which they set up the position in the most interesting game. They then retire into a corner and work out different variations. A losing player is pretty sure to have one or more of these men take him aside after the game is over, and show him just how he could have won at a certain point, if he had only done so-and-so. This, of course, is very pleasant and consoling. More numerous than the professionals, however, are the alumni who live in New York. A few of these know something of the game, but more come simply to encourage the players from their college. A kindly Harvard graduate, whose knowledge of chess was considerably less than his gentlemanly courtesy, was one of the most faithful spectators at the tournament last winter. When a Harvard player was engaged in a long game which he feared was going against his college, he would pleasantly remark: "Well, Harvard is showing good staying powers, anyway." There are a few college fellows present, and usually several ladies. Reporters are rushing about the room, jotting down notes and trying to talk to the players, while photographers and sketchers are busily preparing their caricatures for the papers. When any game reaches a critical stage, the spectators press closely about the table. A cool head is then necessary and those contestants are lucky who are accustomed to play in a crowd.

After the tournament is over, a banquet is held, at which the cup is displayed and medals presented to the members of the winning team. A third medal is given to the player making the highest indi-

vidual score, unless he comes from the victorious college. A number of speeches are made, two or three of which are really bright. When these are finished, the players and guests eat, drink, smoke and tell stories till a late hour. The next morning two supremely happy individuals, and six others who mean to come down next year and win that cup, return to their several homes. The cup is sent to the college which has won it, and there it stays until the next December.

Columbia won the tournament the first and second years, Harvard the third and fourth. Three tournaments out of the four have been close and interesting. The first two years Harvard was a good second, while last winter the result was doubtful till the very end, Harvard finally defeating Columbia by one-half a game. In one year only, the third, has any college had a walk-over. The quality of the chess has steadily improved from year to year, as the colleges grow more interested in the outcome. This improvement has so far appeared not so much in the production of much better players, but in the levelling upward of the whole mass, so that in last winter's tournament there was hardly a game the result of which was a foregone conclusion, and for the first time, the *New York Sun* felt justified in printing the full scores of all the games played.

Other colleges besides the four already mentioned are beginning to take an active interest in chess. Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania are among these. Some have even desired to enter the New York tournament, but as yet permission to do so has not been granted. Correspondence games are, however, not infrequent. Last year, for example, Tufts and Wesleyan played six games in this manner.

It is only recently that the colleges have begun to realize the importance of chess clubs in preparatory schools. As it is, almost all the players receive practically their whole training after coming to college. As the process usually takes at least two years of steady work, it is easy to see the advantage of having some preliminary knowledge of the game. Flourishing clubs have already been established in some of the New York schools. Boston Latin has sent to Harvard three inter-

collegiate players, Hewins in '93, Van Kleeck in '94, and Southard in '95, who together have made the remarkable record of winning nine games and drawing nine, not losing a single game. Andover, too, has reason*to feel proud of having sent to Yale two of her best players, Skinner and Bumstead. But apart from the desire to do credit to one's school or college, there are other reasons for cultivating chess. None but an enthusiast can understand the delight which those feel in chess, who have what is known as the "chess fever." Every crank will declare that nothing else can be compared with it. Moreover, no college club contains a finer set of fellows than the chess club. The intellectual and moral tone of such a club is necessarily high, for a fool cannot and a sport will not play chess. Now that a strong club has been organized in P. A., there is every reason to hope and expect that Andover's chess-players will rank as high as her debaters, her literary men and her scholars always have.

A. W. Ryder, P. A., '94.



Sindibad—A Character Sketch.

A LONG, long time ago, when travellers were more of a rarity than they are now, and when it was a foregone conclusion that a man would find his fortune if he set out to look for it, there lived a man called Sindibad. In this age of hurry it is generally shortened down to Sinbad, but from several sources of information at hand we feel assured that "Sindibad" was what he used to scratch on the walls of temples and write in visitors' books. He was naturally of a roving disposition, and seems to have had considerable natural acuteness, attended by the most abominably good luck at all times. So, when placed in perilous positions, as he was regularly, he not only extricated himself with great readiness, but used to tell such remarkable stories of his adventures that he became quite fashionable at some of the Eastern courts. He used to tell his tale, with embellishments, to the king, who was always greatly delighted, and usually had it stereotyped on the sideboard with golden letters. The sideboards were commonly made of ebony, rosewood, or some substantial material, and as the letters were tacked on under the immediate supervision of his majesty, the carpenter made a good job of it. This is only hinted at in most accounts, but it is easy to see that such records were durable.

Sindibad originally had a comfortable legacy, and went through it with great assiduity, until it one day occurred to him that he was getting pretty near the end of his rope. So he sold his remaining property and took a walk along the shore, where he saw a very fine ship, with a clean hull and new canvas.

He was essentially a man of action, and as he liked the looks of the boat he immediately chartered it in connection with some other merchants. Then they set sail, without any very accurate idea of where they were going. Everyone knows how they landed on a whale and built a bonfire. The whale had quite a plantation on his back which did not disturb him in the least, but he drew the line at bonfires, and immediately got under way for a cooler latitude. The captain of the

boat was somewhat anxious about his passengers, but decidedly anxious about the uneasy island, so he sensibly reasoned that Sindibad was unquestionably dead, and set all sail to take advantage of a "favorable gale."

• And now the ship-wrecked merchant, deserted even by the whale, had his first streak of luck. He not only got ashore in comfort and convenience, but happened on a party of natives at just the right moment, and was taken to the hospitable King Mihrage, who was what might be called "easy." Then he had some more luck, for one day he saw his goods on board a ship. Authorities differ as to the exact means by which he gained possession of them, but it was certainly very careless of the captain to carry them around with him without even changing the labels. He showed much righteous indignation when the traveller claimed his property, but there was no getting around the

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which was stenciled on each box, and when Sindibad produced the invoice and his passport he had a very strong case. So the captain invented another story to fit the emergency, at which Sindibad tapped him kindly on the shoulder, and pointed out a passage in the Revised Statutes of Mihrageville which seemed to fit the case exactly, and ended with the words, "to be boiled in beeswax until dead."

This account is not inserted in most editions of the Arabian Nights, for nothing came of it, as the affair was settled out of court.

And now notice the next proceedings of this crafty gentleman. Instead of going home to Bagdad by the next boat and revelling in his wealth, he gathered together the cream of his merchandise, with that newly acquired from the captain as hush money, and presented it to King Mihrage, tied up with a yellow silk ribbon, and labeled:—

* *

COMPLIMENTS OF P. SINDIBAD.

* *

The King was highly pleased at this sincere tribute of affection, and returned him a present "much more considerable."

Then he went around to his numerous friends to say good-bye, and, incidentally, collected a few Persian rugs and bits of embroidery as souvenirs, together with one or two steamer letters, generally containing diamonds. So, when he finally returned to Bagdad, the "Abode of Peace," he had with him just about all he could get out of Mihrageville.

And, in spite of the diversity of his seven experiences, his *modus operandi* was very much the same in all. When Bagdad began to get rather warm for comfort, and the creditors were annoying, he used to buy a ship, start off with a lot of fellow merchants and get shipwrecked. Sometimes his friends sailed off and left him, but in that case he always recovered his property, with interest. Then all his companions would be destroyed. It is really shocking to consider the number of deaths he occasioned, for everyone who went with him was doomed as soon as he embarked at Bagdad, as he always preferred to have adventures single-handed.

Next comes the real experience of the trip; always startling, and always extremely profitable to Sindibad. If he had been possessed of much common sense he would have been killed at least a couple of times in each of his voyages, but whenever the situation became dangerous he used to build a raft and either float away to a safer place, or do something equally irrational, which always turned out well in the end. No man ever had any more luck, pure and simple. He seemed to live a life which was charmed, and could be as heedlessly reckless as if he had taken out an accident policy.

Next, if possible, Sindibad liked to apply his truly golden rule, "Do unto others who are likely to do better unto you," and would sow his little gift where it would bring forth seven-fold. Then, after seeing several owl-faced fishes, fishes shaped like cows, and other marine curiosities, he used to return to Bagdad and begin again.

We consider that Sindibad was an exceptionally bad man. This is an uncommon standpoint to take, and one which his biographers have

guarded against by making frequent references to his religion. But certain little points which are continually cropping out, throw a strong side-light on his character.

The very first time we meet him he has just obtained a valuable parcel by decidedly questionable means. How often have we wondered why he entertained the shabby porter who sat down to rest on his door-step! But there is no version—at least, none that I have ever seen—that leads us to suppose that the porter ever saw his property again. He used to come around for it regularly at first, but we can imagine the fatherly way in which the white-bearded old scoundrel would pat him on the shoulder and say:—

"Your box? You never had any box, my dear fellow. I am afraid you will see queerer things than boxes if you don't ease up on the wine. Now just come inside and have a nip of my imported stuff, and don't go telling that ridiculous story all over Bagdad."

And what did the fee of a hundred sequins a night amount to, if the box in question had been sent out by the Bank of Persia for foreign shipment?

We are all familiar with the events of the fourth voyage, but what an unmitigated piece of villiany it was! After escaping from the cannibals and taking up his residence at court, he had no compunction at all about wedding a friend of the king's. No compunctions, that is, until he heard about the burying alive custom. That at once reminded him of his family at home and the original Mrs. Sindibad, and he acted like quite a cowardly child for some time. But his wife died and he was buried with her. And then comes the most atrocious thing of all. He states with perfect complacency that he used regularly to lie low with somebody's rib, when there was a funeral, and massacre the victim for his food and drink. He thus acted the human hyæna until he had killed, we should judge, upwards of a hundred unfortunates, when he made his escape by finding an outlet to the cave, and telling a most impossible story to a credulous captain.

But we need not enumerate the remainder of his varied experiences, for indeed the rascality with which he lived is only equalled

by the peace in which he spent his old age. Truly, no ignoble death is possible for a wise man.

It is rather interesting to draw out a comparison between Sindibad and Robinson Crusoe. They both traveled for the love of the thing; both had astonishing experiences, and both died old men. But note this difference: Sindibad started out with lots of religion, but became most absolutely unprincipled as the result of travel, while Crusoe was certainly a reckless youth, but died a good Christian. At first he was subject to an occasional sharp attack of religion when he got into a tight place, but he eventually got into so many of them that his good precepts stayed with him.

But the difference in the point of view of the two adventurers is almost startling. When Crusoe found himself in trouble, he would spend three days in abject despondency and then go to work and worm himself out of it by inches. When Sindibad found himself in an unhealthful situation he would reason something like this:

"Allah be praised, but I will tie myself to a newspaper, and perchance I may blow away." We cannot even picture Crusoe as having enough sand to come within hailing distance of a roc, to say nothing of tying himself to its foot. And how absurd the impatient Sindibad would have looked stalking around with a cupola-hat and home-made umbrella, and a dog, cat and goat in tow! Or fancy him spending forty-seven days in hewing out a plank! Sindibad would have made a cursory search around the island and found an ivory one: I should have made a cursory search around the island and then hung my hat on the floor.

But times have changed. In my personal opinion, my wicked hero was a smarter traveller than Ulysses, Aeneas, or even Robinson Crusoe, and though this is an age of inventors, scientists and travellers, it will be long before the world finds another Sindibad.

Ray Morris.

“Grit.”

The wind came sweeping across the campus and shrieking around the corners of Andover Cottage. A group of half-a-dozen fellows were drawn close to the fire which crackled and snapped in the grate of number eleven. The remains of a Welsh Rarebit lay on the table. The fellows had been telling stories all the evening and at last the stock had run out. Little Orton piped up, “I’ll tell you what, fellows, let’s do something to-night that’ll tell for a good story when we get down to Yale.” “What do you think you’d do, Orny?” growled out Keep, the big guard on the foot ball team. “I dare do anything you do,” replied Orton, coolly. “Name it, fellows, and we’ll see who’s got grit.” “Well, well, here’s a chance for some fun; Orny has really got his sporting blood up, hasn’t he?” chimed in Johnson. Several terribly hard “stunts” were proposed, but the fellows agreed they were all impracticable. At length, Saunters said in a serious tone, “I’ll tell you something, fellows, which there isn’t a man in the crowd dare do.” “What is it?” inquired Keep. “Well, I’ll tell you. You remember Uncle Billy White is the sexton of the old South Church. I know where he keeps the key to the vault down in the cemetery. Now there isn’t a fellow here dare take that key and at midnight go down Phillips street and the old railroad alone and go to the vault, unlock the door, go in and stick this knife into the floor three steps from the door.” “Oh, I’ll do it sure,” said Keep, in a bragging tone. “Give me the knife.”

“Where’s your sand, Orton?” asked the fellow next him. “Don’t let Keep best you out. If he is big, he’s a coward.” “I’ll do it,” said Orton, pressing his lips tight together. “But hold on,” continued Saunters, “the fellow must come out and sit down in front of the vault without locking the door and wait till we come for him with a lantern.”

“Oh, that’s no fair,” said Keep; “there isn’t any man could do that. It would break a fellow’s nerves all up.” Here was Orton’s chance. “I’m not afraid,” he said, and the fellows declared that this

must be the test. Orton agreed to go that very night, and Keep was to go the next evening, if at all.

* * * * *

A half-hour later Orton, taking the key which Saunters has procured, starts out. The Theologue clock strikes twelve, as only that old clock can peal out the hour of midnight, when he goes down by Metcalf's. The rest are to leave just five minutes behind him, and he has pledged his honor either to place the knife at once or come immediately back. The fellows in the cottage have played horse with Orton all the fall, and as he hurries along he determines with all the power of the great heart in his little body to prove himself this night. He is nervous, he knows, but all is stifled down in his great resolve. Numberless shadows dodge behind trees and glide away into the bushes as he goes along the old railroad path, for the moon shines brightly, except for an occasional cloud. "Whew! how the wind shrieks and whistles. I wish I was out of this," gasps poor little Orton, for his heart almost fails him as the great white monuments and the black vaults loom up in front. He is almost frenzied now as he breaks into a run, resolving to do the deed if he dies for it. The hoot of an owl in the woods sends a thrill down his back. He hesitates. No! he must not stop. On he rushes around the corner of the vault, oh! how black and cold. At last he finds the keyhole, the lock turns, the door swings on its rusty hinges with a sound like the grinding of teeth. On he goes, half mad, into the damp, ghostly hole. One, two, three steps. His foot hits something with a crack, he shakes like a leaf from head to foot, but dares not wonder what it is. He bends on one knee and thrusts down the knife half-blade deep. He turns to flee, but, horrors! something in that black, noisesome dungeon holds him. He can not move, he can not breathe and drops like a log to the floor in a dead faint.

Soon the gang came trembling. No Orton is to be found. Heavens! the door is open; where can he be? They shout, only a low moan is borne on the whistling wind in answer. A cloud passes before the moon and all is darkness, except the faint lantern gleam. The fellows

huddle together. No one dares enter. Surely not Keep. "Give me the lantern," says Saunters, at last, and, trembling, he leads the way. He stumbles. Ugh! what is it?

The prostrate form of Orton, who lies on the vault floor, with the blade of a jack-knife stuck through the tail of his overcoat.

R. H. Edwards.



A Petrel and a Gull.

The smoky sun had almost reached
The tawny ocean's rim ;
The dying breeze just shook the sail ;
I leaned against the quarter-rail
To watch a petrel chase his tail,
And have a word with him.

“ Pray, where were you last night ? ” I said,
“ The waves were running high
A gale was blowing from the west ;
I wondered where you found a nest,
For I myself could get no rest,
But heard the gray gulls cry.”

The petrel laughed a sea bird's laugh
And skipped along a wave.

“ Your leaky ship's a clumsy thing,
I'd sooner trust my white-barred wing
And flit home to my bonny king
When the mariners look grave.

Around his gates the sea-birds meet
From all the ocean wide,
The eider-duck and loon are there,
And troops of gulls from everywhere,
And even we his kindness share
When from the storm we hide.

Then throws he wide the fiery bars
To give his friends a port,
And in we troop in highest glee,
The castle sinks beneath the sea
And all is fun and jollity,
Within the Sun-king's court.

There tell we tales of every shore
And merrily we feast ;
The churlish winds from north and west
Are gay and merry as the rest,
And, one and all, we join with zest
Till day dawns in the east."

N. B.— The steward rang the supper bell,
Our little talk was through ;
The petrel fluffed into a ball
To lightly ride the coming squall :
“ He really seemed to take it all ;
Maybe he thought 'twas true !”

R. M.



Left in a Crater.

Many years ago a sailing vessel had lain becalmed for three days on its way from Honolulu to Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Island group. The dreary waste of water, unmoved by a breath of air, reflected the scorching rays of the sun. Solitude and quietness were supreme rulers, except when the passengers lounged under the deck awnings and told stories or anxiously waited for a breeze. How still it was! Not even the flap of the sails nor the cry of a seabird disturbed the calm.

Little by little, the group of travellers had drawn their chairs around a young American woman as she amused them with a story. You might not have thought her quite a "queen," but Dr. Perkins who sat half reclining in his steamer chair, judged her very beautiful as he watched her black eyes twinkle and the color come and go on her pretty cheeks.

"She is the one I've been looking for all these years," thought he. "I'll be bound I'll have her, but what a pity she is not strong." The doctor must have shown some of his kind sympathy in the glance which he fixed upon her, for she became aware of it, and, turning suddenly to her brother, said in an undertone:

"Sidney, please come and walk with me at the stern. It's so very warm here I can't sit still."

The two were no sooner out of hearing than she exclaimed:

"Now, Sidney, I will not have that Mr. Perkins looking at me so. He sits there and does nothing but stare at me. He is a big goose if he thinks I would like him. I never could see why he kept coming down to Mr. Thurston's every evening to play chess with you. He always seemed more interested in us ladies; and then to come running onto the boat with that old flute case of his just at the last minute when I thought we were rid of him. I tell you I never want to see him again, never!"

The last "never" was emphasized by the stamp of a little foot.

A droll smile played about Sidney Jackson's face as he replied, after a long breath :

"Well, my dear sister, I don't see what you can do about it. I can't pitch him into the Pacific for you. Just stand it till we get to Kailua. Perhaps he will leave the boat there. But I really don't understand why you aren't taken with him. His mine in California would be quite a find for the family. He's not a bad looking fellow, and he sends you such beautiful——"

"Oh stop, you old tease. You I know almost hate him. I think it's just mean of you to encourage him so. That old flute of his is enough to drive anyone crazy. The idea of you telling him I liked it!"

"Keep cool, Carrie; all I told him was that you loved music. I didn't say anything about his flute. And really, now, hasn't it paid to be nice to him? He took me out to the Parrie and you know he wanted you to go, too."

"No, it hasn't paid to be nice to him. If you hadn't been, he might not have come on the boat. It's too hot to stay here, I'm going back on the bow again."

As the two reappeared before the company, the captain, a gruff but jolly sailor, caught Jackson's eye and watched for him. The fond glance with which Perkins followed the object of his devotion was unanswered save by one of dignity and indifference.

"I wonder if she really means to cut me," said he to himself. "I'll show her how much I love her. I'll be bound she can't refuse such a fellow as I am. Her brother seems to like me, and I guess its well to get in with the family."

Next morning, much to everyone's delight, a breeze was on, and stiffened as the day advanced, so that the ship sped rapidly on her way. Miss Jackson, however, was not so well, and, in the afternoon, the captain insisted that she should allow a mattress to be prepared for her on the bow. Sidney read to her till toward evening as she lay and enjoyed the refreshing breeze.

When she was left alone she watched the sun drop into the red-dened sea and thought of her home and friends back in "the States." Delightful recollections and sad longings filled her mind.

After a little while she turned suddenly, and Dr. Perkins stood beside her bowing with affected grace.

"May I not play a little for you, Miss Jackson? Perchance the favoring god of music will so inspire me as to drive away your sad melancholy?"

The girl assented simply without lifting her eyes. She felt that she could not refuse him. Song followed song, in low passionate love strains, but Miss Jackson waited in vain to catch the inspiration.

At length Sidney came back, and she immediately excused herself and went to her stateroom, tired by the irritation.

Kailua appeared the next morning and all went ashore, the Jackson's to visit with an old acquaintance who was a missionary on the Island. The boat was to leave at nine the following morning if the weather was favorable, and at the appointed hour all were on board but Dr. Perkins.

Six days of travel had produced a pleasant acquaintance between Miss Jackson and the captain. He had noticed Perkins' evident infatuation with her and her desire to avoid him, accordingly, he was ready for fun when she approached him with a mysterious twinkle in her great eyes.

"Now, Captain, I've got a bet for you. I'll bet you don't dare do something. I just know you don't dare do it. I'll bet you a bunch of bananas you don't."

"I never refused to take a dare that was reasonable yet, and I reckon I'll take yours," replied he, good humoredly.

"Well, I'll bet you a bunch of bananas that you don't dare stand out of the harbor and leave Dr. Perkins."

The words were hardly spoken before the captain's orders to weigh anchor and make all sail rang out over the ship.

"Don't you dare me to do anything, you little rogue, I'll show you; but how long do you want to leave him?"

"Why, for good, of course; you didn't think I wanted him here again, did you?"

Before long the ship began to forge ahead and the captain seemed to get rather nervous. He paced up and down the deck for some minutes, and, at length, stopped beside Miss Jackson's chair. He felt embarrassed. She did not help him, however, but watched the huts and natives along the shore as they grew gradually smaller, and said nothing.

"Hem! Well, Miss Jackson," he began, at last, "do you think it is just and honest for me to go off and leave the doctor when he has paid his fare to Helo? There may not be another ship along here in a month."

"Oh, you're trying to back out now, aren't you, captain? But I won't be unreasonable. I'll let you stop after we get out farther."

"I'm not trying to back out, Miss Jackson, but I want to be honest with him. I surrender full charge of the boat to you; stop when you please."

"All right, I'll manage her," rejoined the girl, not to be beaten. "See that little boat just putting out from the shore. It's the doctor, surely; he is waving. He has a Kanaka paddling, too. Isn't this fine! We will lead them a chase, though?"

The passengers were all soon aware of the joke and smiled at the new commander. She easily persuaded them not to make any sign to the doctor.

The breeze was strong, and gradually the canoe with its angry passenger was left further behind. At length they saw the Kanaka give up his oar to Dr. Perkins, who made a desperate effort to gain upon them. This was too much even for Miss Jackson, and she gave an answering signal and ordered the sails backed.

In half an hour the canoe came alongside, and its passenger with a bunch of bananas and some other fruit was taken aboard. No one smiled when he presented the fruit with great effusion to Miss Jackson.

The captain expressed much sorrow that he had given him such a long pull.

“You’re good, Captain, you’ve got grit,” said Miss Jackson, when she bid him good night. “But you musn’t tell what we did with those bananas.”

The next afternoon Hawaii with its two great craters hove in sight and on the following morning all disembarked.

The captain and young Jackson had planned a trip up the mountains and Perkins was included in the party without asking Miss Jackson’s consent, just to keep up the excitement.

It was a beautiful April morning when the party of ten, mounted on horseback and mules and with Kanaka guides wound its way up toward the mountains.

Sometimes the path led through jungle-like growth as high as the horses’ necks, again through little clearings with a few native huts and sometimes for miles over hard lava beds.

Beautiful the scene which lay about them! At their feet the valley of Helo, filled with all kinds of tropical foliage,—away in the distance as far as eye could reach spread the mighty Pacific, while to the right rose the snow-capped peaks of Mauna Hea and Mauna Toa, and in front the great crater of Kilauea.

As the day advanced they ascended the outside shell of the crater, and instead of finding a small crater on a mountain-top as they had expected, they suddenly came to the edge of a steep precipice, while below them a vast plain miles in circumference and a thousand feet deep burst upon their view. The cone, or actual crater, was two miles away, while the plain all about it was strewn with great boulders and rocks of volcanic origin.

Evening soon came on and the guides made the party at home for the night in a little thatched hut on the edge of the precipice.

A delicious breakfast was provided of chickens rolled in tea-leaves and cooked by the steam coming from the fissures in the rocks.

The perilous descent soon began, each lady having a native guide to help her. The way led zig-zag down the precipice, then out across the old lava waste. On arriving at the inner crater, which lay far below them, Miss Jackson wished to rest, and, as the others were anxious

to go around to the opposite side, she said she would sit and wait for them. At length her brother consented to leave her, but just as they were moving on, and she had breathed a sigh of relief at the absence of Perkins, that persistent gentleman, who had gone on ahead, rushed back and offered himself as a protector. Sidney Jackson immediately consented for his sister, with a sly wink at the captain.

When the party had left they sat for awhile in silence watching the streaks of red light run across the seething mass of black lava below and branch out in all directions. Cake after cake of hard lava fell into the mighty caldron and was melted in the intense heat. Perkins said nothing. Miss Jackson said nothing.

A jet of lava fell near them, and he went to where it had fallen and dropped an iron ring into the hardening mass. Soon it was cool enough to break off, and he brought it back to her. She thanked him sweetly, for it really pleased her. Encouraged, he broke out:

"Oh, Miss Jackson, I love you; I have loved you ever since I have known you. You cannot have been unconscious of my regard for you. Will you be my wife? I have wealth and position, all that you desire shall be yours, this very island, if you wish it, shall be our paradise and we may own it together. It is a law of heaven that a woman shall leave her father and mother and cleave unto her husband. I have sought you for years, and oh, I beg of you, in the presence of this mighty manifestation of God's power, here in this great and awful crater, to be my wife."

* * * * *

In a collection of souvenirs in the home of a certain Mrs. Warington of New York may be found a piece of hard black lava with an iron ring in the end. When its owner tells her boys the story connected with it she smiles with them, but her smile gives way to a look of pity as she thinks of the doctor's lonely island home.

R. H. Edwards.

My Autographs.

AMONG the books on the table in my room is one bound in green and having a dingy yellow paper cover. It is unattractive in appearance, but I like it best of all my books, for it contains autograph letters and signatures of many of the most famous men and women of the last half of this century. I have been about three years in collecting these treasures, and, of course, I think a great deal of them. For this reason my book is kept in sight, and also that it might be easily saved in case of fire.

In the beginning of my album are the autographs of famous statesmen. The first is Grover Cleveland's, followed by the autographs of all the members of his cabinet. This is the sentiment, dated July 4, 1895, which President Cleveland sent: "Let us all remember what patriotism and virtue did for us one hundred and nineteen years ago." The writing is so fine that it resembles steel engraving. After the autographs of Mr. Cleveland and his cabinet are General Harrison's with those of all his cabinet officers. Benjamin Harrison's signature is as different as possible from Mr. Cleveland's. It is very coarse and heavy. A little farther on is the signature of Rutherford B. Hayes, with notes from some of the members of his cabinet. Mr. Hayes' writing is similar to President Cleveland's.

Senator John Sherman very kindly sent me a letter, and Senator Palmer, ex-President of the World's Fair, wrote these beautiful words:

"How sweet upon the mountains
Are the feet of him who brings
From everlasting fountains
Glad tidings of good things."

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop wrote on the Fourth of July, only a few months before his death, this familiar sentiment:—

"One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny."

Cassius M. Clay, so famous in Kentucky as an abolitionist, sent the following: "When a majority of the voters cease to be honest, the Republic is no longer possible!"

On the next page I find a letter on spiritualism by Robert Dale Owen. It was given me by the lady to whom it was written.

One of the most valuable parts of my collection was furnished by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. When I wrote her asking for her autograph, she sent a little note, which, about forty-five years ago, she had placed at the end of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the time it was published in magazine form. It reads as follows: "Dear children—You will soon be men and women. And I hope you will always remember and pity the poor and oppressed. When you grow up show your pity by doing all you can for them."

With autographs I am collecting photographs. When I had received Mrs. Stowe's kindly and characteristic message, I wrote and thanked her, and then asked if she would please tell me where I could obtain what she thought her best photograph. In two or three days on opening a little package, postmarked "Hartford, Conn.," I was very much surprised to find a beautiful picture of Mrs. Stowe taken with her oldest grandson. At the bottom was her name written very distinctly. On the other side there was a note in a large, clear hand, and signed, "With best wishes, your friend, Harriet Beecher Stowe." The next day I sent Mrs. Stowe a box of flowers with a little note of thanks. Before long I received this letter from her:

HARTFORD, Feb. 9, 1894.

My Dear Young Friend :

I thank you much for the beautiful flowers you so kindly sent me. They gave me great pleasure, and seemed to bring Spring in the midst of winter. I wish also to thank you for the interesting calendar you sent me. It made a bright pretty spot in the corner of my room where it gleams like a star, and is a pleasant reminder of my young unknown friend.

With best wishes,

Sincerely your friend,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

About a year ago I wrote to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, of North Wales, enclosing some money with a stamped envelope, and asking her if she would buy me one of her photographs, as I did not know

the address of her photographer. In the course of a few weeks I received a pamphlet on vivisection, with this letter :

" My Dear Boy :

I send you one of my photographs which you may not have seen, and which my friends like better sometimes than the one in my ' Life.' * * *

Please read the little pamphlet I enclose, and by and by, you will, I hope, join me in trying to put a stop to scientific cruelty, and to every kind of cruelty to man and beast.

God bless you and make you a good and happy man.

Your aged friend,

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Both Miss Cobbe's name and age are written under her picture.

A few pages from Miss Cobbe's letter I find this written in French, and dated march 2, 1893 :

Oriental Proverb : An ounce of fear weighs more than a hundred pounds of friendship. Christian sentence, Love one another.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

As this was written only a short time before the great engineer's death, and from France, I value it very highly.

Among scientists of those I have, the late James Dwight Dana's autograph is perhaps the best. I had to wait nearly a year after writing to him, and then just two months before his death Professor Dana wrote :

God is a being of infinite power, equal to sustaining and wielding all Nature. But not only this : He is a being of active power, actually sustaining and wielding all nature. For power not active is not power ; it = 0.

Near Prof. Dana's note is another, written from London, which reads as follows :

I have sent you my autograph because you have actually sent a stamped letter. Autographs for America are a great trouble and expense to me, for no American is ever known to send a stamp, and I have at least two requests every week for my autograph.

I am yours truly,

JEAN INGELow.

Many of my friends ask me what my favorite autograph is, but I am unable to tell. Besides all these that I have told about, in my book I have generalship represented by U. S. Grant; statesmanship, by Wendall Phillips; patriotism, by John Brown; the colored race, by Frederick Douglass, who wrote: "We differ as the waves, but are one as the sea;" poetry, by Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes; philanthropy, by George W. Childs; capital, by Andrew Carnegie and Russell Sage; the ministry, by Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks; journalism, by Horace Greeley; electricity, by Thomas A. Edison; chemistry, by Sir William Crookes; music, by Adelina Patti; and acting, by Edwin Booth and Henry Irving. From among these and many others equally famous, I find it very hard to decide which is my favorite.

It seems that this letter which Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Buckingham wrote me when he sent the autograph of his brother, William A. Buckingham, "War Governor" of Connecticut, has proved true:

I am glad you are making a collection which in time will become interesting and valuable. And when you are always on the lookout for anything, in time you find a good deal of it.

Dudley Payne Lewis.



Concerning Roads.

WHEN riding a bicycle along some little country road, did you ever notice its personality? Roads are very much like people; there are polite roads and rude ones; pretty roads and homely ones; sensible roads and foolish ones. You never saw two people just alike, neither were there ever two roads just alike. Take one country thoroughfare which is daily traversed by, say, forty-five people. It is a nice little road, and jogs along in a peaceful, quiet way, with smiles for everybody, and an unfailingly cheerful disposition. Another, in similar circumstances, will be quite disagreeable; collecting stones from all parts and putting them in the wheel ruts, or else encouraging little mud puddles in out of the way places, and then drying them up suddenly, so that they resemble the cattle-gates alongside a railway track. You cannot really get an insight into the character of a road from a carriage, for a carriage is such an unsympathetic thing that it jolts along about the same way, sand or mud, stones or no stones, and you hardly notice the little hills which foretell a good disposition or a mean one. And walking is so slow that you forget the first part of the road by the time you get to the end; so in order to appreciate it you must ride over it on a bicycle, and ride slowly. Any good wheel will get into the spirit of a road in an instant, and if you have the confidence of your bicycle, you can appreciate it, too.

Andover is an excellent place to study roads, because a circle with a radius of four miles from the Post Office will include nearly every sort to be found in New England. First, there are the main thoroughfares, like the road between Andover and Lawrence. There is not much originality in this type, however, as a trolley line makes a road so undeniably civilized that it loses its quaint traits and settles down to mere humdrumness.

These constitute the respectable citizens of the thoroughfare community, and after they have been graded and hardened for a few years they are no more interesting as a study than is the life of any busy

man who does just the same kind of work, day in and day out. But let us branch off from this road at Salem Street, and look for a little citizen of North Andover, which is too timid to really come into town, at either end of his route, but stops at the outskirts. Salem Street is not worth seeing until we get almost to the cider mill, so we turn to the left just beyond the Carter house. This little road makes a pleasant beginning, and starts with a loop to the right, down a little hill, with a fine, hard surface. Then it climbs a steeper one, and passes through a pretty little farm with lots of apple trees. Another shake brings it a grade higher, where it rests under some evergreen trees to look about a bit. It got a trifle out of breath here, and is not quite so careful about the little stones as it should be. But it becomes cheerful again immediately on the descent, and is as bright and gay as a road can be, for some little way, with an apple orchard on one side and a big estate on the other. Then a road goes into town, and it is evidently undecided whether or not it will go, too, for it is careless as careless can be, and looks quite forlorn. But another road comes up from town and joins it, just below, and they jog along together in a very happy frame of mind. This new road is quite a character, too. It is one of the jolliest roads in our big circle, but does not care for company. So it leaves our friend, in about a minute, and starts off to the right, through the willows that always grow in the lowland, without any very distinct idea of where it is going. Our first road is really quite gloomy now, and lags along in the most dismal way until the next crossing, where there is a haunted house, or one which ought to be, if it isn't.

The cross-road looks just exactly like our North Andover road at this point; rugged, dirty and disconsolate, and the latter is evidently a trifle conscience-stricken at this portrait of itself, for it immediately takes a brace and smiles again. There is one more discouraging hill, where it gets quite tired and almost forgets its good resolutions, and then it sights North Andover, and immediately puts on its best manners. The next half-mile is charming and the road is as gay as can be, emptying at last into one of the North Andover streets where a huge weeping willow tree stands like a sentinel and sheds leafy tears in a most unsentinel-like manner.

I do not know of but one road which has as marked characteristics as this one, and feels so strongly the influence of its environment. That one is the draggling little by-way which crosses it at right angles at the haunted house.

This road starts at one end of Lawrence and is a typical cheap sport for the first mile or two, making considerable pretensions, which are not realized. Then there is a dearth of houses, but for several miles our road tries to civilize the wildness, and carries city manners along with a great air of importance.

But it keeps becoming less and less pretentious, and better and better, as a natural result, so that the next mile finds it quite a respectable, well-to-do country gentleman sort of a road. From the gentleman it goes to the farmer and then to the loafer, finally going along unshaven, and without any of the pretty turns which show a road's character. But it is conscience-stricken by the same road which it itself impressed, and, after several vain efforts, does a little farming again, and gradually gains respectability and shaves its scraggly beard. Then it happens up a hill and meets another road, and now see what a change takes place. The moment it hears that talisman "Boston" whispered, it is all eagerness; shakes off its lethargy, remembers its good manners, and starts for the big city in an instant; becoming prosperous by the way, unconsciously.

It is wonderful how the little roads straighten up when Boston is mentioned. There is a whole gang of idlers which start from North Andover without any ambition at all, until they meet one of the roads that has heard of Boston. Then they all look about, collect their senses, and make for it. Alas, poor things! few of them ever get there, for the way is long and crooked. But just the inspiration does them good, and even if they cannot find Boston the way is easy to Georgetown or Reading, Salem, Newburyport, or any of the nice little places all about, like quaint old Boxford.

Less than five miles to the southwest of North Andover the country is totally different. The roads down there have never heard of Boston, or even of Lawrence, with some few exceptions, but struggle

along through a veritable desert of sand and scrub grass with the general impression that they are going to Ballardvale or Wilmington. And there are so few counter-inducements to cheer them on that most of them while away their dreary lives in hopeless obscurity.

Even such few of them as reach their destinations seem to hear immediately of the superior attractions offered by Lowell, for they hurry through the little places without even stopping to take breath, especially in the vicinity of Wilmington. But, regarding Tewksbury as a sort of half-way point, many of them stop there long enough to do a little farming and plant a few trees, so the country becomes less wild, and, in parts, extremely pretty.

Then there are the Piney roads, many of which lie near Andover, and are so shy that they never remove their veil of needles, but shrink back into the heart of the woods when they hear you coming. And if you persist, you may have to dispute the way with a valorous red squirrel, who has not been accustomed to turning out for anybody. But, wildest of all, is the country lying between the Merrimack River and the main Andover-Boston road, which extends from a point about half a mile beyond Allen Hinton's to nobody-knows-where. Turn to the right, just at the "ice cream farm," and follow that pretty road over the little hill, past the burned house, until you reach the end. Right there is the wood path which opens up this locality, and it will take you more than one Andover autumn to learn its intricacies and become really acquainted with its shy brothers and sisters.

Between four and six is the ideal time of the day to ride. The woods are golden with sunset tints, and are fragrant as fragrant can be. You will meet the cattle coming home, and may not have a peaceful understanding with them at first, for a cow does receive an idea very slowly. But never hurry the old lady, and she will give you all the room you want in time. Sometimes a simple creature with her bump of intelligence fairly countersunk, will stand across the road until you feel that the cow and the bicycle will never get separated. But if you only go slowly enough, she will reason the matter out and step aside to let you ride through a mud puddle. I

have several times stampeded a herd by hurrying them, and once only succeeded in distancing a yellow "critter" because she adopted the waltz step instead of the polka.

This is just the month when one gets the finest riding of all, before the long rains set in, and I think Andover possesses few attractions that can outweigh her charming roads, for one can get into the country of woodchucks and partridges in fifteen minutes from the school building, and see samples of almost every sort of scenery that Massachusetts affords, between the last bell and supper time.

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Meditation.

O thou who can'st not know the power of thought
Or feel in devious ways her mighty sway,
O look thou on the face of nature fair.
Not when the rolling orb of day appears
Majestic in the azure sky above,
Nor yet when roaring blasts rush o'er the land.
But go thou to some solitary spot,
When crickets chirp of fast approaching night
And evening shadows gently round thee fall,
And lay thee down upon some mossy bank
And breathe the dewy fragrance of the air
And dream a silent twilight hour away
Of things that are, and things that are to be;
Of troubles oft untold but ne'er forgot
And future happiness which waits for thee.
Then gaze upon the glades, the trees, the sky,
The fleeting swallow seeking out her nest,
And find thou then as David did, of old,
A love and truth in everything that is.

E. L. S.

Editorials.

THE OLD GYMNASIUM.

LATE last June, after most of the fellows had gone, and only the men staying for their examinations were in town, the old gymnasium burned. Many of us knew nothing whatever about it until the next morning, and were greatly shocked to learn that the old landmark was gone. As a gymnasium, it was out of repair and out of date, but its history is so closely linked with that of Phillips Academy that we all felt genuine regret when it was destroyed. The fire, possibly of incendiary origin, had a vital hold on the dried and seasoned timbers before the alarm was given, and raged through the old structure quite regardless of the efforts of the fire department. It was a grand sight, particularly at about the time when the roof fell in, and it certainly seems fitting that such a venerable edifice should have perished gloriously in a volcano of flame, rather than be murdered by inches and pulled to pieces when its room came to be worth more than its company. But so substantial was the workmanship that even the terrific heat did not shake the walls, which stood in lonely dignity and sought in vain for their wonted chest-weights, and wire-screened windows. And now the structure is being restored to something like its original form, although it has not as yet been decided exactly to what use it will be put. But the present intention is to make two very large rooms, extending the entire length of the building. The lower one of these will presumably be used by the base ball team in its early practice, and the upper could be of great service in accommodating alumni dinners, college examinations, etc. It seems to us that, if properly constructed, it would also be a vast improvement on the town hall, for glee club concerts, dramatic club entertainments, and the like. The school has always been rather slow in the winter term, but a first-class hall would open great possibilities in the way of entertainments. Nearly all Vassar College attends with great enjoyment the so called "Hall Plays," which are given by the students at stated intervals in the college hall.

There is no reason why our dramatic club could not also give regular plays in such a hall, and they would add much to the social side of school life.

THE old building, which was nearly co-existent with the century, was considered the best, architecturally speaking, in Andover. After the first Academy building, on the site of Professor Churchill's house, and the stone building, opposite the present structure, it served as the main school until 1865. Meanwhile, the stone building was being used as a sort of a normal training school, in connection with the English Commons, while the old gymnasium building had Latin Commons for its dormitories. But when the present academy building was erected, the normal school, then known as the English department, and the other school, or Latin department, were consolidated.

In 1866, Professor Graves and the man who was at that time head of the English department, were appointed as a committee to equip the old building as a gymnasium. After visiting the Harvard gymnasium, they found one in Charlestown, belonging to an athletic club, which wanted to sell out, and purchased the complete outfit. Much of this was in the gym. when it burned down, including the side horse, parallel bars, ladders, indian clubs, etc.

FOR many years, the old building was among the foremost gymnasiums of the country. But, as the apparatus became old and in bad repair, it was not renewed as it should have been, so that the gym. of 1895 was not only no better than the gym. of 1866, but was scarcely as good. And now we have none at all, but the school surely must not remain long in that condition. Through the generosity of Mr. Borden, twenty thousand dollars is available if another thirty thousand can be raised. We understand that between eight and ten thousand have already been secured for this purpose, so that a little more generosity on the part of the alumni would enable the school to again stand foremost among preparatory schools, or at least among the foremost in this respect. Let us hope that as Vassar, Chicago, Yale, and other

institutions of learning have recently found philanthropic backers, Andover, too, may soon appear a worthy object to some loyal alumnus. Money may be the root of all evil, but it is a sturdy plant, and may be grafted with better fruit, and in our present condition, dollars can be turned to better account than empty patriotism.

THE FOOTBALL OUTLOOK.

Once again the old academy building greets us, softened a little perhaps, by the ivy which has covered it during the summer, but otherwise unchanged. Again we recognize the old campus, hard and stoney perhaps, but still the home of a thousand hopes and memories, the scene of many a battle nobly fought. Here we see again the old time teams either cheered madly on to victory or encouraged to make a valiant stand till the last second of play was ended. And now we—every one of us—take up the responsibility of how the team shall be supported. We have never, perhaps, had as dismal a prospect for a successful football team as when school opened this fall. We have never, perhaps, had a team improve as much as this one has in the last three weeks. Whether it will keep on improving in a like manner is not only a responsibility for Captain Barker and his eleven, but one which ought to lie near the heart of *every* fellow in school. A team, even if it starts off the season with the best chance of success and great hopes, but is not well supported, becomes discouraged, demoralized and individual. A team beginning the season, as ours has, with much untrained and entirely new material, if nobly, heartily and freely supported becomes encouraged, enheartened and united. The material from which we have to build a team this year is good, but it is material which will need careful coaching and above all the honest support of every one of us. *Honest* support is not merely periodical and spasmodic cheering during the games, *it is firm interest and faith in the team even under adverse circumstances.* There is no fellow in school who can not give the team that. Many of us are so situated that we cannot help the team as much as we should like to, either by trying for it or by financial aid, but no one can excuse himself

from supporting the team in this direction. Personal criticism is not needed by the team, unfailing loyalty and devotion is. Let every fellow by showing interest in practice, enthusiasm in the games and loyalty in his words and actions, support the team to the best of his ability and we will yet have a united, successful and winning team, and one which can nobly bear forward the glorious old banner of Andover grit and spirit.

SHALL WE PLAY EXETER?

FOR several years past, Andover has had two unpleasant lessons to teach her new men:—that the “substantial brick building” on the hill was the school gymnasium, and that Exeter was to be cordially hated. The old gymnasium—peace to its ashes—will no longer be a source of apprehension to incoming classes. Can we not also picture the troublesome matter with Exeter as consumed by the fire of public opinion which became actively kindled last spring?

Who is there in school now who has any grudge against our old-time rivals? The majority of the fellows only know that there was trouble; that somebody was naughty, and somebody else said they would not play with them any more. As a matter of fact, the make-up of neither of those memorable teams would bear the scrutiny that is now being turned against amateur athletics, nor can Andover be entirely upheld for protesting a game which she ought not to have played. The situation was understood here clearly enough beforehand, and instead of being ignorant that she was to meet professionals, Andover rather sought glory in the hope of defeating them, whether or no. And now, after the *personnel* of the two schools has changed completely, what is gained by cherishing this grudge?

There is everything to lose by it, on the other hand. Our present opponents are true sportsmen and play good football and baseball, but they live too far away. As was recently brought out in a Philo speech; we formerly had a league with Exeter which included all branches of athletics. Now we play football with Lawrenceville and Worcester; baseball with Lawrenceville; our track meet is with Worcester, and in tennis we flock alone. The long trip last spring knocked out our

pitcher ; we play the games unattended by school "heelers," and there is none of that applause which so often turns defeat into victory.

Why can we not have a rousing school meeting and consider this matter thoroughly? It would be a mistake to act too rapidly, but is it not equally a mistake not to act at all? We feel sure that a discussion shared by the whole school, and led by intelligent speakers instead of demagogues, as was a previous one, would be the greatest gratification to every true Phillips man, whether from Andover or Exeter, and would clear up one of the most unfortunate affairs that has occurred in a long time.

As we go to press, this matter has been taken up by Dr. Bancroft and a school meeting called to decide the question. By the time this appears, it will have been settled in both schools, and we feel no uncertainty in regard to the success of the movement.



The Month.

JUNE 18th. Irving J. French, '97 of Park Hill, N. H., was elected base ball captain.

June 23d. The old gymnasium burned; loss partly covered by insurance.

Aug. 26th. Harold Morse Wright, '97, of Detroit, died at St. Clair, Mich., of typhoid fever. He entered Andover as a Junior, and was well known and well liked by nearly every fellow in school. At the time of his death, he was 18 years old.

Sept. 18th. Football squad called out by Quimby, as temporary captain. Only about eighteen men respond.

Ray Morris, '97, elected president of the Mirror board for the ensuing year.

Sept. 19th. Charles W. Cady, '97, elected second manager of the football team, in place Lawrence Perin, resigned. George E. Pingree, '97, elected third manager, in place of A. H. Richardson, resigned.

Sept. 21st. Jesse Barker, '97, elected captain of the football team, in place of A. S. Goodwin, and A. H. Durston, resigned. Much better showing of candidates.

Sept. 23d. Meeting of track team candidates called by Captain Richardson. About thirty men respond.

Sept. 26th. Andover is defeated by Boston Latin School in a loosely played game; score, 6-0.

Sept. 30th. Andover loses to Exeter A. C. by a score of 4-0, in a rather poor game.

Mirage.

HIS NAME WAS GIBBONS.

"But I wouldn't have sailed on an American ship in those days, sir; not unless as master. It is not near as bad now as it used to be, but some of those old fellows were terrible, terrible. Why, they used to have to sign a bond for ten thousand dollars—yes, sir; your government made them do it—that they wouldn't maltreat any seamen, but they used to maltreat them just the same. I remember once I was out in San Francisco, mate on a British ship, and right at the same dock with us was a Yankee ship just up from China. She had been on a long trip—nine months, I think—and they were going to heave her down to look at her copper, so that they could clean off grass or barnacles, or anything, you know. What's heaving her down? Why, they fasten a lot of extra yards and braces to her masts to stiffen them, and then they pass a long line to the dock from her mainmast head and attach it to a windlass. Then an old horse walks 'round and 'round with it, about fifty times, and keels her right over on her side so that they can see her bottom.

There were a lot of fellows came on board our ship to see the job, and one came up on the fo'c's'le deck where I was standing. He was a mean-looking, insignificant little chap, but I got to talking with him about the Yankee, and told

him what I told you just now—that I would never sail with an American captain.

'Is that so?' said he, 'why's that?'

'They're the worst set of men on the ocean,' said I; 'they're brutes.'

He looked rather queer, but didn't say anything, and I went on: 'Did you never hear of that man Gibbons? Why, sir, I know the man that was mate under him; Lovell, his name is, and the stories he tells me of him are something shocking. He's the terror of the ocean. He was going to shoot three fellows that were slow aloft, one time, but Lovell knocked the pistol out of his hand and threw it overboard. And strike a man! why, he'd hit a fellow quicker than lightning for anything at all, with a belaying pin or a capstan bar or anything he could lay his hands on. He never carried a crew a whole trip while Lovell was with him, for the way he used to curse the men and abuse them was outrageous, and the poor devils always deserted the ship the first chance they got, scared to death of him.'

'I don't know where he is now,' said I, but he used to be running on the four-masted ship "Majestic," out of New York, and he was the worst man on the Western Ocean.'

Well, sir, I went on that way to him for about half an hour, and he didn't say much, but looked sort of surprised. I

went on board the other ship that evening, after they had gotten through with her, to get the mate, for I was going to the theatre with him.

'What was you talking to the old man about?' says he. 'Your old man?' says I; 'you must be mistaken; I haven't seen him.' 'Why, you were chinning him on your forecastle for a long time, this afternoon, and he was terrible waxy when he come aboard.'

'Great Cæsar,' said I: 'was that your old man? let me get right out of here!'

'You must have heard of him,' said he; 'he used to run on the "Majestic;" his name is Gibbons.'

477.

A steamer was leaving a Pacific wharf on her trip for the Isthmus of Panama. She was one of those vessels which made connection with the line on the other side of the Isthmus; thus shortening the voyage around the cape considerably, both in time and distance.

The captain was a dissipated English nobleman, who had been forced to take salutary measures through his spend-thrift qualities by leaving his native land and taking command of this ocean liner, that had been proffered him as a rude apology for his noble lineage.

The passengers were variously made up from those types at large, when the West was sparsely settled, and the later polish of refinement had yet failed to gain a hold. However, a few bear mention, as

they were selected by the crew as objects of comment. Just as, in all parties, there are a few who are conspicuous, some through their insignificance or beauty, others by their misfortune or good luck.

One of these was a poor young Englishman without a cent or a friend in the world; it was only by most ardent efforts that he had persuaded the captain to take him as groom for his horse, which he valued apparently more highly than the person of his young countryman.

For his services as groom the young man was promised his passage to the isthmus.

There the captain was going across, and by his influence was to secure the young fellow a chance to work his way on the other side.

Another man of plain, almost shabby dress, of unamiable manner, and of a most inferior aspect was the cynosure of many eyes as well as the subject of many remarks. He had been called on the voyage down by most of us, "Old Cock-eye," because of a visual defect that he unfortunately practiced of squinting his eye.

The days passed on with little excitement; the port was reached, the Isthmus crossed, and, waiting there was the steamer that would take us to our homes, or more desirable places than the Isthmus, on which it is said to be death for a man unacclimated to remain, where the whole land is reeking with the poison of

malaria that arises from its swamps.

Just as the steamer was swinging off, a pitiful sight met our eyes. There at the pier, overcome with grief, was the poor Englishman standing helpless and alone. He had been deserted by his countryman, when his services were no longer needed, and left to care for himself in that disease-infected district. The sight was so heart-rending that sympathy was at once aroused and a proposal made of taking up a collection for his benefit, but no action was started, and all the time the breach was widening that parted him from hope.

Then straightway old "Cock-eye" stepped forth and, in authoritative tones, ordered the captain to take the man aboard. Evidently that officer knew his passenger, for he at once gave orders to take the fellow on board. Then the object of our former pleasantries walked up to the captain, and, in gruff tones asked what the man's fare would be. At the captain's response he drew forth a purse and paid in gold; then, turning about, unheeding the the young Englishman's

thanks, who had noted the transaction, beaming with happiness, he walked away into that impenetrable oblivion that had surrounded him during the entire voyage.

You can imagine what our curiosity was to know his name. The man was Abel Guy, who, at that time, was one of the greatest and richest bankers of San Francisco.

O. W. B.

A DIFFERENCE OF THREE AND TWENTY
MILES.

Upon the street in Boston town

I saw her first that day.

Ah! beautiful indeed she was,

And sweet as is the May.

And through my frame a quiver passed,

As she turned her eyes my way,

And I felt as if my life had been

Well lived upon that day.

In Andover, with other girls

I've seen her oft since then.

I never once have caught her eye,

For she "*never* flirts with men."

B. H. E.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

- ✓ '33.—Died in Brookline, Sept. 10, 1896, William H. Wardwell, 78 years of age. He was a book-dealer in Andover in his early life, and was later connected with the house of S. D. Warren & Co., of Boston.
- ✓ '36.—Josiah Dwight Whitney, LL. D., Professor of Geology at Harvard University, died at New London, N. H., Aug. 19, 1896. He was one of the original members of the National Academy of Sciences, a member of many societies here and abroad, and author of many volumes on scientific subjects. Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in the United States, was named for him.
- ✓ '44.—H. H. Anderson graduated from Williams College in 1848, moved to New York City in 1861, and became corporation counsel. He was president of the University Club for many years and a member of many other societies, and the senior partner in the law firm of Anderson, Howland & Murray. He died at York Harbor, Me., Sept. 17, 1896.
- ✓ '45.—In Andover, Sept. 21, 1896. David I. C. Hidden, died, aged 73 years. A native of the town and a life-long resident, he was eminently respected for his sterling qualities.
- '52.—George L. Adams of Boston has been nominated by Gov. Wolcott to succeed Judge Hardy on the municipal bench.
- '52.—Daniel B. Pond, the first mayor ✓ of Woonsocket, R. I., died in Providence, Sept. 9, 1896. He was a graduate of Brown University and of the Albany Law School. He was a member of the commission appointed to build the new state house and was a State Commissioner to the Tennessee Exposition.
- '55.—Dr. Albert C. Perkins, a gradu- ✓ ate of Dartmouth, teacher in Phillips Andover, principal of Phillips Exeter from '73 to '83 and principal of the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn, died at Brooklyn of pneumonia, Sept. 22, 1896, and was buried at Topsfield, Mass., his native place.
- '55.—Dr. William T. Smith has been appointed Dean of Dartmouth Medical College
- '60.—Judge George P. Dutton of the ✓ municipal court of Ellsworth, Me., died Sept. 8, 1896. He had been mayor of the city.
- '75.—Walter Kessler, of Indianapolis, was sergeant-at-arms of the National Democratic Convention.
- '84.—Paul D. Phillips, M. D., a graduate of Amherst, '88, has been appointed Dr. Hitchcock's assistant as instructor in physical education.
- '84.—Miss Grace M. Seccomb and Frederick W. Wallace, of Ansonia, were married at Washington, Conn., Sept. 9, 1896.

September 19, 1896.

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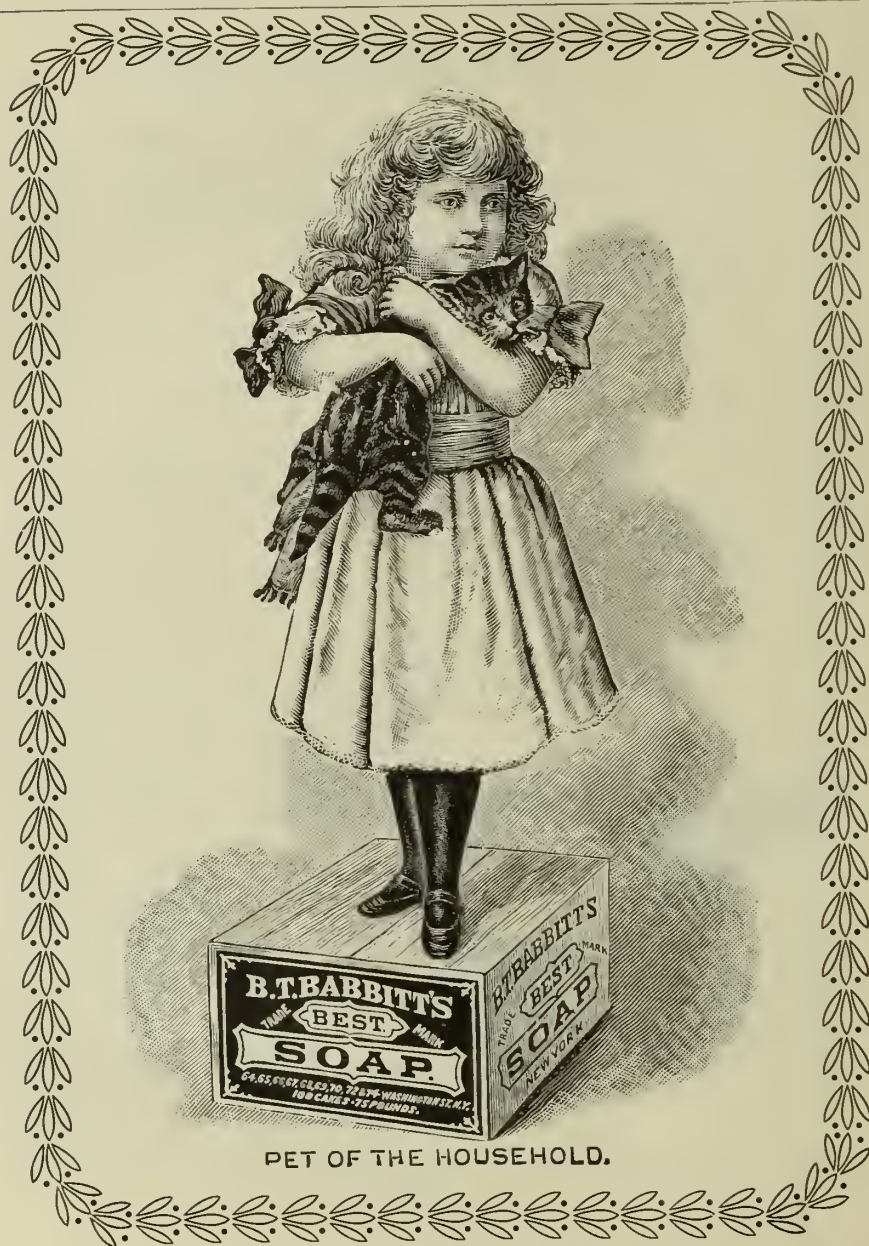
"Well—never mind," she replied. "I don't care about that. The point with me is, am I the last girl you are ever going to love?"

An Unwarranted Assumption.—Editor (to humorist): "Do you expect pay for this joke?"

Humorist:—"Certainly. You didn't think I was in the funny business for fun, did you?"

Hadn't Thought of That.—"I've got a white elephant on my hands," remarked the landlady. "Mr. Skinner won't pay his board."

"Why don't you seize his trunk?" suggested the star boarder.



PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

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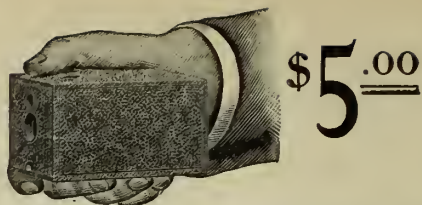
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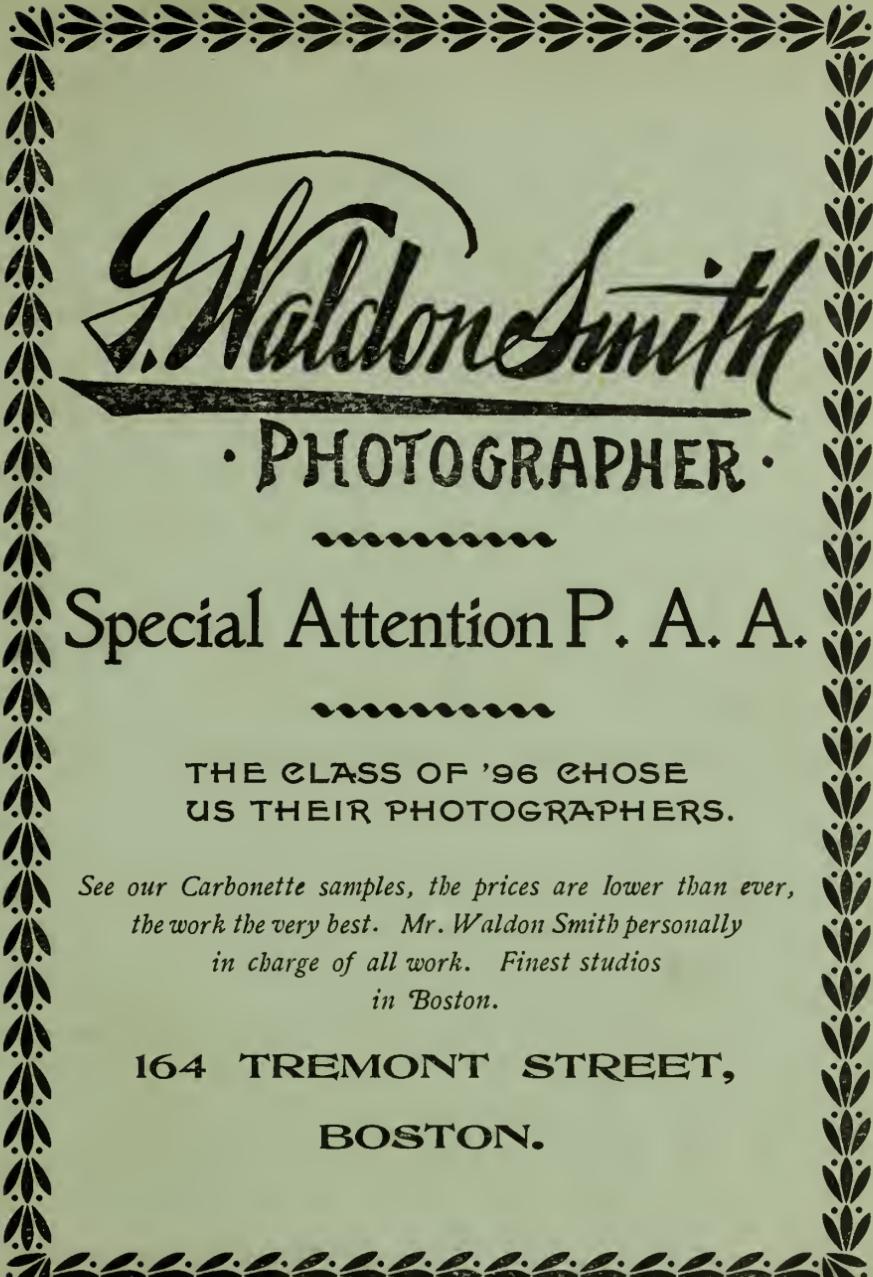
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The Phillips Andover Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Phillips Academy.

Vol. VI. —NOVEMBER, 1896.— No. 1.

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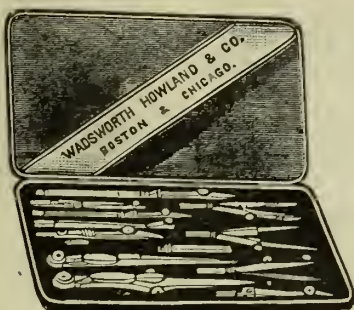
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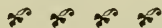
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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if possible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

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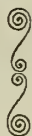
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No. 2.

The Present Need at Andover.

ANY retrospect made very soon after an experience, is justly looked on with suspicion. Nevertheless, there are several reasons why one should overcome a natural diffidence, arising from this cause and speak out his honest opinion of certain aspects of Academy life which are still prominent in his mind. Crude and liable to error as such an expression may be, it certainly has the merit of being the result of vivid impressions, and of being based on still unbroken fellowship with those whose circumstances were so recently his own.

To say that the Academy is not what it was in many ways, may be true enough, but coming from the mouth of so recent a graduate, it may also be considered unwise. It will be said that the idea is founded on the basis of there being fewer men in school now than formerly, or on the traces of the youthful glamour with which one has looked up to his idols in the Academy, and which no longer surrounds its members for him. But on the other hand the fact that the Academy is not standing on perfectly solid ground, is too widely recognized by its many graduates and friends to be lightly denied. One can easily enu-

merate the ways in which the school is not what it should be, and it is to a consideration of two of these failings, that attention is to be directed in this paper. These failings are:—first, a Lack of Unity, and; second, a Lack of Personal Responsibility.

The present lack of Unity has two aspects—the absence of good fellowship between the Faculty and Students; and the fact that the School itself does not act as one body. The first reason why the fellowship between teachers and students is not better and stronger rests with the former. They provide no means for such communication. The closest thing to such fellowship is the good-natured bandying of jokes which arises from a chance intimacy of students and teachers but a real vital sense of common interest does not exist. The faculty do not find out personally from the men what they want. One reason for this may be that the majority of teachers are not men who in their student days entered into college life in its widest aspects, but this is no reason for not striving for a nearness of confidence with those under their charge.

But in the second place, the blame rests no less strongly with the school. The school is not frank with the faculty and it is often deplorably lacking in a willingness to go half way. There is a certain degree of suspicion on both sides, and this occasionally breaks out into serious rupture. One cardinal principle of life does not seem to be fully appreciated in Andover. Honest opposition to any measure advocated by the faculty does not mean disloyalty either to them or to the school. An example of this loyal opposition was that to the much talked-of athletic rule. Here opposition was our duty. We never could see and cannot see now, why a man who tried to do something for the school outside of his studies should be compelled to have a higher standing than one who did nothing but study. The faculty are not infallible, and should be willing to admit it, nor would such an admission cost them any prestige. A teacher who will admit that he is wrong, when he is, always gains the respect of those under his charge. On the other hand, the difficulties of the position in which the faculty are placed cannot be over estimated. They are held responsible for

the boys under their charge. Among a number of boys it is inevitable that there will be those who have no sense of honor or manliness, and who make an influence in the school which is well nigh impossible to check.

The Lack of Unity in the school is seen, in the second place, among members of the school itself. The great example of this is between Commons men and the rest of the school. This misunderstanding is often more the fault of the Commons men than of the others. They are prone to think that many men are snobs who would be glad to know them better, but who are prevented by a lack of common interest. Believing this to arise from snobishness, the Commons man is apt to assume a sort of superiority over them, which at once makes him as intolerable as a negro who thinks himself better than a white man from the very fact of his color.

The mere recital of faults does not cure them. The ideal remedy would be a "Memorial Hall" in Andover, like that in Cambridge, where every member of the school would board. This is hardly possible now, but the two elements might be brought together in some such way as gathering together and singing in the spring evenings, after the manner of the Yard-concerts at Harvard, or as they do at Yale. The great noticeable defect at Cambridge in this matter, is that such concerts never end up with a grand old "Fair Harvard", in which every throat would join. A gift of true loyalty to Andover would be that of a school-song, for which there have been so many unsuccessful attempts.

In Andover a great lack of personal responsibility exists, or what amounts to the same thing, a lack of confidence and encouragement in one's own ability. In this connection, one great failing of the Academy can be pointed out. If a man tries for any school organization and fails to make it, he at once is made the laughing stock of the whole school. No credit is given him for his loyalty or effort; as long as he fails, by however so little margin, he has simply made an ass of himself.

The lack of personal responsibility first presents itself to us in re-

gard to the reputation of the school. In an article like this there is no chance to speak of the many virtues of the school; of the respect shown the teachers, which so far exceeds that of the colleges, or of the remarkable absence of profanity in the athletic sports. The sense of personal responsibility for the reputation of the school is strong in many ways. But the occasional ill-behavior of fellows on their way to or from Andover is enough to show that it has not reached an ideal state, yet with the honorable record of more than a century behind one, one should pause and consider well before sharing in any act involving the school's good name.

The lack of personal responsibility in regard to school organizations is a theme, the soul of which is well-nigh harped out. However, it may be said that it probably has today, as it did in days gone, a certain relative value in that it regularly furnishes the body of editorials in the *Phillipian* and *MIRROR*. Schools are judged by their literary and athletic standards, just as much as by scholarship. This last is the primary care of the teachers; the other two branches from their very exemption from close oversight should awaken in each man a sense of personal responsibility. That even in athletics—always the last to suffer—the School is not always up to the former standards, may be judged from the fact that the old cheering is not heard, and that many men prefer the mild glory of playing star on a street team to coming out and occupying a minor position for the good of the Academy team. But this state of languishment the long hoped for Exeter games will doubtless obviate; certainly, in the good old days of '92 no word was needed in this matter.

In the third place, we come to the consideration of school-elections. Here it is that the claims of personal responsibility must be most strongly urged. The average school-meeting is a mere mockery—a hollow farce. When any committee or set of managers has been nominated, who ever heard a voice raised in dissent? And yet is the list of names *always* that of the most capable men—of the most representative men of the School? Imagine the stir that a second list would cause if someone would only dare or rather care to say who he thought

would be better men for the position. But in this, as in every other public function which the school has to perform, the best men hang back in languid indifference. They do not take enough interest in the welfare of the school to oppose measures which they think will be harmful, or men who they know are the mere marionettes of a few hands. Suggestions coming from Cambridge, where elections are farces, may seem palpably out of place. But at Phillips the word "election" does not mean going into a room and picking out the name that tickles your fancy from several equally unknown to you. Then why should not elections in the Academy mean something, stand for something, and give the successful candidates the just satisfaction of knowing that they have the trust and confidence of the school, and do not hold their positions simply because of some "social pull"; or because nobody cares who runs the school?

The great need of the Academy, then, seems to be a sense of responsibility and a frank avowal of opinion. Such spontaneity alone will make teachers and pupils fully realize that they are not both working for distinct and separate ends—the one for scholarship; the other for athletics, a good time or what not—but that they are both striving for the same identical thing—the development of a good manly character. This spontaneity, again, will make the great majority of fellows stand up for what they believe to be right. If this were only true, how different would be the picture many a boy gets of his first school-life! Such a boy hears for the first time a flippant and even coarse discussion of social relations which he has always considered too sacred for ordinary conversation. In his first astonishment he is liable to confound purity of speech with purity of life. How can he know of the hearts that refuse to take such standards of life, when the lips make only comments, or else are silent?

The subjects I have touched upon are all old stories. Unity and a sense of personal responsibility are ideals. They will never be fully attained. There will always be those who foster and keep alive differences in any community, who insist on looking upon teachers as their mortal enemies, to be cheated and deceived whenever it is possible.

There will always be teachers who do not understand boys, who fail to see the good points in them, and forget that they were ever young themselves. As long as the Academy lasts there will be good fellows in the school who do not realize their responsibility, just as there are always such men in public life. A "Memorial Hall" is not practicable in Andover at present; that seems farther off than "our new Gymnasium." But what this paper does want to emphasize and reiterate, is the fact that the School is in a certain crisis; that this fact must not be dodged or denied, but must be looked square in the face. Talking and commenting on this matter can do nothing, save in so that it helps to keep the subject alive. The only thing that can properly revive school spirit and put the school on the plain of honor, fair-mindedness and good-fellowship, is the concerted and individual effort of every member of the faculty and trustees, undergraduates and alumni.

Donald Gordon, '95.



And the Cat Came Back.

MESSRS. Holt and Renshaw were in a very unpleasant state of mind. They were closeted in the inner office, with both the solemn doors locked, and the secretary in the outer office had orders to admit no one.

Captain Rizitti was standing uneasily beside the big table, listening to Holt, while Renshaw was leaning back in his chair and doing the heavy looking on.

"Look here, Captain Rizitti," the irate Holt was saying, "what the mischief does this mean?" and he held up a newspaper slip a couple of days old: "'On fire at sea. On June 21st, the Atlantic Transport liner *Michigan* fell in with the steamer *Flora*, twenty miles south of Sable Island. The *Flora* was on fire, and her crew was about to desert her, but with the assistance of an officer and six men from the *Michigan* the fire was gotten under control.' Now what on earth did you set that boat on fire for? Couldn't you think of any better way to wreck her than that? The insurance people will raise thunder about this!"

"O Sacre Diable! Vat could I haf done?" replied the unfortunate captain. "You say to me:

'Captain Rizitti, the *Flora* ees a bad boat. She ees insured. You understand?"

"Vat could I haf better done! Ve vere only about twenty miles from Sable Island. Eet came on verey theek; I set her on fire and turn her in towards the lant. There vas no sea on, and so by and by I launch the boats, for it vas verey hot, you understand. Then came the sacre *Michigan* and sighted us. I could not say 'Ve need not help,' for vere ve not just leaving her? So the *Michigan* came on board and ve put out the fire."

Holt turned to Renshaw with a most unutterable look of disgust.

"I wonder if there is any way under the sun we can get rid of that confounded boat! She's slow and wasteful, and she breaks some-

thing every blooming trip. But you might as well try to sink a buoy."

The *Flora* certainly was a remarkable ship. She had outlived her usefulness five years since. She carried small cargoes in proportion to the coal she burned, and always arrived in port just a day after she might have been chartered. If she happened to find a job, she was morally certain to lose three of her four screw blades and crawl into port a week late, or else run her nose into a sea and clean off her decks. So Messrs. Holt and Renshaw decided that they would endeavor to utilize her limited insurance in another boat, and Captain Rizitti was led to understand that if he should happen to lose the *Flora* sometime she would not be missed. But the *Flora* was not to be lost.

The first attempt was made off the French coast, and one of the Neptune Line boats took her officers and crew off in a gale of wind, with the understanding that she was sinking. And so she was, but her artificial leaks worked so badly that she was blown into Ushant before she went down, and ran her bow aground at the same time that her stern sunk. Then they got her off, and she had a series of miraculously narrow escapes, until the company lost its temper and told the captain that if the ship ever came home again he could go home, too.

But in view of this laudable attempt, and the dangers of turning Captain Rizitti loose, the partners decided to try him again, so Holt made some rather emphatic remarks about his stupidity, and then gave him a long lecture and questioning combined, on the ways and means of getting rid of boats. At first he spoke in a low, emphatic tone, that he might by no possibility be overheard. Then he became more excited.

"You *must* sink her! Run her aground at Fastnet; cut loose her shaft packing; put rotten bolts in her thrust boxes; scuttle her; get in the way of a liner; do anything; only be mighty careful how you do it, but don't you ever bring her into New York again!"

The poor captain went out of the office quite dazed; the responsibility of bringing a steamer into port safely was great enough, to say nothing of the responsibility of wrecking her safely. But orders were orders, and they must be obeyed.

A week later, the *Flora* was patched up and sent fruiting, to the southward, and it must be admitted that even the inexorable Holt and Renshaw were a little nervous about their instructions. They were discussing the matter, about three days later, with the same cynical point of view.

"I wonder what she'll do this trip!" observed the voluble Holt. "I suppose that idiot, Rizitti, will try some blamed funny stunt that'll cost us a few thousand, and then bring her in again."

"Umph," said Renshaw. He was puffing away at a cigar in his favorite chair, and feeling much too lazy to exert his conversational powers unless it was necessary. Renshaw used to say to Holt that if there was any swearing to be done, he would take the moral responsibility if Holt would do it.

Just then the newsboy opened the door and handed in the evening paper. Holt glanced over the first page, and then turned to the shipping news. Then he suddenly rose to his feet, dashed the paper down on the table and made some remarks that even his partner would have hesitated to endorse.

"For heaven's sake, man, shut up cursing a minute, and tell us what's the matter," said Renshaw.

"Oh nothing," said Holt, with a most impossible attempt at cool sarcasm; "nothing, only our nice little *Flora* ran into the *Amazon* off Newport News and sunk her; that's all."

Then Renshaw made an unprecedently quick grab at the paper and read the item through and through, forwards and backwards, while Holt leaned back in his chair and mopped the perspiration off his face.

"Rizitti did pretty nearly put his foot in it, didn't he?" said he.

"O Gad, man," said Holt, "don't talk to me about Rizitti again, *ever*. It'll be an hour before my liver gets back again where it belongs."

"Yes, I know," replied his partner, "but what are we going to do about it? The *Amazon* is worth three times what the *Flora* is."

"O well," replied Holt, "they can't get anything above her value,

you know, because she's owned under the single-ship law; and all they can do is to take her. I wish 'em joy! If the *Flora* doesn't bankrupt those people inside of a year, it'll be a miracle."

And so the *Flora* changed hands, and flew a red and yellow flag with a big black "K" on it from her mainmast head, instead of the shaky blue chariot wheel on the white ground. And Messrs. Renshaw and Holt had a streak of good luck with their other boat, and managed, after fourteen months, to get together money enough to build another. The new *Hyde Park* was quite a good little steamer, and had very good luck in her fruiting, so that the company became consoled about their wayward *Flora*, and began to feel rather relieved to have her entirely off their minds.

One very foggy time, the *Hyde Park* was creeping along off the Banks on her way to Belgium. It was the dull season for fruit, but by a piece of unexpected good luck the partners had secured a charter that quite delighted them. The *Hyde Park* was started off promptly for Antwerp, but struck heavy fog on the second day out, which showed no sign of clearing on the following morning. Two lookouts kept their unsociable watch forward, and the whistle was kept going with exasperating regularity. Suddenly a grey form loomed up out of the mist, and the two men forward simultaneously swung around and shouted to the yellow oil-skin figure on the bridge, "Steamer right ahead, sir!"

The yellow oil-skin figure jumped to a brass handle, and "Brrrp, brrrp, ding, ding, ding," spoke the telegraph, while the little pointer clicked around to "Full speed astern." Somebody shouted "Hard starboard" at the same time, and the steam steering gear in the wheel-house below started off as if someone had stepped on its foot, and wound up three or four turns of the chain. But the other boat seemed to follow every motion, for one terrible instant of suspense, and then she struck the *Hyde Park* a sickening blow, right at her engine room.

There was fortunately no sea on, so the life boats all got off in safety and started for the other ship, which could be heard blowing off, but not seen. Then they made her out, and while the shipwrecked

company was climbing the ladder presented to them, the captain of the *Hyde Park* hailed: "What ship's that?"

"The *Flora*," came back the answer.

And that is how the *Flora* changed flags again.

Ray Morris.



A Texas Robbery.

PERHAPS Frank Hayward's chief warrant for distinction while in college lay in his discovery of a formula for making cheap chewing gum. During his junior and senior years he made a considerable quantity of this necessary article and put it on the market. Its charm proved so irresistible to the gum chewing public that after his graduation Frank determined to start regularly in the business. As he was fond of traveling, he dispensed with an agent, and went about the country for himself.

One of his trips took him to El Paso, Texas. El Paso is a town noted for its toughness and abundant supply of the lower class of Mexicans called "Greasers." Its town government is startling to an eastern man. As it lies within the United States border its management is not of course a despotism, but it closely resembles one, for the police justice has almost absolute rule. Frank Hayward reached El Paso about four o'clock in the afternoon and went immediately to the hotel. He burned with a desire to elevate the taste of the local gum-chewers, and was eager to learn anything which might help him to this result, so while he was waiting for the bell-boy, who, it was prophesied by the landlord, would in the course of time show him to his room, he picked up all the information he could concerning the town. The landlord told him that if he had any valuables which he had a preference for retaining, he had better buy a revolver. Frank had with him a large amount of money gained from the collections and sales of the past week, yet he disliked to bother with a revolver, and asked: "Why can't I put my stuff into your hotel safe? A revolver is a nuisance." The landlord replied that he had given up having a hotel safe. "It cost so much to keep it in repair, as burglars would blow it open almost every night." Frank was at first inclined to doubt the truth of this and of some other of his host's remarks, but after supper, when he had walked about the town and had seen some tough looking characters, his opinion changed somewhat. He remembered

that prudence had been mentioned to him as among the virtues, and so he bought a revolver and some cartridges.

On retiring for the night he hung his coat, containing his money, on a chair at the head of his bed, at the right, and put the revolver under his pillow. At about one o'clock he was awakened by a slight sound at his window. Startled, he looked up and saw, standing out against the moonlight, the black form of a man. This man crawled almost silently through the window, dropped to his knees and crept stealthily over the floor towards the chair at Hayward's side. The dim moonlight revealed only the black form of the creeping figure, with white about his eyes and the glittering steel of a revolver barrel pointed at Hayward's head. To move or to call would, Hayward knew, be fatal, and, although he was no coward, the sudden awakening, the grim outline at the window, the wierd shadows cast by the moonlight, and now the slow, stealthy movement of the figure steadily creeping nearer to himself had, for the time, produced something like a paralysis of his powers. Held by a terrible fascination he watched the figure as it crept closer and closer to himself. The only sounds were the breathing of the two men and the rubbing of the creeping man's clothing against the floor. As the man drew nearer, Hayward saw that he was a Mexican. At length he gained the bedside, and finally the chair. Slowly the man raised himself from the floor, with his eyes and the bit of shining steel still turned towards Hayward. With his left hand he rifled the pockets of the coat; in his right was the revolver. Hayward's mind regained its power. He closed his eyes tightly and made himself breathe regularly, while his listening was most intent. "There goes my silver," he thought, as he heard a rattling sound. "My cheques are in the lining. Will he find those?" "Yes." Hayward could hear the rustle of the paper as the package was drawn from the coat. The Mexican then walked to the door. Hayward watched him through his eyelashes. The burglar had walked backwards to the door and still covered him with the revolver. The bolt stuck as the man tried to open the door. Hayward kept the rest of his body motionless, slid his left hand silently under his pillow

and grasped his revolver. The door continued to stick. The burglar looked toward the window. The light was brightening. It would not do to risk departure in that way. He looked back at the bed; watched and listened. Hayward's eyes were closed, and his breathing regular. Carefully the Mexican laid his revolver on the floor, and using the strength of both hands, he forced back the bolt. At that instant Hayward fired. The burglar fell to the floor, striking upon his revolver as he landed.

The sound of the shot brought the hotel attendants to the room. The burglar proved to have only a flesh wound in the thigh, and he was promptly marched off to jail.

The case was hurried into court, as Hayward was anxious to leave town. At the trial next morning, the judge, a police justice, sentenced the man to four years imprisonment. Then after "rubbing it into" the prisoner he turned sternly to Hayward.

"As for you," he said, "I fine you twenty-five dollars."

"For what?" demanded Hayward, in amazement.

"For shooting the burglar," answered the judge.

"I have a right to defend my property," said Hayward, getting out of temper.

"I understand all that," said the judge. "The fine is for not killing the confounded greaser."

S. Harold Stone.

William.

HIS name is William, and he is lying under a rose bush in our back yard, watching me. I am sitting in an apple tree watching him. He has that peculiarly tranquil look about the corners of his mouth, which means that he has some great scheme in contemplation. I do not know why he should have, as he did enough last night to furnish him food for reflection for some little time, but there is no mistaking that tranquil look.

Yesterday evening William obtained a saucer of milk from the cook, by dint of much wheedling, fully half an hour earlier than usual. He seemed excited and worried while eating it, and did not stop long enough for his usual light calisthenics, but began to walk slowly down our garden path. Just at the little crab-apple tree he turned to the left, and proceeded cautiously through the long grass, which covered him completely, all except his striped tail. At first I did not see why he should not carry that at half mast, or even trailing, as is his custom when exploring. But the reason soon became apparent, for an answering signal appeared in a moment. Then he hurried a little, and met a friend where the black-currant bush makes standing room beside the high south wall. Was this a pre-arranged duel? I was not kept long in suspense, for William observed "Prrwow?" with a rising inflection. The reply was scarcely audible, but it was evidently satisfactory, for a long and serious confab ensued. Evidently, there were greater things in contemplation than a mere friendly broil.

Then the two cats walked side by side, through a gap in the wall, across my neighbor's garden, and up two terraces. This top terrace is a famous rendezvous for all the cats in the ninth ward, for it is a very central locality, and contains quite a number of nicely trimmed little evergreen trees, which intercept missiles, on musical evenings, have nice trunks to rub against, and afford a convenient meeting place for all sorts of affairs. A third party was evidently expected here, and the two conspirators waited impatiently, with much switching of

tails. When he finally appeared, he was in great haste, and galloped up the terraces with impatience. I presume he did not realize how late it was getting until the down town clocks struck seven, for he is a very absent-minded cat. Then the same question was asked him, by William, I think, and he immediately replied "Prrrp," with a tone that indicated no indecision. This was evidently what the others were waiting for, as the three immediately started of,—not together, but skulking one after the other, so as to convey the impression that there were quite a number of them.

William was in the lead, and he at once made a bee line for the Hendricks' stable, in the next yard. William should not have gone there, as he can never get along peaceably with the yellow cat who lives in the hay-loft. Yellow cats almost always have more stubbornness than do those of any other color, and the Hendrick's cat, besides this natural trait, inherited an ugly temper from his father, who was in former times the terror of the neighborhood, and was a double-jointed tornado when once started. The other two cats laid low, and William went in and was in the hay-mow at once. I do not know what transpired there, but in less than half a minute he was out again, going like sixty, with the other cat right after him. Then his comrades sneaked in, and pretty soon there was a great commotion up stairs. The little door at one end was open, and before long a furry mass fell out, which resolved itself into three cats just as it hit the ground. It was a little hard to tell just which leg belonged to which cat for a time, and then William came back and separated them. His two comrades were alive and in their usual spirits. The other cat, who was scarcely out of kittenhood, had certainly been having a very hard time, and I am shocked to say that he died the next day. I do not know why William perpetrated this outrageous deed, but he certainly managed it very well. The yellow terror, it seems, had an attack of rheumatism which so handicapped him that, Spartan like, he could fight but not run. So I presume William insulted him; set a pace which he could not follow, and then came back in his tracks to assist in the destruction of his ward.

Then our three adventurers shook themselves once or twice, found nothing loose, and proceeded at an amiable jog-trot, as if out for a cross-country run. They retraced their steps through the Hendrick's garden, entered our yard, and went into the barn. This was perfectly legitimate and justifiable, as William rooms there. So I supposed that they were through work for the evening; but quite the contrary, for after spending some minutes inside, they came slowly out again, as if in perplexity, and held a long discussion. Then they started out cautiously in the other direction, with their customary reconnoitering tactics, and made a big loop through the yards near ours. This was kept up for nearly twenty minutes, and then William saw something, or pretended to, for he stopped short, switched his tail violently, and peered into the dusk with a terrifically ferocious expression. At first I thought this was all a bluff, to impress his companions with his intrepidity and sagaciousness, but soon another cat hove in sight, and seemed also to be looking for something. Then William made a semi-circle about the other cat, who was jet black, and of considerable magnitude. He accomplished nothing by this. Then the black cat stopped, listened, and began to wave his tail. Then William moved forward, say four inches, and got down close to the ground, as if looking for a penny in the grass. The other cat did nothing. William did nothing. The black cat moved forward eight inches. William moved forward eight inches.

By this time I was nearly crazy to see some action, but these same tactics continued for ten or twelve minutes, the black cat's game being to pretend not to see William; to ignore his very existence, in fact, while William continued to hunt for pennies and four-leafed clovers. Then they suddenly came together, and for a few moments the air was full of fur and feet. Then they separated, as if by mutual consent. I don't know why they stopped, for it was as even a fight as I ever saw. But the affair was apparently settled satisfactorily for all concerned, for the black cat went home at once. Meanwhile, William hunted up his two associates and did them both; I presume because they did not help him out.

I suppose he had acquired considerable of an appetite by this time, for his supper was very light. So he went to a little patch of woods just above our house and caught a swallow. This was wicked. He ought not to have done it, and I should have punished him, but to tell the truth, I was quite struck with his originality. I had seen feathers about the yard before, but always took it for granted that they were sparrow feathers. But no doubt he regularly made a mental note of where the swallows roosted, at dusk, and then went out and picked them when he became hungry.

A little before nine o'clock I left William to his own resources. At that time he had just started out to look for another cat, and I have no reason to doubt that he found him, for I was awakened twice during the night, when diplomatic relations outside had apparently become strained. And now William is lying under the rose bush, looking at me in a lazily condescending sort of a way. His expression of countenance has become peculiarly seraphic, and I have great hopes that he is meditating an attack upon the brindle bull-dog who lives next door, and cannot sleep of a night. But in any case, I should recommend to all transient cats that they make quite a large detour around our yard, this evening.



A Study of Bird Life in California.

A VISIT to California under any circumstances is a source of much enjoyment and interest, but when one goes there with the intention of indulging in a special pastime or study, it is even a greater pleasure.

The object in this case was to study and collect birds, and it seemed the rarer treat to do this in the beautiful climate of California, when at home school books and cold weather would be the order of things.

February 10, 1894, a party of us left Chicago, going over the Santa Fe Route for California. We arrived in San Diego in due season after a rather tedious journey. Here I separated from the party and proceeded to a large fruit ranch about twenty miles from the city, where I remained until the middle of the following July. The rainy season was past, and I found myself in what seemed to me a veritable paradise. As I stood on the broad veranda which surrounded the house, orchards of fig, peach, apricot and prune trees were to be seen on either side, and in front, a broad, fertile expanse extended to a thickly wooded bottom which marked the course of the San Diego River. The surrounding foothills were covered with green, and resplendent with myriads of brightly colored flowers, and even the rocky and rugged ranges beyond lost some of their forbidding look by these artful touches of nature.

The bird-life of California is so entirely different from that which we see in the East, that to observe and study it is very fascinating.

For the first few weeks I found enough birds within a stone's throw of the house to keep me busy. The most common were the linnets, the males a beautiful red color, and fine songsters. Besides these I secured many other species of small birds, but they have no especial interest.

The California quail was another bird which was always common. It is a much more beautiful bird than its eastern cousin, and differs

very much from it in habits. At almost any time of day, the shrill whistle of the male birds could be heard answering each other amongst the foothills nearby. Perhaps the most interesting bird to be found in California is the road-runner. Unusually peculiar in appearance, it is no less so in habits. It is of a rather mottled appearance with a long tail of dark bluish green feathers. A large crest on the head is of the same color, and its whole body gives an iridescent effect in the sunlight. Its long heavy beak and its powerful legs make it well able to take care of itself. It is a remarkable runner. The natives say it will outstrip a horse, but a companion and I once ran one down on horseback, and it was so exhausted that we were able to catch it.

The nature of the land in this region was so varied that a great many different kind of birds were to be found, and there were localities where I could always find certain varieties. Along the course of the river and the small ponds were the aquatic birds, in the wooded canyons most of the insect-loving birds, besides many others which sought the springs for water and the shade of the live oak trees and rocks during the heat of the day.

The spiny thorns of the cacti are much feared by most four-footed animals and birds of prey, so large cactus patches are favorite resorts of birds which live amongst the sage brush and away from other means of protection.

As most of the rivers and ponds in California dry up soon after the rainy season, I was careful to secure all the water birds while it was possible to do so, as there were some strange and beautiful ones. The cinnamon teal was one of these. It is much like our eastern blue winged teal, but the males are a rich chestnut red. In one of the small ponds which have been spoken of, I once came across a white-faced glossy ibis, a bird very little known except in localities where it abounds. They are about the size of a small chicken, with long legs and a strong curved bill. Their color is a rich, deep wine hue, merging into lighter or darker shades on different parts of the body. It derives its name from a white band which encircles the front part of the head. I got a shot at this one but missed, and it flew off, uttering

a peculiar warning cry and circling around my head until it was lost to sight. This bird accrues in flocks of hundreds along the Rio Grande River, but it is of comparatively limited distribution, so I regretted losing this one very much.

The burrowing owl is one of California's most interesting creatures. This bird remains in one locality the year around, and is included in the list of raptorial birds which are a benefit to agriculture. It preys mostly upon small rodents, grasshoppers and other large insects, but occasionally a small bird is included in its diet. It is about the size of a pigeon, and is of a tawny color, mixed with white and brown.

The most arid parts of the foothills and the most isolated spots of the deserts of the Great West are often the homes of this bird, and a pair of them and their boon companions, the prairie dogs, are often the only living things in such places. They live in pairs, and one always stands guard at the entrance of the burrow. If they are disturbed while thus engaged they give vent to their displeasure by a hoarse guttural sound, accompanied by a snapping of the bill. At the same time they courtesy to the ground in a most comical way, making the whole effect very ludicrous. Most of their hunting is done by night, and it is no uncommon sight to see them skimming noiselessly over the ground at dusk, in quest of their prey.

As the season advanced, I obtained most of the birds in the immediate vicinity of the ranch, except an occasional rarity, so to get new specimens meant longer trips from home. I would generally take these a short distance into the mountains, as here the bird-life was quite different from that in the lower country, owing largely to the greater variety of vegetation. The coniferous trees of the mountains attract many birds which do not live elsewhere. One of these is Clark's crow, perhaps the least known bird which I have yet spoken of. Its body is an ashy grey color, and its wings are black. It resembles the common crow in habits and much in appearance, except for its color and smaller size. It is a restless, noisy bird and roams in vast flocks over the pine-covered hills of the far west. It has not learned to fear the

presence of man as most other members of the crow family have, so I had no trouble in shooting three birds from a flock before they were frightened. The Clark's crow is represented in the old country by the well-known jackdaw. The American bird was first discovered by Clark, who with Lewis conducted the first expedition for opening up the west, and was named in honor of him. Lewis' woodpecker, a bird which is found further north in California, was named after him.

The American raven was also found in the haunts of the birds just mentioned, but was not common until considerably higher up. It has one very interesting habit which I have never heard spoken of. During the mating season, when the male birds are anxious to appear at their best, the birds can be seen flying overhead by twos and threes. One of these is usually a male. If watched carefully he will very likely be seen to dart swiftly ahead and, after gaining sufficient velocity, throw himself on his back, close his wings, and glide gracefully through the air. It is so neatly and skillfully done that it cannot help but impress one.

One of the "occasional rarities" which I have referred to as occurring near home was the tree duck. It is a peculiar bird, and one whose classification would puzzle a novice. Its bill and feet are like a duck's and it has the legs of a wader. It would thus seem to be a bird adapted for living about the water, but the fact is, a great deal of its time when not in search of food is spent in the trees. I saw only one flock of some six or seven of these birds, which were very shy, and though I tried hard for a shot, I did not get one.

There are just two more birds which I want to speak about. One of them is the white-throated swift. It is little known, as it is quite shy and darts about with such swiftness that few even know of its existence. Its eggs have been taken only once or twice, and very little is known of its habits. Occasionally I have seen it at dusk skimming over the sage brush, but oftener it is seen well up amongst the higher foothills. I secured only one, and did so by waiting behind a large cactus on the top of a mountain until the bird in the course of its erratic flight came within range, and by a lucky snap shot I killed it. It is

somewhat larger than our chimney swift, with a large white patch on the throat.

Before coming west I had carefully read my bird manual and so had a fairly good idea of the birds peculiar to California. The description of one bird greatly interested me—that of the California condor, a bird once very common through the west, but being comparatively tame for such a large bird, it met rapid destruction at the hands of the sheep herders and cowboys. It is a large carrion vulture—much like the turkey buzzard. It equals and sometimes rivals in size the great condor of the Andes in South America, averaging about three feet in length and over nine feet in extent of wing. This great bird could easily kill and carry off lambs and other small domestic animals, and so it was regarded as an enemy by the ranchers, who destroyed great numbers of them by poisoning carcasses with strychnine. As a result it is now nearly extinct.

I wondered if I would ever see this bird, and made up my mind to watch carefully for it. One day, when it was too hot to go out collecting, I stood on the veranda of the house looking at the hot parched hills, and the cloudless sky, when an immense black bird came sailing slowly by, high overhead. I was loth to believe it was my long looked for condor, but I watched it intently for some time as it circled slowly about, and noticed two broad white bands on the under side of the wings. When the bird disappeared, I went directly to my bird book and looked the description of the California condor carefully over. In it was the following clause: “made easily distinguishable by two conspicuous bands of white on under side of wings.” This, and the fact that there were a number of smaller turkey buzzards about at the time, making such a contrast, convinced me that I had at last seen the California condor.

I left for home soon after this with the 500 birds which I had collected during my stay, but what I look upon with almost as much pleasure as these is the opportunity I had of observing what I did on that July day.

J. F. Ferry.

A Lucky Steal.

FRED Clark was a young man just out of college at the time when the war of the Rebellion broke out. He, together with a number of his friends, enlisted in the army. His family were very much broken up at his departure, and they each gave him a little keepsake to take with him. Among other things which were given him was a Bible, which had the following inscription on the fly-leaf: "Fred Clark, from his affectionate father." The book was a small one, with an alligator-skin cover, and was made so that he could carry it in his pocket. It was considered in those days to be a very choice one, and he valued it highly, not so much on account of its value as because it was a gift from his father, whom he loved very dearly.

Clark entered the army as a private soldier, but on account of his bravery he was advanced, step by step, until he became a captain. He was considered to be one of the best men in his regiment for leading a reconnoitering expedition, so, of course, he was called on to make many trips away from his regiment. One day he was ordered to take fifty men and march ahead of the regiment, until he should see some signs of a party of rebels, who had been raiding the surrounding country for the last couple of weeks. If he should come up to them, he was to use his own judgment as to whether it would be better to attack them, or to come back and report what he had seen. He marched for several days without seeing a hostile sign, until one day, as he was sitting in his tent waiting for his dinner, the camp was surprised by an attack from the raiders. He picked up his gun, and tried to rally his men, but was not able to do so, and was compelled to retreat.

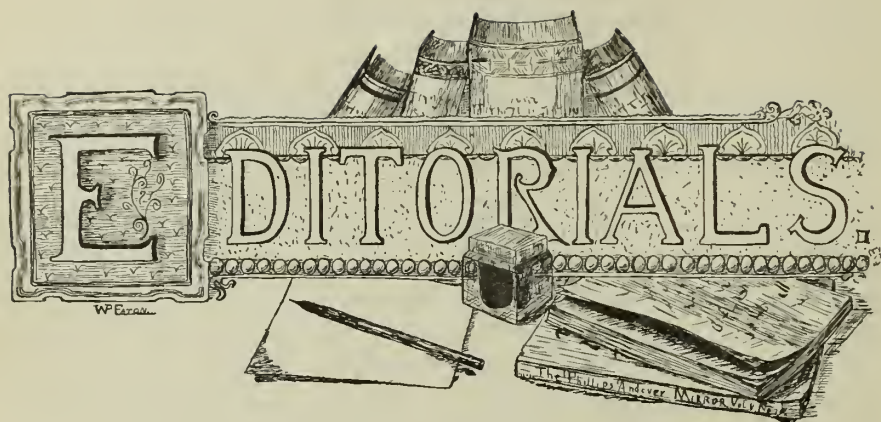
After the flight of the soldiers, the rebels plundered the camp and took almost everything of value. They ransacked the tent of the captain and took a great many things of value, but they left his Bible where they found it. Just after the rebels had left the camp, Major Heath, of the southern army, rode through the scene of the attack. The Major looked through the tent of the commander to see if he could find some

papers, which would inform him concerning the movements of the rest of the army. While he was searching the tent, his daughter picked up the Bible and put it away in the pocket of her saddle, intending to keep it, because it was such a good one. About this time the soldiers were heard coming back, so the Major and his daughter had to hurry away to escape being captured.

After the return of the soldiers from their flight, it was decided that it was best to return to the main division of the army as quickly as possible. They did so, and reported what they had seen. Fred Clark, on his return, missed his Bible, and after looking around his tent and not being able to find it, decided that the raiders had taken it. About a month after this occurred, Lee surrendered, and peace was declared. Fred Clark resigned from the army and began the study of law. After a few years study he was admitted to the bar. He was very successful as a lawyer, and soon built up a large practice at home. After a while he moved to Savannah, Georgia, where he formed many friends, in spite of the fact that he had been an officer in the northern army. Among the people he met were Major Heath and his daughter Marguerite. He called many times at the major's house and soon became very much interested in Marguerite Heath. One evening, as he was sitting in the drawing room, waiting for Miss Heath to come down stairs, he saw a Bible, that looked familiar, lying on the table. He picked it up, and was very much surprised to find the following written on the fly-leaf: "Fred Clark, from his affectionate father." When Miss Heath came down, he lost no time in asking her how she had obtained possession of it. She told him how, in the latter part of the war she had picked it up in a camp that had been raided by a band of rebels. But she had never connected the Fred Clark whose name was written in the Bible with Fred Clark, the lawyer. Then he told her how he had lost it, and supposed it had been taken by the rebels.

When he went away that night he was very happy, not only because he had found his Bible, but also because;—well, they were married the following spring.

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Conducted by Ray Morris.

CONCERNING CLASS EMBLEMS.

SOMEWHAT later in the season than this, a year ago, the great and illustrious class of '96 adopted the mortar board cap and gown as their emblem. Much was said about it at the time, and the idea was considered a proof of the superior of '96 over previous classes. Those of us who were here last year remember what a fine showing the class made on that windy Sunday, when the raven-like company assembled in front of the school, and then marched to chapel, under the marshalship of Bill Miller. But on succeeding Sundays there was no such unanimity of action, and as a rule there were not over seven or eight of the gown clad seniors in evidence, who would come into church with a look of infinite conspicuousness and disgust, and sit down in a midst of a bewilderment of blackness. The gowns certainly did look splendidly on Class Day and at the Commencement exercises, but were they a suitable emblem for the graduating class of a preparatory school? '97 has decided that they were not, and we think that the decision was justifiable, in spite of the evidence of Lawrenceville and other schools to the contrary. In England, the cap and gown is used quite generally as a collegiate token, although in America we commonly confine it to

the graduating class. What right has a preparatory school, then, to assume this distinguishing mark of the Bachelor of Arts degree? We should feel somewhat indignant and considerably amused if, for instance, the athletes of Punchard School should don sweaters bearing the cherished "A", because they hoped to get one some day. The colleges must have viewed our caps and gowns in a similar light. The costume is striking and effective, but;—"let all things be done decently and in order."

'95 HAD as an emblem a class pipe. A few fellows got them, and they looked very well, but were they a truly appropriate distinguishing mark? The percentage of seniors who procured them was absurdly small, and the class, in voting them in, took a hasty vote on sudden impulse, as is so frequently done, when more mature reflection would give quite a different result. It is very evident that these were not satisfactory as a senior token. And now we have voted for a class book. A class book is an excellent thing, and we are heartily glad that the motion was passed and such a competent committee appointed. But is it not quite absurd to call a book containing pictures of the seniors, class history, statistics, etc., an *emblem*? Webster defines the word "emblem" as "an object symbolizing some other object." We fail to see in what way the class book will symbolize the seniors, unless these gentlemen decide to take them to church, instead of newspaper rolls. And unless the editors prove absolutely incorruptible, we very much fear that a few of these "emblems" will creep into the lower classes, impelled by the lust for gold. We do not wish to say a word against the class book, for we are entirely in favor of it, but let us not call it an *emblem*!

AND we feel very sceptical as to the advisability of adapting any distinguishing symbol, unless one can be found which is far superior to either the gown or to the pipe. Why is it not better to devote this expenditure to beautifying our school, as has been done in former years? Think of paying six dollars for a cap and gown and then wearing them

twice ! Or what could be more perfectly useless than a class pipe to a man who does not smoke ? But if half this six dollars should be paid by each member of '97 for beautifying the Academy building, a second stained glass window could replace the dirty blinds that now set off the gift of '93, and a large sum would be left over. Or, better yet, let each outgoing class give something for the gymnasium, and thus start a custom which will never permit our prospective gym to fall into bad condition. It seems to us that this last idea, as recently advanced by a member of the faculty, is the best of all, and we sincerely hope that the public spiritidness of '97 will carry it through.

DISCOVERY VERSUS INVENTION.

WITHIN the last month two celebrations of great events have been held, which although they have called forth but little comment in the press of the country, are none the less of great interest to all who feel an interest in human progress. We refer to the observation of the semi-centennial of the discovery of ether anasthæsia, and the hundredth anniversary of the invention of lithography. In this hustling age, when a person's prosperity is counted more by his successes in overcoming the forces of nature, than by any invention which overcomes human suffering or adds to the enjoyment of life, such events are likely to pass unnoticed, but among thoughtful people they promote reflection at least. If great scientific discoveries are to be valued by the amount of good they do, then the use of ether in surgical operations should be held as second to none in the amount of benefit derived from it. It would be, of course, a waste of time to speak of the blessings of ether, or of the many valuable lives which have been saved through its use ; nor is it necessary to make further mention of the benefits of the art of lithography, the right hand man of printing. The two inventions, however, as previously stated, afford a chance for reflection, to say the least.

THE question as to which is the greater achievment, the discovery of some great law of nature or the development of an idea which in

practical form is known as an invention, is a most interesting one. Isaac Newton never invented anything, but he proved that everything in the universe obeys the law of gravity, which he himself was the first to define. Thomas A. Edison is regarded as one of the master minds of this century, yet he never solved one secret of nature. We do not wish to be interpreted as under estimating Edison's great ability, but on account of the great amount of attention which he has received during the last twenty years, a few facts concerning his methods may prove of interest.

The cathode rays, as applied to surgery, have made an everlasting reputation for Edison, but it is a well known fact that the discovery of the fluoroscope was due almost entirely to a number of fortunate circumstances. Edison saw that if the invisible "X" rays could only be made visible it would be the greatest achievement of the age. How did he proceed to solve the problem? By blindly experimenting with thousands of drugs and chemicals, until he found *tungstate of calcium*, which he knew would answer his purpose. Measured, however, by the results he has attained, he may be said to be the greatest inventor of his age.

The greatest inventions in the history of the world have undoubtedly, in a large majority of cases, been due to accident. Goodyear, it is said, while experimenting one day, dropped a small piece of soft rubber combined with sulphur upon a hot stove, and the great hard rubber industry became from that instant a possibility. The Marquis of Worcester observed with curiosity that the lid of his tea kettle was lifted by the confined steam, and from that trivial observation sprang the modern locomotive and the powerful engines which are always at work on land and sea. If, however, it is true that accident is largely responsible for the development of inventions, the reverse is true in the case of discoveries of natural laws. Newton first got an inkling of the law of gravity from the fall of an apple, but many years went by before that law was defined in mathematical form. And so the world goes on. All things which can add to the sum total of human knowledge, whether they are original or not, are in their final results the same. Five hundred years

from now the world will not seek to know whether Newton or Edison copied the ideas of others. It will simply point to their marvelous achievements as incentives to the renewed conquest of human intellect over the mysteries of creation.

The editors wish to again call attention to the prize of ten dollars, which will be awarded to the first competitor to obtain a score of fifteen points. Three points are credited to each body piece, and two to each mirage, editorial, or book review.

E. L. Skinner, '98, has been elected to the contributing board.



The Month.

OCT. 1st. P. A. '99 elects officers as follows: C. E. Meyer, president; Carlyle Garrison, vice-president; F. A. Lucas, secretary and treasurer.

Oct. 2d. Williams defeats Andover by a score of 24-0. The victory was due chiefly to the superior weight and experience of the opposing team, and reflected no discredit on Andover.

Oct. 6. T. C. Olney elected captain of the Latin Commons football team.

Oct. 7. The Exeter matter is referred to the advisory committee, with power to act.

Andover defeats Tufts by a score of 12-8.

Oct. 8. F. H. Swift elected president of P. S., '97. E. H. Clark, C. R. Gordon, and D. Wheeler, chosen as color committee, and G. A. Newton, I. J. French, and J. Winterbotham, Jr., as motto committee.

Oct. 10. Boston College defeats Andover 14-6. Our backs strong, but the line exceedingly weak.

E. F. Lawrence elected managing editor of the *Pot Pourri*.

Oct. 12. R. H. Gilpatrick elected captain of the E. C. team, in place of L. D. Waddell, resigned.

Oct. 14. Andover plays a tie game with M. I. T. This score is not correct, as the home team really won the game, but was not allowed it by the referee. Score, 6-6.

Oct. 13 and 15. Auction of papers for reading room. About \$275 was aggregated, and the highest bid was a *Truth* combine of \$40.

Oct 17. Andover beats New Hampshire College 16-0, in an uninteresting game.

Oct. 19. C. H. Schweppe elected captain of Morton Street.

Oct 21. The Annual Fall Track Tournament was held on the upper campus. '97 won the day by a score of 77 points to 16 by '98. The following men took first places: Peter, (3), Richardson, (2), Edwards, (2), Schweppe, Morris, Wells, Holladay and Ellis.

T. C. Schreiber elected second manager of the Base Ball Association.

Oct. 24. Andover defeats Worcester, 14-6, in a very strong game, with Pierson at centre.

Sound Money Club organized. R. Morris elected president, and A. H. Richardson, L. D. Waddell, H. S. Wallace, and A. A. Thomas, executive committee.

Oct. 28. Andover defeats Boston University by a score of 5-4. The game was uninteresting, with the notable exception of a difficult goal from the field, kicked by Elliot.

Sound Money Club holds a torchlight parade.

Oct. 31. Bowdoin defeats Andover, 10-0.

Nov. 3. H. S. Wallace elected captain of the second eleven.

'97 decides to have a class book as a class emblem. J. L. Mills, E. F. Lawrence, and G. Lauder, Jr., are elected as editors.



Conducted by W. T. Townsend.

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A few summers ago I went with a small camping party for a short trip into Pennsylvania, in search of trout and small game. We started out with the intention of walking most of the distance, as our way led through a considerable portion of the Alleghany Mountains, taking with us a horse and spring wagon in which to carry our tent and luggage. We covered on the average about twenty-five miles a day, sleeping at night under the tent.

We reached the Alleghany River one afternoon shortly before dark, and as we had traveled far and were tired and hungry, we were glad to see the curling smoke from a house some distance up the road, and decided, if possible, to settle there for the night.

On arriving at the farmhouse we called out, and were met by a good natured old fellow, smoking a large Dutch pipe.

"May we put our horse in your barn for the night?" I asked, as politely as I could. "No, you can't!" he replied, "I've got a cow running loose in thar,

and they might be trouble between 'em a'fore morning." "But," he added, "thar is another house not a great ways up the road, that used ter be an old inn, and the old man up thar would be glad ter have you stop, and not charge you much, nuther." Reassured by this, and deciding we did not relish the prospect of having our horse gored before morning, we again started out.

Leaving the house we turned to the right and struck directly into the mountains; on one side of our path rose a steep bank covered with rocks and pine, and on the other, a hundred feet or more below us, lay the river. The road was just wide enough for a single team, and owing to the severe rains was badly washed out, and in some places nearly impassable. We journeyed on through the dusk, at times fearing lest our horse should make a false step and be hurled into the river below. On and on we journeyed, getting more and more tired at every step, every rod seeming to us a hundred, and each mile an endless journey.

After traveling nearly three miles we at last reached a bit of land where the bank had disappeared. We drew up in front of a large, old fashioned, rectangular building, which looked in the gloom like some huge fort rising before us. Night had come on and a chilly fog was gently settling over the river, making it look like some huge cloud that had suddenly enrapt the earth with its gauzy mantle.

As I called out, a most disreputable looking hag came out upon the dilapidated balcony, which ran the entire distance around the second story of the building, followed by three very dirty and very ragged children. "May we put our horse in your barn?" I again asked, in as firm a tone as I could muster. "Well," she said, scowling, "my husband's gone away and I'm afraid to let you, for I don't like the look of strangers, and when my husband ain't here I don't want none of 'em around." "We are very tired and hungry," faltered I, "we cannot sleep all night out here in the road, and we must find some place for our horse. Let us just stay here to-night and we will not trouble you and will pay you a good price, besides." "You must not stay here," she fairly screamed, "there are rattle-snakes here, lots of 'em, I killed two only today, one in the barn and the other on my front steps. Your horse would be bitten; I am afraid to let you stay; my husband is gone and I don't want you."

The idea of rattle-snakes had not yet occurred to us; we had thought only of

fishing and hunting and had not given the least thought to the fact that the mountains were covered with rattlers. What could we do? We could not turn back, and to camp there for the night was out of the question. We must keep on, hoping to find another farmhouse farther up the road. It was now quite dark. One of the party had become so tired that he was obliged to ride. The road was growing rougher at every step and we could imagine a snake lurking beneath every rock we passed.

The road again branched off from the river and we were enveloped for a time in thick woodland. The mournful hooting of an owl reminded us of wild cats and we prepared our guns for an emergency. A little further on, what was our horror to find a dead rattle-snake in the road! One by one, the stars came out, lighting up an old shed where some one suggested that we encamp for the night. I shuddered at such a thought and imagined I could see a rattler's head through every crack and crevice in the building.

Minutes seemed hours, and still we plodded on. A little further and we again reached the river and looked down upon a neat little cottage in the valley, the most cosy, and as we thought, the most blessed spot in the world.

We arrived there travel stained and bedraggled, but the farmer's hospitality repaid us for our long and weary march. He immediately set every one of his nine children to work to help us

put up our tent and prepare for the night. Before leaving us, however, he told us to be careful in the morning when we drew water at his spring, as a peddler had been struck there by a snake less than two weeks before and had died from the effects of the bite. This was not a very comforting thought to sleep on, but we were so tired that in spite of the excitement of the night we were soon lost in deep slumber.

E. L. S.

THE COUNTRY OF THE RUTLI PATRIOTS.

Although of an area of only 15,892 square miles, about twice the size of Massachusetts, this little Republic justly boasts of being as well known and of having as widespread a reputation as any spot on the globe.

Many a country of tenfold its area receives, comparatively, but slight mention in the line of civilized nations, while our writers and lecturers have singled out this little country, composed of 22 cantons, to dwell upon it with highest praises, and never to grow weary of advertising it in all its details.

The question then as to the cause, naturally presents itself.

What is it that gives Switzerland such a pre-eminence over its sister countries? We need not pause long for the answer. Nature proudly responds, "It is *I* who claim the credit—it is to *me* the honors are due."

Nature, indeed, has been pleased to

show herself in all her beauty and grandeur; her name is echoed from mountain to mountain; it is on the lips of every tourist; her many lakes and rivers whisper it as they pursue their onward course. Of all that is sublime in scenery, and this imparts a unique and incomprehensible charm, nothing is like the Alps in the dazzling whiteness of their towering peaks. To stand on a mountain in the early morn or twilight, (for the lowlands never appear to such an advantage as when the lakes are tinged with gold and the mountains dyed crimson by the rising or setting sun) is to have revealed to one a tableaux beyond description.

The most famous amongst the Alps is the proud and queenly Jungfrau, in the Bernese Oberland; a radiant centerpiece of ice, nearly 14,000 feet in height. Then comes the favorite little Rügen, the wonderful Rigi, the St. Gotthard, with its tremendous glaciers, while neither the historical Pilatus, the Matterhorn, nor Mt. Blanc, must be forgotten. Nor must we fail to pay tribute to Switzerland's gleaming lakes, rivers and brooks, its many waterfalls, gorges and valleys, its forests and grassy meadows, which, added to the Alps, affords a picturesque scene never to be forgotten by a lover of nature.

But human hands have by no means for these many years been idle in assisting nature in her great work; miles of tunnels have been built, elegant parks and promenades have been laid out,

highways improved, railways to the tops of the mountains constructed, immense hotels and villas erected, so that the entire country forms a perfect panorama, unequalled anywhere.

Added to all this, Switzerland's pleasant climate, which varies with the elevation, mild in the valleys, and rigorous in the exposed heights, makes this land not only a beautiful country for the pleasure seeking tourist, but also holds out abundant inducements to the overworked brain and body.

Thus it is that from the early spring till late in the autumn the flood of foreign visitors never ceases, and, like swarms of bees, they invade the country, climb mountains, make excursions by boat, railway, bicycle, and on foot. But visiting Switzerland and not going to *Interlaken, would be like seeing Rome and not the Pope. Although a town of but 1900 inhabitants, it is fully equipped to accommodate all its visitors, as street after street is crowded with fine hotels and villas.

People of all nationalities can be seen here, which alone is an interesting sight. Of course the American is among them, and seems to be the favorite guest; due, perhaps, to the true spirit of the American, wholly free from this "Lordy" and "Herr Von" assumed dignity, so well represented in the "American Cousin."

The Swiss loves his Alps, as the German loves his Rhine, but of all the spots most sacred to the Swiss is Rütli, the cradle of Switzerland's liberty, where on

the seventh day of September, 1307, thirty-three patriots formed a league in name of their cantons, against the tyranny of Austria.

The villages and hamlets of Switzerland are not so much of modern architecture, but are noted for their cleanliness. A stroll through the streets will convince the observer that "Idleness" has no dwelling place there; children, old and young, men and maidens, are busily engaged, principally in cutting out a block of wood, some animal or trinket, intended to gladden the hearts of the children on Christmas morning, at the nominal sum of a penny apiece. The women seem to be charged with supporting the home and family as much as the men, in fact in many instances the woman is the sole manager of the business affairs and her occupation goes as far as running livery stables.

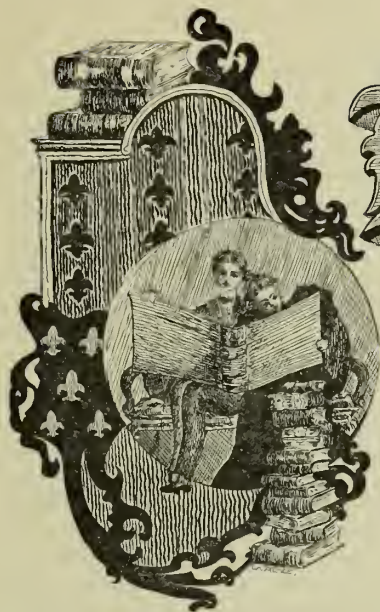
The Swiss costume is somewhat ancient, yet attractive, especially that of the women, but it might be truly said that, as a general thing, the men are dressed better and nicer than the women.

There are many strange sights and facts, readily noticed by a foreigner, but one of the strangest, is that of a dog hitched up with a woman to a cart loaded with vegetables, etc., to be sold in the markets. What would we say of a man who walks alongside his wife, smoking his pipe with contentment, while she carries a fat, healthy baby in one arm and in the other a heavy basket or sachel?

Such a thing as extending special courtesy or showing any preference in public places to a woman does not seem to be inscribed in their book of etiquette. But Switzerland with etiquette or without it will ever remain Switzerland the beautiful.

M. S.

*When Interlaken is printed, the capital changes from I to J—Interlaken.



Books

Conducted by W. T. Townsend.

A SINGULAR LIFE. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A book of peculiar and personal interest to Andover, and one of which it should be justly proud. Written by a woman who spent much of her life here, with its scene—for the first part of the book—the Andover Theological Seminary, the book comes before us one of the strongest of recent years. One asks himself after reading it. "In what does its power lie?" "What gives it its undeniable charm?" Surely not the story itself, the

plot if it might be so called, and yet hardly in its literary value, clear and striking as that certainly is. But rather will its value in future years be in its earnestness, its strength, its vivid and undeniable power. It is a book which will be remembered long after the many meteor-like books of the present day have been lost in oblivion. The story is quickly told. A young theologian brought up in luxury by his uncle, decides to go into the ministry. He graduates from the Cesarea (Andover) Seminary, strong in Christian feeling, but under a suspicion of not being wholly orthodox. Under this suspicion, he is refused ordination to the ministry, and broken-hearted and almost discouraged he breaks his old ties and sympathies and starts a mission in Angel Alley, the most disreputable spot of Windover. The rest of the story deals with his struggles, reverses, and finally the triumph for which he gave his life. It is a strong theme and strongly worked up. On one side stand his love, his happiness and his sympathy; on the other, that which he believed to be his duty. The final blending of his love with his duty is a beautiful piece of literary power. Perhaps the strongest and saddest character in the book is Jane. Jane, who hopeless and dying of a consumptive cough, worships the young minister with all her heart, only to see him give all his love and thought to a happy unconscious girl who spends her summers in Windover. It is not a happy book, but a story of every-day life. No romance covers the hard, cold facts of the privations of the young man brought up in luxury. No glamour covers the fact of his salary—\$500 a year, "to be collected if possible; to be dispensed with if necessary."

The book has been greatly criticised here as having exaggerated the faults and peculiarities of the Andover Seminary. Perhaps it does, but it is a very small point in a great book. T.

"PHROSO." By Antony Hope.

We have long anxiously waited a new novel from the pen of Mr. Hope, and at last our wish has been gratified in the publishment of "Phroso." In this book Mr. Hope has lost none of the powers that he displayed in his last novel, the "Prisoner of Zenda." Well indeed does it deserve its secondary title of "A Tale of Brave Deeds and Perilous Ventures." The hero, Lord Wheatley, an English nobleman, resembles very much the hero of the "Prisoner of Zenda." The scene of the story is laid in a small island of the Grecian Archipelago, which Lord Wheatley had purchased from Constantine, Stefanopoulos. Constantine's ancestors had been the owners and lords of Neopalía from time immemorial. The adventures of the party begin as soon as they land in Neopalía. The semi-barbarous islanders have strong objections to the sale and immediately proceed to take violent measures against the English lord and his party. The islanders are led by Constantine himself. However, his schemes are defeated by his cousin Phroso, who with several of her faithful followers, saves Lord Wheatley and his companions.

There are many things in "Phroso" to recommend the story to us. In the first place, the scene is laid in a part of the world that is less visited and less known about than the scenes of most of our novels. In the second place, Mr. Hope has described the character of the half savage islanders in a way that is seldom met with. Their cruel, revengeful nature is ably brought out, as is also their intense devotion to their masters. The description of the Turkish Pasha is exceedingly good, as is also that of Constantine Stefanopoulos, and in it Mr. Hope brings out that oily cunning that is so characteristic of Eastern nations. The whole of the story is a series of exciting incidents, culminating in the arrival of the Turkish Pasha and the subsequent battle of wits between him and Lord Wheatley. We are led to think almost up to the last chapter that the outcome of the story will be similar to that of the "Prisoner of Zenda", but happily all turns out well.

We would strongly advise all admirers of Mr. Hope to read this tale, and we can assure them that in nowise will they be disappointed in "Phroso." *L.*

A PRIMER OF COLLEGE FOOT BALL. By W. H. Lewis. Harper & Brothers.

This book, written by Harvard's well known center, deals in a healthy, practical way with the primary science of foot ball. It does not pretend to be a deeply technical treatise, but in an extremely clear fashion it explains the principles of the game. The book is divided into two parts—the individual and the team. Under the head of the first are grouped the "Fundamentals" and "Position Play," including passing, kicking, breaking-through, etc. The book is particularly suited to a school such as Andover, as in it can be found some points of value to every team, from the street teams up to the first. The care with which it is written is an object of special recommendation, as are also the diagrams and instantaneous photographs with which it is illustrated. One of the truest paragraphs in it is the one with which the book ends: "What ought to be the attitude of the school or college towards the team? It ought to be one of intense interest, of feverish and explosive enthusiasm * * * * * There should be a public sentiment so strong as to bring out every available candidate for a team. With this whole-souled support, the college will be in a position to demand of her team, victory. College spirit only can produce team play, and team play alone can achieve victory." *T.*

Exchanges.

Conducted by R. H. Edwards.

Once again the pile of October exchanges is before us and with no small degree of respect we take up the University magazines which bear the tradition of years. The Yale Lit publishes its prize essay, "Carlyle and Newman, a Study in Antithesis"; it is written in a clear logical style and is well worthy of its prominence. "A Question Unanswered" gives an insight into the meaning of college life. Is not "Phillis and Another" just a little disappointing in its heroine?

"Travé," in the Columbia Lit, has a good setting, but a somewhat worn plot.

The Dartmouth Lit with its "Philosophy of Browning" and "The Home Coming of Tom Sanders" is very interesting. "The Philosophy of Browning" showing a thorough mastery of the subject. "Galesburg's Last Lynching," in the Amherst Lit is also worthy of special mention. The Yale Courant, with its neat poster cover and old English type, publishes a story which is interesting for its novelty and forcible style, "The Island of Beria."

Athletic interests are ably represented

by the Amateur Athlete, and the Inter-collegiate Athlete.

The editorials this month are immensely interesting, especially those in the Yale Lit and Bachelor of Arts. The verse seems to be above the average in quality. We clip the following:

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

I got a note the other day,
Directed in a formal way;
A one cent stamp the missive aired,
It really made me feel quite scared.
For without doubt it was a bill;—
My bank account was simply nil.
So carefully I locked away
That letter 'till a brighter day,
When I with stores of tin galore
Should wish to settle up the score.
'Mid other cares I soon forgot
Whether I owed a bill or not.
However, just a day ago,
I found my life was full of woe;
For coming, then, upon that letter,
I broke the seal—my purse was better.
I write down here my epitaph,
I found within—her photograph.

—*Yale Record.*

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

Conducted by George F. Eaton.

'57.—John H. Chandler has removed from Andover to Worcester.

✓ '61.—Rev. William H. Beard, for twenty-five years pastor of the Congregational church in South Killingly, Conn., died there October 2, 1896. He was the father of W. S. Beard, '90 and E. C. Beard, '94.

'61.—Rev. George H. Gutterson was recently elected Secretary of the American Missionary Association.

'62.—Francis O. Winslow of Norwood, has been elected as representative to the State Legislature.

✓ '65.—William J. Dale, jr., of Boston, died at the Springfield Hospital, Nov. 5, 1896. He had been Assistant Postmaster of Boston, and at the time of his death was one of the State Railroad Commissioners.

'68.—George E. Church has been principal of a grammar school in Providence, R. I., for twenty-five years.

'72.—James H. Flint will be a state senator from Weymouth in the next General Court.

'72.—William H. Moody of Haverhill has been reelected to the national Con-

gress from the sixth Massachusetts district.

'73.—Dr. Carey C. Bradford will go to Boston as a representative from Southbridge.

'78.—Married in Bedford, Mass., Oct. 7, 1896, Arthur Fuller Belcher of Portland, Me., and Annie M. Smith.

'86.—At the recent election William Odlin of Andover was chosen as a republican state representative.

'86.—The Fleming H. Revell Co. has published a book by Robert E. Speer entitled, "The Man Christ Jesus."

✓ '87.—In Dorchester, October 7, 1896, Dr. Gilbert W. W. Bent of Walpole, Mass., died, aged 28 years.

'87.—James Wilson Grimes was a successful candidate as representative to the state legislature from Reading.

'90.—Albert E. Addis of Northampton, was reelected representative in the first Hampshire district.

'91 and '93.—W. H. Osborne and H. W. Beal have been awarded scholarships by the faculty of Harvard.

'93.—Melvin E. Stone was president of the Sound Money Club at Harvard.

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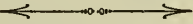
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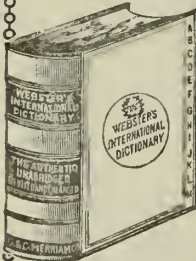
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WADE.—Did you ever notice that blind men are generally very smart?

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"I don't know what you ever saw in me to admire," she remarked, demurely.

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ST. PETER.—I don't find your name here; where are you from?

MRS. MARION SUMMERS.—Chicago.

ST. PETER.—Oh, that explains it! to avoid erasures we index Chicago women by their maiden names.—*Puck*.

The news is wafted from Milwaukee that last year there was a decrease of nine thousand barrels in her beer manufacture. This is not half so discouraging as the lamentable fact of a like decrease in the size of the new beer glass and an increase of froth.

When a woman slips down on the street, she only remains down a fraction of a millionth part of a quarter of a second.

An Eastern paper says: "One good way to reduce obesity is to walk to Hallo-well and back every pleasant day." This ought to be very valuable to persons living in Chicago.

We don't pretend to be book publishers, but we should say, gentle Elfrida, that calf would be the most appropriate binding for love poems.—*Puck*

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Many a brown-kneed laddie rues
The day he brushed the heather dews,
When careless foot and careless heart,
He climbed the mountain pathway.

Brows are bending as he goes—dark eyes,
alack !

Twigs snap spiteful in his way,
Eyes are dark with gloomy gray.

'Tis cruel fortune thus to part
Adown the mountain pathway.

Something haunts him—will not down—
dark eyes, alack !

Mocking laughter in his ear,
His that ne'er were wont to hear,
Though others met with pout and frown,
Refusal or denial.

Art thou fickle, highland lass?—dark eyes,
alack !

'Ware the trick and 'ware the wile.
—Another morn's, another's smile—
Lest smaller feet trip, angry, down—
Adown the mountain pathway.

—*Yale Lit.*

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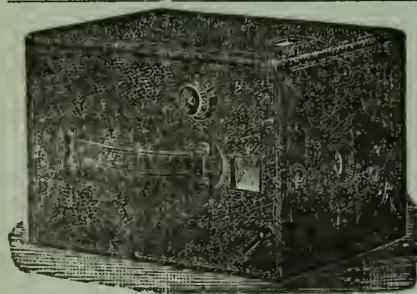
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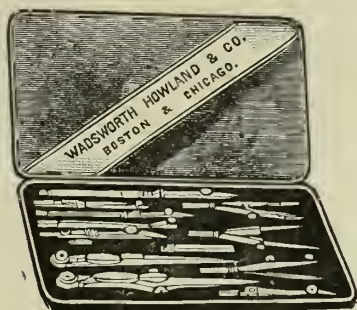
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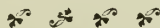
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The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, if possible, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board as occasion demands, from men who have showed marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

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December, 1896.

No. 3.

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## The Social Side of Yale Life.

THE social life of a university is by no means an unimportant consideration. It may exert an influence for good upon a student far greater than any amount of faculty instruction, or it may undermine his character and mar his life. It is of little advantage to a university to have strong courses and well stocked libraries, if the student life is not strong and pure. Were it the ideal of a university to become a mere educational machine, turning out so many fat intellectual sausages a year, we might afford to neglect the social side. But our idea of an American university is more than this. An institution which educates its students away from the life of the world around is in no true sense American. It is not intellectual egoists or cultured snobs that our country wants. She is seeking for men of intellectual and moral vigor who are fitted to lead and uplift other men, not as from above, but as members of a common brotherhood. Other institutions may graduate more great scholars, more pre-eminent literateurs, may have better courses, libraries, what you will; it is in the preparation of men for citizenship that the American university would excel.

To reach this goal eminent professors and rich endowments are not enough. Most of the impetus must come, not from faculty or corporation, but from the spirit which rules the student body itself. If this is weak, if the students are knit together by no common ties of sympathy and love for college; the university so far falls short of its aim. An institution which is a breeding place for snobbery does not approach the ideal of a training school for democratic citizenship. The university where the student is led into the pit of intellectual self-centeredness is not preparing men to sacrifice themselves for their country. But in an institution where we find nobody doing anything to himself, but everybody interested and ready with cheers for the stout-hearted whatever his line of work; where all are bound together, athlete, society man and scholars, by strong ties of fellowship and love for a common alma mater; there we expect to find men ready to take their place as patriotic citizens. When we find the longest haired grind cheering out his last ounce of voice to spur his team on to victory, when the thickest headed athlete presses forward among the foremost to carry the victorious debater in triumph from the stage, when both athlete and debater will fight grimly to the bitter end before acknowledging defeat; then we feel confident that the graduate will be able to lose sight of self in the same loyal devotion to country that inspired him to work for college.

It is because there has been something of this spirit in Yale life that when we would praise our college we speak not of her educational advantages but of the strength of our student life. In every step which tends to increase the former we are of course deeply interested. Every new dormitory, every addition to the library we gladly welcome. But we would dispense with all of these advances rather than lose anything of the old Yale spirit which developed while Yale was still a college and has been gaining in strength during the ten years of her existence as a university.

The most striking characteristic of her spirit which pervades the social life of Yale is its democracy. Democracy has become a watch-word with us. It is that in our lives which we prize the most and

guard with the greatest care. No one dares be a snob here ; public opinion forbids it. Some of the most popular men on the campus to-day are working their way through college. A man is admired for what he is and we take no account of the depth of his pocketbook or the length of his family tree. It astonishes us sometimes to realize how little we know of the life of our best friends. We take them for what they are and care little for what they have been or of what sort were their parents before them. The very fact that a man is a class-mate gives him a claim on our interest and affection. It is safe to say that nowhere else in life will the average man find so many sincere friends to rejoice in his success and sympathize with and assist him in trouble. An unfeigned fellow feeling binds us together into one strong brotherhood.

It is true we have distinctions among us. One man is honored above another, one man has social privileges and pleasures that another has not. But these honors and privileges are open to all.

The man entering college without a friend or a cent is as free to attain them as the swellest New Yorker. In Yale as nowhere else, except perhaps in some other college where the same spirit prevails—these prizes of the student life are awarded to those who deserve them most.

This is the bright side of the picture. It is true that there are in Yale, as in every college, influences and institutions which work against the spirit of democracy. But the student body is fortunately always on the alert to reduce these influences to a minimum. Evils are weeded out as soon as it becomes clear that they have sprung up and that it is possible to root them up without tearing up with them more than a compensating amount of good. It is a hopeful feature of Yale life that we are always ready and willing to receive honest criticism. Criticism that is carping and cynical meets just condemnation ; but if it is manly and generous it is welcomed and honored.

In fact manliness, however shown, is one of the beings we admire most here at Yale. Some have accused us of unduly honoring the athlete who has shown himself to be a man that we are ready to

honor. The mere brute, strong "sandless" and contemptible, we never honor—even were he able to carry a whole opposing eleven on his shoulders. An athlete may even attain high stand, this alone is not enough. But when a man shows by his work on the athletic field or in any other line that he has energy, perseverance, "grit," and capacity for self-sacrifice; then we think we see in him the elements of true manhood and honor him for it. We are equally ready to bestow our laurels upon the student or literary worker who has shown these qualities, unless he be coldly and selfishly intellectual, incapable of returning the affection others might be willing to bestow upon him. That a man studies hard, nay even "digs," is not against him. On the contrary he is admired for it, provided that his aim is not mere stand and that he is not a mere intellectual machine, but a man with the heart of a man.

Yet even for such a machine we have far more respect than for the toady. "Boot-licking" is the term with which we stigmatise the art by which one would insinuate himself into the graces of another. Nothing can hurt a man more during his whole college course, than to have it noised abroad that he is willing to sacrifice his manhood for social gain. It is true that there is some—far too much—artfully concealed toadying. Societies exert a strong influence in Yale life, have been, in fact, strong forces in giving the strength and purity which we find in Yale life today. But in their very strength lies temptation. The society man is too much a hero among us. The desire to become society men ourselves is so strong that we are sacrificing to it higher ends and purposes. But the college is awake to this danger. The societies are fighting it with all their power. And so it is, when a man is recognized as a toady, we brand him as a "boot-licker," and give him cause to wonder why he does not attain the end for which he is making such sacrifices.

A word or two, frankly, as to the moral tone pervading the social life of Yale. We are most of us, I am afraid, guilty of the heinous sin of smoking. Many of us, a majority, do not hesitate to drink a stein of beer, or occasionally to touch something stronger. Some of us

get drunk now and then, and are not frowned upon. Gambling and impurity are severely condemned. So too is the *habit* of getting drunk. In fact, drunkenness is a "Freshman trick." The freshmen either have not learned their strength, or foolishly think it the thing to do. As the classes pass along towards Senior year, "drunks" grow less and less frequent. A man who gets drunk frequently in Senior year is in danger of being thought a fool.

This picture is a cold delineation of the facts as they are. Our moral standards are not all they should be. The sentiment against drunkenness and other vices is not strong enough. Our community, like every other, has its filthy corner. But our standards are as high as those in any university we know. It is not possible for college morality to advance to a point much beyond the standards in the homes from which the students come. And indeed, the influences at Yale are much healthier and stronger than some might suppose. The all important fact is that the men who are most loved and admired in the college are men of strict moral integrity. Few of them ever get drunk, most of them never; many do not drink at all. A man loses no respect by refusing to drink. In fact, the surest way to gain respect is by having strong principles and sticking to them. The Freshman may gain a transient popularity by forsaking principles and becoming a jolly, good fellow, ready for any kind of a lark at any time; but more substantial worth is needed to gain for a man the much more valuable esteem, which is awarded in Junior and Senior years. I have mentioned these things, not to praise Yale, for what has been said is probably true of most colleges, but as a suggestion to those intending to study here. There are few more pitiable rights—and they are by no means uncommon—than that of the freshman who starts in with the false idea, that to gain success in the social life of the college, he must sacrifice all his higher aims to the one purpose of being sociable. He sees the prizes of the college life before him; he cannot see out to the world beyond. And so he seeks to reach these prizes by the quickest and easiest way, no matter at what sacrifice of character and power. And the pity of it is, that he often does not gain that for which he gave

up all these. The testimony of those of us who are receiving the end of our college course, and know something of the social and other honors college can bestow, is that there is no prize, social, athletic or scholastic, worth the price of one's manhood. Set a high ideal of what you wish to do and become in your college life, and let no tempting bait, be it athletic or literary fame, or great social popularity, lure you from the strong striving towards your goal. Only by thus developing the best that is in you, along lines determined by your own make up and highest purpose in life, can you gain real good from the intellectual or social side of your college life. Only thus can you gain from your classmates a respect and admiration that is more than an empty bauble.

The social life at Yale gives much to the student of imperishable value. It is possible to enter into it too fully, to the exclusion of other lines of development. It is also possible to neglect it, and thereby miss one of the great uplifting forces that might come into your life. You are making a great mistake if you shut yourself up entirely to your books. Much might be gained from contact with your classmates that will prove of far more value than a few extra hours in the library. But the true son of Yale should seek not only to get the best from the social life of his college, he should strive in return to strengthen and purify it through his own influence. These years are critical ones in the development of Yale's social life. We have passed from a College to a University; our numbers are increasing; our interests multiplying and diversifying. Can we keep under the new conditions the democracy and strong sense of fellowship of the old college life? The answer rests entirely with the students. Much will depend upon the next few years. If I have succeeded in impressing upon any future Yale student that there is much that he can gain from the social side of Yale life, and much, too, that he should give to it, I shall rest satisfied.

*Nathan Ayer Smyth, P. A. '93.*

## Twilight in Taos.

SHADOWS gather more softly over Taos than they do throughout the rest of the world. For Taos is a place where even the golden arrows of the sun love to linger. But even here the last grand struggle is over, and the Monarch of the Day dies in a thousand-colored glory. Shadows becoming longer and less subtly hiding themselves, melt softly into a night, beautiful as only the summer nights of New Mexico can be. Here Romance of a far off day rules over Reality, and Happiness is held greater than Personal Ambition.

These few pueblos scattered through New Mexico and Arizona can boast that, on this continent, they alone have withstood the encroaching influence of a higher civilization, ever since the Spaniards, lured on by the vision of the seven cities paved with gold, discovered them in their hopeless wanderings nearly three hundred and fifty years ago. Taos is one of the twenty-six pueblos still in existence in New Mexico and Arizona which were first built, probably some hundreds of years before the discovery of America. The pueblos of Acoma, Laguna, Taos, Santa Clara, the Seven Towns of the Moquis, Zuni, Isleta, San Ydefonso and many others are spoken of in the earliest Spanish records, often veiled under different names but otherwise little changed since the civilizations of the Old and New Worlds clashed and the power of the Astec fell before that of the Castilian. The pueblo de San Geronimo de Taos, as is its official name, is one of the most unique as well as one of the most charming of these "cities" of a past civilization.

As the sun sinks below the edge of Taos mountain, the further of the two houses of which the pueblo is composed, remains a moment blazing in the glory of the dying day. How strongly brought out is every detail of this huge house, this pyramid of the living, which holds from two hundred and fifty to three hundred people. It is built of *adobe* in shape like that of a four sided pyramid; its center five stories high and from here graduating in huge steps to the ground.

The porch of the one story forms the roof of the next, the only connection between the two being ladders of roughly hewn logs and many of these only trees in which steps are rudely cut. The entrance to the rooms are mere openings, cut into the *adobe* walls, showing no attempt at a door. Out of one of these openings comes a powerful but gracefully built man, possibly forty-five years old, but his erect, firm carriage makes him appear much younger. He is wrapped loosely in a long, red blanket and as he stands for a moment, shading his eyes with his hand, his face is brought into strong prominence. His long



black hair, carefully parted in the middle, falls straight to his shoulders and around his temples is bound a dark red handkerchief. But these details are lost sight of in the general appearance of his face and expression. Strongly and beautifully modeled, he has yet the high, prominent cheek bones of the true Indian. His nose, straight and regular and his black piercing eyes give to him an expression of self confidence as is only seen in those accustomed to authority. A moment he stands thus, then turning he ascends the ladder and reaches the highest story of the pueblo. There, turning toward the west, he addresses his people; for he is the governor of Taos. He tells them in the soft musical language of the pueblo, to rest, the day's work is

over; the sun has gone to rest and let them follow the example of the ruler of the day. They have worked well; let them enjoy the fruit of their toil. Simple and natural is this salute to the dying day, but impressive in its very simplicity. The people wait a moment; their chief descends and they go on with their occupations as before. But their work is over till the morrow; their day has ended.

The sun sinks behind Taos mountain, but in this land of long twilight, the shadows have scarcely lengthened throughout the little valley. And, how different is this scene from some of those wastes of drifted sand, where Apache, Navajo and Ute live under the "protection of the United States." No, Taos owes nothing to the government; she proudly holds this portion of the Taos valley from a Spanish grant, given when Spain first tried to instil Christianity into the Indian by kindness rather than by cruelty. How well she succeeded is a matter of doubt as although the people are nominally Catholics, they still worship their own gods. But as twilight descends over the valley, the people begin to come in from the fields. An old woman, bent, wrinkled, and her once black hair plentifully mixed with gray, toils slowly on, driving before her a shaggy little burro, across whose back are thrown two coarsely made bags. In the morning she had walked two or three miles to sell her vegetables in the old Mexican town of Fernandez de Taos—the third oldest town in the United States. As the old woman comes in sight of the pueblo, the willows which line the roadway disappear and a short, nearly level stretch lies between her and the outer buildings of the pueblo. This is broken into by numerous little circular and roughly made rail fences, extending some nine or ten feet high. Within these the earth has been beaten and pressed by numberless feet until it has become as hard as a rock. In the center of one of these three or four youths are standing armed with long horse-hide whips. With these they goad on the horses which are racing wildly around and around, just within the enclosure, tramping down with their hoofs the grain which is piled over the bottom. As the old woman comes up to this primitive but eminently practical threshing machine, the boy lets down a portion of the fence

and drives out the tired horses. Under the guidance of the old squaw, the grain is heaped into a pile in the center of the enclosure, and after considerable shaking and brushing is left there for the evening breeze to blow off the chaff, leaving the grain in a condition to be stowed up in large earthen *tiriajas*.

Further along the road a young squaw is separating her grain from the chaff in a more careful manner. Kneeling on the ground, a large brightly colored Navajo blanket spread before her, she makes a picturesque study for an artist. She is dressed in the typical but richer costume of the pueblo. She wears the prized Moqui squaw dress, which consists only of two beautifully woven dark blue Moqui blankets sewed together with bright red worsted above the shoulders and down the sides. Her arms are bare, but on one of them she wears a broad band of silver, the workmanship of the Navajo. Her legs are encased in soft leather boots extending as far as the knees. The squaw generally wears on her head a brightly colored garment of calico, used as a shawl, but this one has thrown this encumbrance aside as, holding a basket of grain above her head, she pours it slowly and carefully into another lying on the blanket. During the process the wind blows most of the chaff away, although much is necessarily mixed with the grain.

But now the pueblo seems to have awakened from the quiet of the long, sunny day. Children, clad only in the garment of Mother Nature, appear on every side, as quickly and as mysteriously as did the Sparti from the dragon's teeth. Three young braves dash madly into the pueblo, leaning over the necks of their swift-footed little Indian ponies and urging them on with excited cries. Several boys, ten or twelve years old, come in from the mountain side, where they have been tending a nondescript collection of cattle, goats and sheep. Handsome little fellows they are, clothed only in a loose, white cotton garment, made sometimes in one piece, sometimes in two. Their in-born love of the picturesque is shown by the wreaths of long soft grasses, with which they are crowned. A happy life is theirs, forever under the blue of a New Mexican sky, bronzed by the sun and caressed by the soft, warm wind of the Southwest.

By the side of the second pueblo runs a straight level track, a thousand feet long. Along this a young, athletic looking Indian was running, naked except for a breach clout worn around the loins. He is preparing himself for the great race which is to come off within a few days. On the 30th of September occurs every year the feast of San Geronimo—the patron saint of Taos. In the morning there is a service by the padre in the little *adobe* church. Here it was that the last desperate resistance was made to the United States by the Mexi-



cans and Pueblos in the war of 1846. Shut up in this little church, they withstood the attack of the United States cannon until the walls of the church had been almost demolished and most of its defenders killed. The most important part of the feast, however, is not the service in the little church, but the foot race of the afternoon. Fifty men have been chosen to represent each pueblo. They have made ready for the struggle each in his respective *estufa*,\* and in order proceed slowly to the starting place. Each man is painted in a strikingly

\*The *estufa* and its use is one of the most interesting customs of the Pueblos. The name *estufa* (stove) was given to the underground, invariably circular council rooms of the Pueblos by the Spaniards and has since been commonly used. The *estufa* seems to have directly descended from the prehistoric cliff dwellers, as exactly the same rooms are found in their ruins throughout the whole of the Southwest. Every clan of each tribe has an *estufa* where the women are never allowed to enter. In the middle of the *estufa* an altar is built, the shape of which is different in each clan and in front of this altar a fire burns. Here the men consult on important occasions and make ready for religious observances and other ceremonies. In the famous Cliff Castle of the Mancos Canyon there are forty of these *estufas* still visible. In Taos there are seven in use, but as the Indians are very reticent about mentioning their religious customs, little can be learned of their uses.

original and different manner, although white seems to be the favorite color. Their hair is parted carefully in the middle and hangs over the shoulders in two long locks, braided with strips of otter's fur or something similar. Perhaps the oddest part of their whole make up is the little fluffy feathers which are stuck in lines upon their paint, giving them a weird and almost uncanny appearance. The track is cleared and the race begins. It is a fantastic sight, like few in the United States. One man from each side speeds down the track and as they reach the goal, two more start and they in turn are followed by others until each of the hundred men has run his part in that continuous race of two hours. Color is not wanting to give a touch of brightness and harmony to the whole scene. The sombre brown of the *adobe*, glistening with the mica with which it is mixed, stands out under the perfect blue of a New Mexican sky, as a dark background for this varied mass of living color. The hundred naked Indians painted in the most striking shades of yellow, red, white, indigo, the elder and more dignified men blanketed in the wonderful reds, greens and blues of the Navajo; the squaws watching the contest from the housetops; the Mexicans in holiday attire and bright *serape*; the fruit venders with long strings of red peppers—and no other red can be compared with the red of the *chili colorado* of Mexico—all harmonize and soften into a picture as charming in its variety as it is picturesque in its surroundings.

Time, with the rude chisel of centuries, has furrowed many a beautiful and picturesque place upon the rugged surface of Mother Earth, but none more so than that of the twin-pueblo of Taos, where Romance becomes Reality and the civilization of a far away age is slowly, strugglingly melting into that of the present.

*Winston Trowbridge Townsend.*

## The Popularity of Jan Jansen.

“HO, ho, hum! Dischaaged laast Chewsday, and A’ve bummed around heya one—two—three days, with nary a prospect of a bloomin’ job till Lawd knows when. Hey, Jackie, shall we start han hinsurance company or take to the road? A’ve got two bob ten, and owe this joint just four and thrupphence.”

The speaker sat with his head resting on his arms, in one corner of a dingy London shipping office. The dull season had commenced, and seven or eight other hapless and hopeless applicants for any sort of a marine job were loafing around on the benches, too lazy to walk the streets, as did thirty or forty other gentlemen in a similar predicament, but with more energy, who came in twice a day to hear the same old story, that things weren’t exactly brisk, but would likely improve shortly.

Jackie was asleep, or pretended to be, and his interlocutor was just considering whether or not it would be advisable to throw his hat at him, when some sort of a heavy animal was heard ascending the stairs. Presently the door opened, and a large and clumsy Englishman, who wore spectacles and a great many whiskers, walked across the room, somewhat out of breath from climbing the three flights of rickety stairs.

“Mr. Henchen, I presume,” said he, as the shipping agent rose to meet him.

“The same, sir,” replied the latter; a little thin, nervous man, who was in perfect contrast to the speaker. “Is there anything in which I can accommodate you, sir?”

“Well, I think, perhaps, there may be. I represent the London Explanation and Geographical Club. The club desires to charter some seaworthy, well found sailing vessel of about three hundred tons, or possibly a trifle heavier, for a prolonged voyage in high northern latitudes. We shall, I presume, wish to retain the vessel for two years or more. Can you furnish us with such a one, manned with a captain and suitable crew?”

Mr. Henchen nearly fell over his chair with astonishment and delight. There was the little Portuguese "Minta," lying at the India Docks for months without a charter. With a little new copper on her bottom and a general overhauling, she would do nicely, he thought. "But in regard to the crew, it might take awhile, sir, because it isn't every lad that wants to ship for that sort of business, you know, and then you don't want just anybody and everybody in a trip of that kind."

The portly gentleman gravely nodded assent to these remarks, and then handed him a tabulated estimate of expenses, with the request that Henchen should look it over and discuss it with him when he came in on the morrow.

Then he left the room, without further remarks, and Henchen worked out some calculations which seemed to please him, for he presently began to whistle softly to himself, and scratched away figure after figure with evident satisfaction.

All the loungers had left the room when he finished, except Jackie and his friend, Jim May, who were stretched out on a bench, wrapped in peaceful and beery slumber.

"Now, why wouldn't these boys be all right," Henchen thought, as he looked at the brawny fellows. "I believe they'd go, too," and being naturally prompt of action, he shook them violently to arouse them.

"You heard what that gentleman was saying, May? How would that strike you, now—you and Darry? You would be out two or three years, but these people furnish heavy clothing when you get up north, and they pay twenty-three bob."

It took some little time for the prospective explorer to realize that he was expected to wake up, answer questions, and make up his mind, but he finally found some of his wits and thought intently for some little time. Then he hailed the stoical Jackie:

"Well, wake up, cahnt you, stoopid. Do we haccept this hopporchunity or do we stick by the hold reliable Brazil trade?"

"Ah should think this was a werry good chance," replied his partner, and in a short time the business was completed, and two

sturdy A. B's were enrolled as a nucleus for the crew of the "Minta."

\* \* \* \* \*

Just a year from this time, one might have seen the little Portuguese schooner prowling around in the Arctic regions, apparently engaged in sufficiently uninteresting scientific explorations. Her crew of six men, exclusive of the captain and first mate—a very large complement for so small a vessel—had started out on their cruise in the highest possible spirits. Mr. Henchen had experienced much less difficulty in securing seamen than he had anticipated, and when the "Minta" floated her ensign in a farewell salute to England, off the Lizard, she had as jolly a crew as could be found on the ocean. They seemed to get along together beautifully; two were musical, in a nautical way, and could make all sorts of uncanny noises on uncouth instruments when they sat around in the forecabin, taking their watch below. A third had the "gift of gab" remarkably well developed, and could tell stories, adventuresome and unceasing. But it was now many, many months since any of these gifted people had furnished anything new for their listeners, and things had come to such a pass that even the impressive 'Arry 'Igginson would not venture to spin a yarn for fear of finding strange things in his soup at dinner time, and the two musicians were so tired of each other and of each other's tunes that music came to be as rare as strawberries in the forecabin.

And still the "Minta" continued to poke around glaciers and ice fields, remaining for weeks in odd places that were doubtless very interesting to the explorers, and doubtless exceedingly tiresome to the crew. Finally, by the time she came around to Norway again to lay in a further stock of supplies, the crew were so tired of each other that they would hardly speak, and if any one rashly attempted to make a humorous remark, in a fit of absent mindedness, he was immediately frowned upon as a malefactor. There was even some talk of deserting the ship at Bergen, where she was to touch, rather than undergo another such year, but the food really was good, the captain "proper," and the pay high. So they all stayed, except the voluble 'Arry 'Igginson, who felt the imperative need of some one to listen to his stories, and slipped off one evening for parts unknown.

In his place was shipped a raw-boned, lanky, "Skowheegan" called Jan Jansen. Jan was not handsome, but looked honest, and had a most unmistakable and inexplicable look of intelligence, which was neither to be accounted for by past education nor by present genius, for, as the captain once frankly told Jan, when he fell off the mizzen top and hoisted the top-sail on the way down, he was *one* of the worst sailors he had ever seen. When you told him a funny story he would look at you in a sympathetic way, with tears in his eyes, as if he felt sorry for you, and he used to sigh deeply while he worked. This, as it afterwards turned out, was partly due to religion and partly to asthma, but it had a very depressing effect.

But, strange to relate, he suddenly seemed to grow exceedingly popular in the fore-castle. He had a stock in trade of two stories, if you could call them such, which related respectively to the death of his mother, and the refusal of his hand by a young lady of his acquaintance, who was considered the finest girl in the village. An impartial observer would have been quite satisfied with one recital of these, but the five messmates declared them far superior to the tiresome productions of the late lamented 'Arry 'Igginson, and, individually and collectively, heard them with satisfaction about four times a week.

And then it appeared that Jan was musical, for he was heard to sing one night. His repertoire in this line consisted of one song, or at least he said it was a song, but it had the merit over his stories that he never sang it twice the same way. Some said it was "God Save the Queen," and others found in it a striking resemblance to "Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," but it was impossible to learn, for no matter what anyone asked him, he invariably replied, with a sad shake of his head, that he didn't know, but "I dank it was thaat." Each of the two aforetime musicians could plainly see how much this melody surpassed anything that his comrade was capable of, and the rest of the fore-castle said it was better than either of them could do.

And so Jan Jansen's popularity increased daily, until he became the Prince of Wales of the fore-castle, and likewise the animosity between the rest of the crew increased, as each was jealous of his messmate's

prestige with this social paragon. Then a curious thing happened. Even the seemingly inexorable scientists in the cabin began to weary of interminable cruising in the dreary northern waters, and all of a sudden, by mutual agreement, they decided to knock nearly a year off the schedule, and return forthwith to England. And when the "Minta's" stubby nose was at last turned homeward, the crew shed their grouches simultaneously with their Arctic garments, and gaiety again ruled in the forecastle.

But on the same day that the end of the cruise was thus begun, Jan Jansen's amazing popularity seemed to decrease. The two musicians played one of their old-time duets together, and a lad who had never before dared to pit himself against 'Arry 'Igginson or his successor, now developed marked talent in Ananias's art. And on the next day, Bill May confessed to Jackie, in their first friendly conversation in fourteen months, that he thought "the bloomin' telegraft pole of a Skowheegan wasn't what he was cracked up to be." Jackie ruminated on this statement for some time, and then non-committingly replied that he "could never decide whether Jan was more like a camuel or a hostrich."

And so, for thirty-three days of brisk breezes, the "Minta" wandered along toward the Channel, and every day the rest of the crew got along together better and better, while Jan's angles seemed to be worse and worse adapted to the forecastle. Finally, she stole past the Lizard, just at dusk, six hundred and two days absent from England, and if the Lloyd's observer in the signal station had used a good glass he might have made out four shadowy figures in the lee of the fore-castle, playing cards; one at the wheel, thinking of home and Polly, and one on the forward deck, singing something that sounded at times like "God Save the Queen," and then again, more like "Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon."

*Ray Morris.*

## Evelyn.

I have a love, a true, true love,  
Far over the bounding sea ;  
Her face so fair and her golden hair  
Are all in all to me.

She is a queen, is my Evelyn,  
A queen of my world and me ;  
With a queenly glance, and eyes that dance  
As the sunbeams on the sea.

I have not seen my fairy queen  
Since she bade farewell to me,  
In the open door on the sandy shore  
That is washed by the silver sea.

That morn her eyes were as paradise,  
As she gazed upon the lea,  
And she said, " Dear love, the stars above  
Will watch o'er you and me."

" You must go and fight for the cause of right,  
To set your country free,  
And every day, I will kneel and pray  
That you may be spared to me."

" And the God above in His great love  
Will bring you back to me ;  
Back from the strife to a peaceful life.  
Back to the sounding sea."

" And when you come to my ocean home,  
I will be watching for thee ;  
I'll stand on the shore by the open door,  
Watching and waiting for thee."

Then I left her alone in her ocean home,  
There by the silver sea,  
And now I am a grey-haired man,  
Still fighting for liberty.

But I love her yet, and I'll ne'er forget  
The promise she made to me ;  
That she would stand on the soft fine sand,  
Watching and waiting for me."

*E. L. Skinner.*

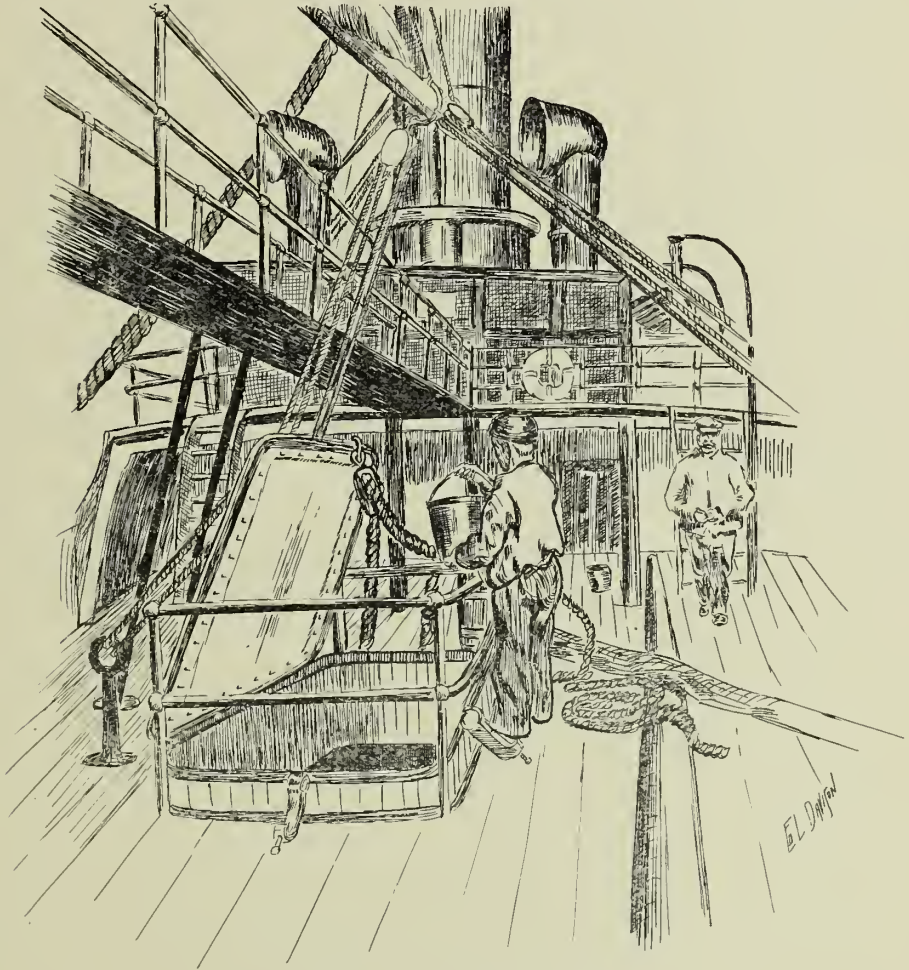


## Getting a Tanker Ready for Her Cargo.

IT has been rough and stormy ever since the oil tanker left London, five days ago, on her westward trip, and the captain is getting very uneasy about his tanks. If they are not perfectly clean and dry by the time he anchors off Staten Island, the company will hold him responsible for the delay thus caused, and it is not good to get many reproofs from the office. But it is impossible to bail out and air out the twenty great steel chambers when water is dashing all over the decks, and so he must wait as patiently as possible, and trust to luck that he will get clear weather between the Banks and Sandy Hook. The unfortunate "Gluck Auf" ran ashore on Long Island at the end of a stormy trip, because, when dense fog shut down, dead reckoning was relied upon too confidently, and nearly the whole force of the ship was employed in working at the tanks, so that soundings were neglected. And indeed, the captain of any tanker gives a sigh of relief if he can cease to worry about his tanks after he gets within pilot boat distance of New York. For, strange as it may seem at first thought, an oil steamer is not nearly as dangerous with her million or so gallons of kerosene on board as she is after she has pumped out her tanks, for the highly inflammable gas which remains is much more willing to explode upon provocation than is the oil itself. So, on the westward trip, this gas must all be driven out, and the tanks cleaned as carefully as can be.

But the luck changes at last, and on the seventh day out the wind has gone down, and with it the sea. And now the ship awakens to a most bustling state of activity. With the exception of three tanks, or six wells, as they are called, which are filled with water for ballast, the big iron lids are hoisted with rope and tackle at all the wells. Then they attach hose to the water main of the ship, and wash all the oil from the sides and bottom of the compartments. Next they are swept out, or rather brushed out, with besoms like those used at street crossings. The water which has by this time accumulated inside is not enough to be pumped out, so it is all bailed into buckets by men, with what look

like dust-pans, and then emptied into a cask which is pierced by a pipe leading through the scuppers. By this means, the oil and water, which



BAILING OUT THE TANKS.

is bright orange colored from the presence of rust, is kept from the decks. As a rule, three men work at a well: two bailing into buckets at the very bottom of the ship, and the third doing the hoisting with

rope and tackle, from the deck. In the picture, the boy hoisting up buckets was a stowaway, who came out of his hiding place in the coal bunkers on the second day at sea.

Presently, one of the seamen at work bailing begins to get noisy, and shouts out snatches of songs, or else does a great deal of talking to his partner, in a loud tone. The mate, who is in charge of the cleaning, steps up to the well instantly, and calls down:

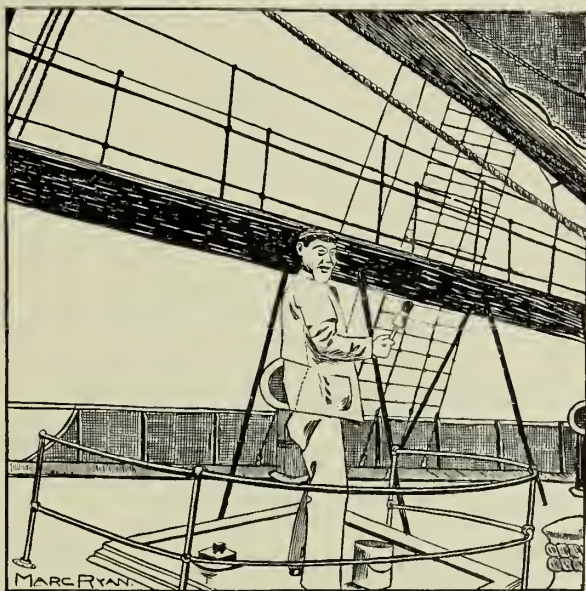
“You can come up now, McCarthy.”

“Ay sir, I’ll be up directly,” replies the bailer, but he continues to sing and dance, growing noisier every minute. Then the mate tries different tactics.

“Come up and get your grog, McCarthy, you don’t want to keep the steward waiting, you know.” This generally produces the desired effect, and one can hear the fellow as he stumbles up from the depth of the ship, on the interminable iron ladders. By the time he reaches the trunk, as the upper part of the well is called, he has lost all his gayety, and usually feels quite badly for a few minutes after he comes out on deck. This is called being “gassed,” and is almost inevitable if the men work for any length of time in a newly opened tank. They have instructions to alternate deck with tank work at frequent intervals, and this obviates the difficulty, but if a man heedlessly stays down too long the effect produced is not unlike intoxication. They say that the fellows invariably begin to sing when the gas goes to their heads, whether they ever sing anywhere else or not, and so a man is never allowed to remain down after he gets jolly, although he is always unwilling to come up.

And then they dry the tanks out, by leaving the lids open, and putting little ventilators down also, if necessary, or rigging a canvas “wind-sail.” The three ballast tanks have not been opened up yet, as there are still several days of the journey before them, and if it should become stormy after one of these tanks was opened it might be necessary to fill it again, to insure stability. But the next morning, just as they are getting ready to flush them out, the mist thickens up into fog, and with a sigh and a few appropriate cuss-words, the captain calls up to the mate on the bridge, through the speaking tube:

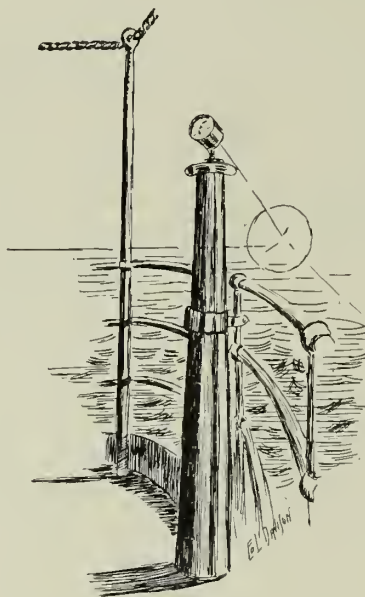
“Mr. Dunn, double your look-out forward, put the indicator at ‘stand-by’ and reduce to ‘half-speed’, if necessary, stop that hammering about the decks, keep the whistle going, and give me a call if it gets any thicker.” It would seem that Mr. Dunn had enough to do to keep him warm for the next few minutes, but it is soon accomplished, and the boat seems very quiet from the cessation of the everlasting pound-



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

ing on the iron decks, which is the method used to remove the old paint or cement before repainting. And now all work must cease until the fog lifts, for the captain is a careful navigator, and knows that it is of prime importance to have the boat quiet, so that the faint sound of some sailing ship's fog-horn could be heard without fail. But Newfoundland fogs are noted for their staying qualities, and perhaps this state of affairs may remain unchanged for the rest of the trip. And then is the time when skillful navigation must conquer the difficulties which nature presents. The captain works out his dead reckoning with the greatest

care, checking his work by comparing it with that of his mates. The log is consulted every four hours, anyway, and if the captain is expecting to make a landfall, he may send the quartermaster aft every hour to ascertain how much has been recorded. Then he must make due allowance for the inevitable currents, and make frequent use of the deep sea sounding machine, to see if he is just where he thinks he is. The



whole bottom of the Atlantic, within soundings, is indicated on the charts, and if, for instance, the depth increases suddenly by thirty fathoms or so, the navigator can undoubtedly find this sign board on the chart, if he has a general knowledge of his position. The way the depth is recorded on one of these modern machines is very interesting. The old fashioned way of sounding was to stop the ship and then heave over the lead, attached to a line marked by different colored rags, and this is still adhered to in shoal water. But while the ship is still a day out, the reel bearing, perhaps, two miles of piano wire, is brought on deck, and the sounding is taken without slackening the speed of the

ship. The lead has a little piece of soap in its lower end, which takes a sample of the bottom, and tells the captain whether he is passing over sand or mud. But the depth is indicated by a pressure gauge, of very ingenious construction. In one kind, often used, the pressure is indicated by a spring which is forced back, inside a brass case, and leaves a little indicator behind it when it comes back. But perhaps the simplest kind is that which depends on chemical action. The interior of a



THE SKIPPER.

little glass tube is coated with some red substance, which dissolves instantly in salt water. This is closed at one end, and just as far as the water is forced into the other, by the pressure, the red will be removed cleanly, so that by comparing it with a measure, they can tell exactly how deep it has sunk.

But we will let our captain have better luck this trip, and perhaps the fog lifts while he is still a good day's run from Nantucket Lightship. And now he must empty out the ballast tanks which were previously left closed, and make his ship ready to go into her dock at Bayonne or Williamsburgh at once. So, to carry off the surface oil as much as possible, the tanks are pumped to overflowing, and the un-

savory water gushes out on deck in a torrent. Then the pumps are reversed, and these tanks are dried out like the others.

By the time this has been done, the captain is all ready for his pilot, whom he will probably pick up somewhere between Fire Island and the Hook. Then he puts on his official regalia, and is extremely busy for the next few hours in making out papers and signing formal documents. And now Fort Wadsworth is abeam, and the Quarantine officer comes aboard and examines the assembled crew. Shortly after, the anchor goes over the side, off Tompkinsville, and the fires are extinguished, while they wait for the tugs from the city, for they must not carry any fire into the oil dock. It is for that reason that there is almost always a tanker or two lying off Staten Island, where they lie to fire up, on the way out.

Very likely our friend will not be in her dock more than thirty-six hours before she is brim full of the blue oil, and then she is off again, the most restless and busiest type of boat on the ocean.

*Ray Morris.*



## The C. R. Browns.

IT was the 22d of December, and in Andover. The old Academy bell had rung out its last peal for the term on the cold, crisp air. Mingled in its "tintinabulations" was an almost audible sigh of relief, while at the same time it seemed to bid to all a glad *au revoir* and a Merry Christmas. Neither was the old bell alone in its rejoicing; the students of Phillips, to a man, felt their hearts beat quicker as visions of home and long cherished vacation pleasures presented themselves.

Up in the attic room of a house that stood at a short distance from one of Andover's crooked streets, was Charles R. Brown, our hero. Charlie, as his friends called him, was also in excellent spirits. With his coat off, he was hard at work at the all absorbing operation of packing his trunk. Regarding the principle job in hand, Charlie had some decidedly unique ideas of his own, which never failed to convince his mother, when she came to untangle the conglomerated mass, that her dear boy was a veritable genius in his way. In one corner of the room was heaped a great pile of all imaginable articles, from a collar button to a complete foot-ball suit; while in another, was Charlie himself, standing with the air of a conqueror over the half packed trunk.

Unexpectedly, with a preparatory twitch at his cuffs, he assailed the innocent pile. Then shoes, coats, shirts, hats, caps, neckties, collars, books, etc., etc., went flying into the trunk in an astonishing manner. This exhibition of jugglery, Charlie immediately followed up by leaping bodily in, on top of all that had gone before and executing something like an old time Indian war dance, that was calculated to settle things a bit.

Just as he was getting through, he heard a great noise on the steps outside, as if some one was trying to drive upstairs with one of Andover's double-jointed carts. Then there rushed into the room a young fellow who was evidently excited.

"How's that for luck, old man," he fairly yelled, as he pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket and shoved it so close to Charlie's face

that he could not read a word. "Money-order at last. Went through dead-letter office, by appearance. I'm going home, straight, I am." Reaching in his pocket again and pulling out another letter, he added, "I say, old fellow, here's a letter for you too; hope you'll enjoy it as much as I do mine." And almost before Charlie had time to comprehend what his friend was talking about, he had handed him the letter.

Charlie, who had by this time gotten out of the trunk, leisurely tore the letter open without so much as glancing at the address. Imagine his surprise and anxiety when he saw that the white sheet was surrounded by a black mourning border. His heart gave an awful leap and the color quickly came and went from his face. Written in an unmistakably feminine hand were these words:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

With the greatest regard for your feelings, I am obliged to inform you that our dear Maria is dead. The immediate cause of her death was over eating, though she had been ailing for some time from an unknown disease, brought on, as the doctor says, by your departure last September. We refrained from telling you of her pitiable condition, fearing that you might neglect your studies to come home and comfort the poor thing. The funeral will be held at the house immediately after you arrive.

Yours in sorrow,

JANE.

By the time poor Charlie was through reading this sad message, large drops of cold sweat were rolling down his face. Overcome with his rising emotions, he dropped the letter to the floor and sunk into a chair, covering his face with his hands. "Dead! Maria dead!" he repeated, half aloud. Maria, who had always been so full of life and sunshine, so cheerful and so kind. Maria, whom now that he was going home, he continually held uppermost in his happy thoughts. "It cannot be! It cannot be!"

\* \* \* \* \*

When the train came puffing into the depot at Andover, on the morning of the 23d of December, it was welcomed by a jolly crowd

of Academy boys and "Fem Sems." All were going home for the Christmas vacation, and all were accordingly in great spirits. For once, the proverbial New England reserve, so strictly observed in the old town, was forgotten, and the fellows and the young ladies were chattering with each other at a rate that would have shocked their sober-minded instructors had they been witnesses.

The train had hardly stopped before there was a great scramble for seats. Then the conductor pulled the bell cord, the locomotive screeched and they were off. Whether the conductor really thought that all were aboard, whether he did not care or whether he merely desired to display his bull-headedness makes very little difference in our tale. All that is necessary for us to know is that while the train was pulling out, there was an interesting race taking place at its rear end. Our friend, Charlie Brown, was almost flying in an apparently vain endeavor to catch hold of something tangible connected with the rear platform, while close to his heels was a young lady, in whose face was a "do or die" look of despair. The race went on for some time, to the great amusement of rear car passengers, when Charlie made a final dash and pulled himself safely aboard. He had heard that someone was closely following him, so he quickly turned about to render aid, if possible. To his surprise, he found that his follower was an athletic young lady, whose pretty face was only the prettier from being flushed with the violent exercise. In one hand she was holding, with well nigh a death grip, a small dress case, while with the other she was trying to grasp the iron railing.

Charlie could see how a look of desperation passed over her features, as she made a final dash. Then her foot accidentally caught in a tie, and for a moment it seemed that nothing on earth would save her falling. Yet she managed to partly regain her equilibrium and in a last frantic effort she grabbed hold of Charlie's extended hand, and he soon had her safely on board.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a magnificent moonlight night, and though the biting air almost cut to the bone, the decks of the "Priscilla" were filled with happy

and noisy promenaders. In the saloon below, the band was discoursing choice selections to a listless crowd of chattering students.

Upon the upper deck, now almost deserted because of the piercing wind, was our friend Charlie, pacing the deck alone. Borne down by the weight of his sorrowful thoughts, he had left the happy party below. The sight of enjoyment had become positively hateful to him, and he had chosen rather to bear the biting blast than to stay below. From a half a dozen places along the shore were continually winking and blinking beautiful colored lights, but he saw none of them. Death and its awful sorrow and mysteries occupied all his thoughts.

Far be it, however, for the writer to attempt to delineate the feelings of poor Charlie. If any of us have ever lost dear friends, we know how to sympathize with him, if not, we cannot. He longed for sympathy like a child, but under the circumstances he dared not tell his friends of his loss, so he paced the deck alone in silence.

While he was thus walking to and fro, he suddenly felt a gentle tap on his arm and looking up found himself confronted by a shapely figure in a long cloak, with a charming little face peeping out from a mass of furs. At once he recognized the victim of the morning's adventure.

"Excuse me, sir," said she, "but are you not the gentleman who pulled me on the train this morning?"

To this, Charlie somewhat surprised and confused mumbled that she was not mistaken.

"Well," his fair companion continued, becoming more and more eloquent as she went on, "I want to thank you ever so much. Do you know, the more I think of it, the more horrible and foolish it seems to have been for me to run after that train like that. It actually makes me shiver to think what might have happened, if you hadn't caught me just in time."

Then without giving Charlie a chance to reply and stopping only long enough to catch her breath, she added, "You are a Phillips Academy fellow, aren't you?"

"Yes indeed," said Charlie, with a bow, as he made an attempt to take off his hat. "And you are a Fem Sem, aren't you!"

“Why yes, glad to meet you, Mr. ——?”

“Brown,” interpolated Charlie.

“How funny, now, isn’t it?” said she, “my name is Brown, too. But what are you doing up here in this cold, Mr. Brown?” she continued, “I’ve been hunting you all over the boat, and I was almost persuading myself that you had jumped overboard or something.”

Mention of himself again reminded Charlie of his sadness, but he could restrain himself no longer. Overcome with anguish, he commenced to blurt out the inmost thoughts of his heart. She, with her woman’s instinct, perceived his sorrow and listened patiently and sympathetically. With a rough, choked voice, he told her in almost incoherent sobs of his unhappy bereavement. That he was doing a foolish thing he knew as well as you or I, but he could not keep the doors no longer shut on the awful flood of sorrow, and against his own will did the most foolish thing of his life.

He told her just who and what Maria was. How he had liked her so much, and how she had returned his liking. He told her how lovely and cheerful she had always been, and how her disease and death was traced, though indirectly, to his departure last September. Then as he told her how she used to sing for him in the quiet summer evenings, his voice became so husky, that he could say no more, but reaching in his pocket, he pulled out the fatal letter, handed it to her, and told her to read.

While Charlie was speaking, although there was something more than ridiculous in all he said, the young lady listened attentively and before he was through, there were seen on her ruddy cheeks, too, tear drops, that glistened in the moonlight. Without a word she took the letter and walked up to a near light to read it.

Hardly had she glanced at the handwriting, than with a look of surprise, she quickly turned over the envelope to see the address. There she read in a familiar hand, “Miss C. R. Brown, Andover, Mass.” With an eager smile she absorbed the contents, and then there broke from her lips a wild and joyful “Ha ha, ha!” which almost made Charlie’s heart stop beating.

“Why, this letter is for me. Mr. Brown,” she literally screeched.

“For you?” returned Charlie, with the dazed look of a man awakened from a dream. “For you?”

As by magic, the ominous cloud of sorrow that had so completely beshrouded his senses, fell away, and again there appeared, now inexpressibly happy visions of a merry Christmas. Rushing up to her, he could hardly refrain from kissing her laughing lips. As it was, he made a violent grab at her hand and squeezed it so hard that she made a frightful grimace.

“My name is C. R. Brown, too,” he yelled. “But Maria and Jane? Who are they?”

“Why, Jane is one of my funny friends,” said Miss C. R. Brown, with a roguish laugh, “and Maria is our old black cat.”

*Frank H. Lehman.*



## The Mysterious Man from Nowhere.

A FEW years ago four other fellows and myself were cruising down Long Island Sound in search of rest and pleasure. We certainly had the pleasure but I am a little doubtful whether or not we had the rest. We started out intending to spend a week or ten days in knocking about the sound, going wherever the wind and tide took us. At first we thought that we would spend the nights on shore, but, as it turned out, we often slept on the boat. Our boat, which by the way was a sturdy thirty-five footer, had a cabin with two bunks which were good and one that was a bed in name only. Outside, there was plenty of deck room where two of us slept whenever we were forced to spend the night on board.

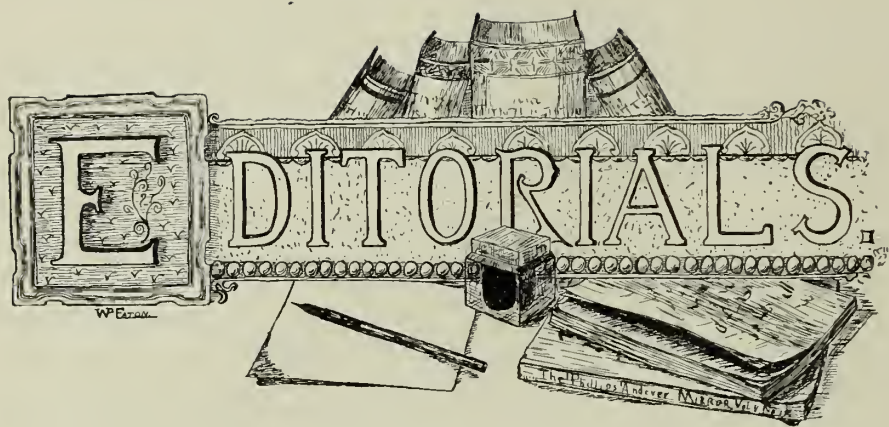
One morning about sunrise a severe wind struck us and carried us down the Sound at a tremendous rate. The wind kept up its force until about four in the afternoon when its strength seemed spent. During the day, the gaff on the mainsail had split and when the sea had quieted down a bit we put in to shore in order to make the needed repairs. We landed at a small town called Abernithie. It is situated on the western shore of a large peninsula and is surrounded by numerous hills covered with a thick growth of trees. We found that our gaff could not be repaired until the following morning, so we decided to spend the night in the town, and found a very comfortable little inn where we engaged rooms. There was a fair sized office, in which about twenty men gathered during the evening to "swap lies" over their pipes. We, having nothing better to do, joined in with them and I dare say told as big yarns as they did. I happened to get a seat next to the landlord, a big, burly fellow, about thirty years of age. Just as our conversation was getting a bit slow, a small, dried-up man entered the room with a sack of flour under his arm. The men in the room all stopped talking and nodded pleasantly to the new comer, but he apparently took no notice of them and walked right through the office to the bar on the other side of the building. After he had gone, I asked

the landlord who the man was. He said that there was a sort of a mystery about him and that no one knew where he came from, but that regularly once a week he came to town, bought some provisions during the day, and in the evening he always came to the hotel and bought a quart of whisky, which he invariably paid for with a gold piece of a peculiar design. After leaving the hotel no one saw him again until the next week. This story aroused my curiosity to a high pitch and I resolved that if my companions were willing, as I was sure they would be, that with their company I would follow this strange man and see what could be found out about him. I put the proposition before them at once and they readily agreed to it. When we thought it about time for the man to leave the bar, we left the room and hung around outside of the house until he came out. We had not waited long before he came, with his flour under one arm and a bottle in his hand. On leaving the inn he walked briskly down the main street until he got to the outskirts of the town. Here he turned sharply to the right, and followed a narrow footpath through a field and into some woods. We were following him at a distance of about seventy yards. He kept moving right along and did not stop for anything. Presently we began to go up a steep hill, and the path became very rocky and in some places muddy. We thanked our lucky stars that it was a moonlight night, for if it had not been I am sure that we would have broken every bone in our bodies. We followed this path up a hill for a distance that seemed to us about five miles, before we began to descend. Many times we wished to turn back, but our curiosity kept us up. After a time we began to descend the other side of the hill, and every now and then we would get a glimpse through the trees of a light space ahead, which we thought was the water. Before long we came to a little clearing that reached down to the shore. We could see the dim outline of a house in the centre of this, and towards this house the man made his way. We stopped following him at the edge of the woods, as we were afraid he would see us if we ventured into the clearing, which was much lighter than the place in which we were.

The man entered the house and soon we saw a light shine through a window. We crept up to the house and worked our way along its side until we came to a window, where we got a good view of the interior of the house. When we first looked in, the man was just starting a fire in a large stove that stood in the centre of the room. After doing this he pulled a table out into the room and then after putting another stick on the fire, he went to the further corner of the room, and turning back a piece of the carpet, took up a part of a plank from the floor and lifted up a small iron box, this he placed on a table and then drew up a chair. Just as he did this a great gust of wind shook the house; startled, he looked towards the door, but seeing nothing to alarm him he was reassured and taking a key from his pocket he unlocked the box, lifted the cover and stared at the inside. Then he put in one hand, but just as he did so he chanced to look in our direction and saw a face peering through the window at him. He turned deathly pale, closed the box, locked it, hurried out the door and ran down to the shore, carrying his box under his arm. Before we could stop him he jumped into a boat and was pulling out to sea for all he was worth. The last we saw of this strange man he was tugging at his oars with the strength of a demon and the boat was swiftly darting out to sea.

*Drolah.*





Conducted by Ray Morris.

#### THE SCHOOL'S GOOD NAME.

NOT so very long ago, there was quite a little noise made about some fellows who occupied a theatre box in Lawrence, and apparently did not conduct themselves in a proper manner. So far as we are able to find out, and, indeed, as has been stated by the manager of the opera house, the reports, as usual, were very greatly exaggerated. Andover men are not loved in Lawrence, and the papers seem to consider themselves in luck if they can pick up any irregularity which can, with journalistic skill, be transformed into a sensation. And this same thing seems to be true of school and college men almost everywhere. There is still a sufficiently definite distinction between "town and gown" so that newspapers, as representing the town element, are particularly glad to get hold of any damaging evidence against the "gown" element. If the fellows had been Laurentians, instead of Academy men, we doubt if the incident would have received three lines notice, but for this very reason it is extremely important that every man in school who pretends to be loyal, should at least take care that the school's name does not suffer through him. If a fellow does not care for his own reputation and is willing to take his chances, all very well, but that does not give him the right to tamper with the reputation of the school.

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And the reputation of the school must of necessity suffer when newspapers get up enlivening accounts with sensational headlines, which are dangerous in that they have just enough truth behind them to be deceptive. It is hard to understand why the public holds a fellow alone responsible for what he does between June and September, but holds the school responsible for what he does during the rest of the year, but such is evidently the case. Americans are judged abroad largely by the American tourists, as indeed are foreigners in this country, and when our wealthy citizens with bad taste travel, they naturally leave a bad impression behind them. In exactly the same way, the name and fame of Andover is spread abroad by her travelling citizens, and as an ounce of roughness is more apparent than a pound of gentlemanliness, it is important that the fellow who represents the ounce should keep a check on himself as long as he is with the "push." If a fellow must hold himself liable to sudden and unexpected decisions to leave school, let him avoid reporters.

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#### THE FOOT-BALL SEASON.

THE foot-ball season has closed this year with honor to the team, the management and the school. Although we did not win the Lawrenceville game, we accomplished what was dearest in our hearts, and defeated our old rival, Exeter, by a large score. Moreover, the work of this year's team shows that old Andover is still in the race, and that under the greatest difficulties we can turn out a winning team. Financially speaking, the season must have been a grand success, and now that we are playing Exeter again, we can see no further reason for any more deficits in the manager's reports.

The subject of sweaters has been brought up this year, and some changes have been made. The first managers receive "A" sweaters, and the champion street team, only, is allowed to wear the street sweaters. These sweaters are to be given by the school foot-ball management. As to the first manager's sweater, it seems only fair to give him something in payment for his work, for perhaps no work in the

school life is as hard as that of first manager, and the "A" sweater seems to be the most appropriate remembrance.

The change in the street foot-ball sweaters is a step forward. Before, when every street had its sweater and cap, there was a steady drain on the fellows for subscriptions, and the first team was deprived of much needed support, which otherwise they would have received. Now the teams work harder and for more honor. However, there is the same old question: Who shall be qualified to play on the street teams? The object of these teams is surely to develop new material, and if the street teams are made up of already developed men, those who have been playing on the first and second teams all the season, what inexperienced man would want to train faithfully every day, only to be thrown out at the last minute? In our opinion, all men who are to receive either "A" or "Second" sweaters should be ruled out of the street contests, and the list of such men should be made out by the managers and captains before the championship games. In spite of this defect, the success of the season's foot-ball is still evident, and with the revival of the Exeter games let us hope to see a renewal of the real old Andover spirit.

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#### THE CLASS BANNER.

FOR many years it has been the custom for each outgoing class to place a banner in the chapel. Usually, these have not been hung until the last of the senior year, and so have come to be considered as a thing of graduation week. It seems that this is an unfortunate delay, for if there is any inspiration in the class motto, it ought to be before the eyes of the class during its whole senior year, instead of only a few days at the end. If the color and motto committees could finish their work immediately, and the banner be made and hung at once, we believe a stronger feeling of unity and loyalty for the class would result. A suggestion to this effect was made by Dr. Bancroft recently, and we think the matter should be arranged as soon as possible.

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The editors of the MIRROR announce the election of S. H. Stone, '97, to the Contributing Board.



Conducted by W. T. Townsend.

*Meine Liebste.*

Ah! fair but false, deluding one,  
Thou always art to me,  
And yet how can I keep my eyes  
Forever turned from thee?

Some days thou smilest on me sweet;  
I try to catch thy hand,  
E'en as my fingers close on it  
Thou'rt gone from out the land.

Sometimes I catch the shimmer of  
Thy lightly passing gown,  
I follow eagerly, but thou  
Dost leave me with a frown.

I'll now disclose thy name, it is—  
Pray hear with charity;  
All men have loved thee just as I—  
'Tis—Popularity.

*B. H. E.*

A RISE IN WOOL.

Yes, sir, your old American clipper ships were about the neatest things on the ocean, before they began building iron steamers. I used to see lots of them running out to Australia and back, in the days when steamship lines were scarce,

and one time I was layin' alongside of one for very near two months, down at Melbourne, waiting for the spring crop of wool. She was a pretty boat, with her shining tops of American pine, and a lot of white deck houses all about her. They were always having some sort of a disturbance on board, and I don't know as I ever went on her without seeing someone getting knocked around. There was a funny thing happened while we were there, too. Her captain, Fales—was that his name? No; Folsom,—well, he was a terribly particular sort of a chap, over-bearing like, and *always* getting into a row with somebody.

Did you ever see them load cotton into a boat? They used to pack their wool just the same way, exactly. They had these great big screws; Sampson screws they called them, and they'd put a couple of them to a huge bale of wool and squeeze it down till it was no bigger than that window. They would pack it in tiers and bind it down with thick iron bands, and the pressure they had was something awful.

I recollect, Captain Folsom went on board his ship one afternoon, just as she had finished loading, and found they had left a hole empty, where a beam was partly in the way. He was terribly riled about it, and lit right out to find the stevedore.

Now, it was no slouch job to be a good wool stevedore in those days—used to get five or six dollars a day, yes sir! right straight along, and they were kind of uppish about it. So when Cap'n Folsom began cussing the stevedore around, he got his back up right away, for he wasn't used to it.

'You blank, blank idiot,' says the Cap'n, 'why didn't you fill her up snug?' The stevedore was considerably surprised, but he sort of settled himself together, and said:

'O, I'll fill her up for you, if you want, but it will strain your deck.'

'Strain my deck,' says he, 'strain my deck, 'there isn't a damn Sampson Screw in Melbourne can strain my deck.'

'All right, I'll fill her up,' said the stevedore, with a sort of a sarcastic laugh, and he turned on his heel and walked away.

Three or four hours after that, Cap'n Folsom was fixing himself up to go to some sort of a blow-out ashore. His boat had a very nice cabin, and there was a little bit of a dressing-room attached to his room, which was right over the place where they

hadn't put the wool. I guess the stevedore had got him pretty well timed, for he hadn't any more than stepped inside when there was a crash, and he was slung up against the deck above quicker'n lightning, and the wool came piling in and filled the little room up like a plug.

The stevedore went home with a beautiful grin on, that day, and Cap'n Folsom wasn't in condition to cuss for some time, but he's recovered now, and they say it isn't advisable to talk to him much about packing wool.

477.

A FANCY.

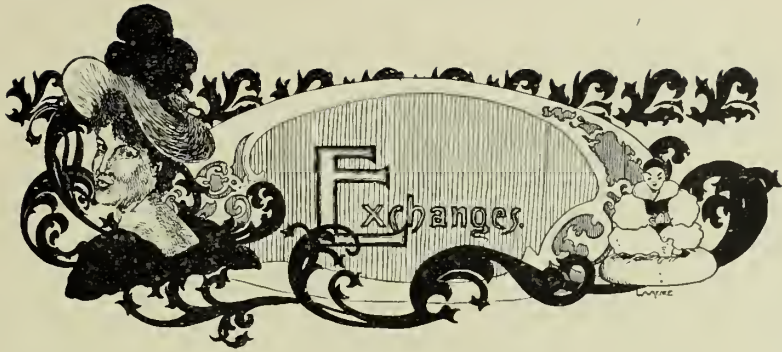
"May I walk with you," he said,  
 "Pretty Miss?"  
 "May I talk with you?" he said,  
 She said "Yes."

"Would it do you any harm,  
 Just for sport,  
 For to lean upon my arm  
 For support?"

"Might I ask you—shall I say  
 What I would,  
 And will you promise me  
 To be good?"

"Well then; would it not be bliss  
 While we go,  
 Just to have one little kiss?"  
 She said "No."

E. L. S.



Conducted by R. H. Edwards.

For the most part, the exchanges this month are a great improvement over those of October, although the verse seems rather scanty. "The Legend of Daffledownshire," in the Yale Courant, is very neat. Among the most acceptable of our new exchanges are "The Vassar Miscellany," "The Smith Monthly," and "The Inlander," which is especially well edited. Horae Scholasticae this month is unusually good. We make the following clippings:

PROBATION.

Who wakes at early morning and is up  
and out of bed,  
Who dresses in a hustle, goes to chapel  
'fore he's fed?  
Who sinks into his chapel seat with a  
happy, thankful air,  
And then is never happy till the monitor  
sees him there?  
The

man  
who's  
on

Probation!

Who goes to recitations ten minutes be-  
fore time,  
Whose soul depends on getting there  
before the chapel chime?  
Who never cuts a Prof; and wouldn't if  
inclined?  
Is this the callow freshman or the grime-  
incrusted grind?  
Oh no;  
The

man  
who's  
on

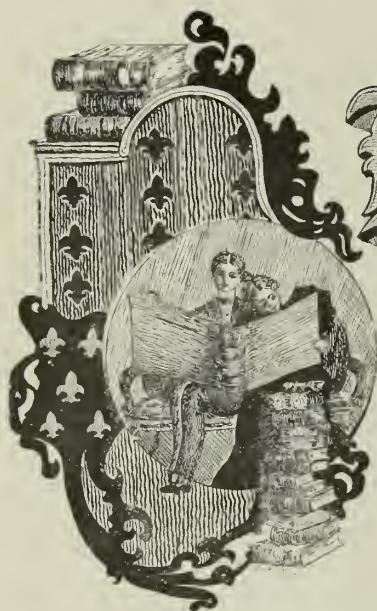
Probation?

*Yale Record.*

THE CORPSE'S CLOCK.

Black sea and sandy dune;  
The driven storm wrack veils the moon.  
Hark to the corpse's clock—  
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!  
White face and eyes that stare;  
Sea-weed twined in dripping hair.  
Sounds forth the corpse's clock.  
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

*Yale Lit.*



# Books

*Conducted by W. T. Townsend.*

“*QUO VADIS.*” A Narrative of the Time of Nero.  
By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the  
Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown &  
Co., Boston. \$2.00.

This splendid story, at once powerful and fascinating, portrays the thrilling experiences of a young Roman and his beloved at the time of Nero. The narrative is sustained with such interest that after the book has once been taken up, it is hard to lay it aside again. In the first scenes, we are introduced to a magnificent Roman knight, in his princely home, and his young nephew, Vinicius the tribune. The young man has become desperately in love with a Lygian maiden, who is residing in the city at the home of the old general, Aulus. Aulus represents rather the old, stern type of Roman manhood than the effeminate and corrupt type of his day, and as his wife is a Christian, the maiden receives a bringing up quite different from that of the Roman girls. In the course of the tale, Lygia is sentenced to death and martyrdom with the other Christians in the city, and, through a whim of Nero's, is reserved for a final and terrible spectacle in the amphitheatre, from which she is rescued by the herculean strength of her devoted attendant, Ursus. The Roman knight, Petronius, is one of Cæsar's favorites and the court scenes between this cunning, witty, and aesthetic gentleman and the boorish, beastly emperor are fascinating. He saves his life a dozen times by the mere agility of his wits, and eventually almost becomes removed from his inherent selfishness by his desire to help his nephew. The story is a terrible one, and the fearful scenes in the circus are portrayed with intense vividness, but the reader cannot fail to be greatly struck by the neatness and despatch with which everything is done. At times he feels himself a Roman, ready to turn his hand down with the multitude when the fallen gladiator is imploring mercy, at times he is led to look at things from the cynical standard of Chilo Chilonides, and then again he feels the most hearty disgust for the whole business, but at no time does the story lose its grip on him. The pictures of the barbarous Nero, the exquisite Petronius, to use the author's own expression, the fiery Vinicius, and the charming and resolute Lygia are simply superb. In fact, this magnificent character sketching is the finest part of the book, but it loses nothing from the background, which is extremely brilliant throughout. *M.*

**BROWN HEATH AND BLUE BELLS.** By William Winter. The Macmillan Company.

This charming little book is the result of the author's many vacations spent in Scotland. He delights to dwell on the charming scenery of that most enchanting land made immortal by the pen of Burns, and to seek out the haunts of such characters as Scott, Campbell and Sir John Moore. The book is a series of sketches written from the most interesting and picturesque parts of Scotland, and it is to be considered in relation with its predecessors, Shakespeare's England, "Gray Days and Gold in England and Scotland," and "Old Shrines and Ivy." A few personal tributes are added to the sketches, among them, a most apt tribute to our beloved Holmes. The author has very cleverly diversified his volume by adding these tributes to beautiful characters in connection with his descriptions of charming scenery. He has closed his work with a note of poetry to suit a farewell in honor of Joseph Jefferson.

The chief claim of the book lies in its terse and genial style, and would be of great use to young readers to cultivate good diction and a pleasing style in letter writing. S.

**CINDER PATH TALES.** By William Lindsey. Published by Copeland and Day, Boston.

It is a pleasure to take up a book so charmingly bound and so well printed as are these "Cinder-Path Tales." The cover design of black printed on drab, is both artistic and eminently appropriate for the book.

Mr. Lindsey states in his first story that he makes no pretensions to literary skill, but several of his latter stories must have surprised him, for they show a firm, clear touch, and sound originality of style. His stories have the rather unusual custom of improving as they advance, and the last two or three are nearly excellent. The story with which the book opens "My First, for Money," is a failure; "The Strutting I," is altogether too much in evidence. "Hower Atherton's Last Half," "A Virginia Jumper," "Paddy's Probation," and "And Every One a Winner," are excellent. His characters are wonderfully natural and, I should imagine, drawn from life. Paddy's "illegant brogue" is perfect and although the Tales are especially intended for those who have some special interest in track athletics they cannot fail to be a pleasure to any who enjoy a story for what it is worth. T.

**THE STRANGE SCHEMES OF RANDOLPH MASON.** By Melville D. Post. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

In an ordinary detective story, or even in as excellent a one as Conan Doyle is capable of, the means furnished the author do not involve much thought on his part, as he can take hold of the story hind-side foremost, and then turn it inside out in such a way that the reader must do all the work. Such a story, generally speaking, begins with a crime, and ends with the capture of the criminal. But Mr. Post's stories are detective stories reversed. To apply the same general terms to them, they begin with a moral crime which is not a legal crime, and end with, not the escape, but the liberation, of the man who is a moral convict. The author has employed his great knowledge of law in working out possible cases, and places in each instance his hero, to call him such, in such a position that the law cannot touch him. At first the reader is inclined to be sceptical, but the explanations are perfectly lucid and satisfactory, and backed by legal citations. By skillful evasion of fine legal points, money is obtained fraudulently, and

even murder is committed, and the perpetrator goes free because he has destroyed just the telling point of the evidence. The cleverest stories are those which relate to obtaining money, property, in fact, almost anything, in such a way as to be without the jurisdiction of the civil law. This book possesses all the fascination of "Sherlock Holmes," backed by infinitely greater possibility. *M.*

**A ROMANY OF THE SNOWS.** By Gilbert Parker, New York: Stone & Kimball.

These few stories gathered under the title of "A Romany of the Snows," are a continuation of "Pierre and His People," and "An Adventurer of the North," and are fully equal to their predecessors in exquisite blending of power of thought and beauty of expression. In the Far North, cold and glittering in its beauty, but deadly treacherous in its grasp, men have stronger passions and higher ideals than in a warmer climate, and well has Mr. Parker chosen his material. The very heart of the North seems to breathe forth in these serial stories, and what before has seemed to us a trackless waste, becomes a land of the living. But even without their beautiful and grand background, the originality, poetical feeling and strength of expression, would give these stories a charm which few short stories can possess.

The story from which the book takes its name is not the best, and is not placed first. But it would be difficult to say which is the best. Each story has a charm of its own. But perhaps the most dramatic is "The Plunderer," the last of the book, in which Pretty Pierre disappears riding into the flames of an oncoming prairie fire. "A Romany of the Snows" is Gilbert Parker at his best. No greater praise need or can be given it. *T.*

**A RELUCTANT EVANGELIST.** By Alice Spinner. Edward Arnold, N. Y.

This collection of stories of the West Indies is very interesting, more especially so, because these islands are seldom visited by travellers, and very little is generally known about the negro portion of the inhabitants. The description of the negro's superstitious fear of the "duppy" is exceedingly amusing. The author tells us that most of the superstitions can be traced back to Africa.

The story of "Buckra Tommie" is very pathetic; it tells of the desertion of a Creole girl by her English husband, and the subsequent trials undergone by the girl and her old negro nurse, in following him to England. Here a child is born, the mother dying soon after, and the negro servant takes the boy back to the West Indies. The child's relations refuse to have anything to do with him, and the old nurse takes him to a negro village in the hills, where he is brought up entirely cut off from the rest of the world. Some years after, the boy's grandmother relents, and tries to get the child back. The negroes refuse to give him up, believing that he brings them good luck. The old Creole lady had so set her heart on having the child, as he was her last living relative, that the shock upsets her mind. The boy remains with the negroes for the rest of his life.

The stories contain very able descriptions of the pathetic and humorous side of the West Indian negro's character.

There is also a story of two New England ladies, travelling in Europe, telling to the adventures of one of them, who tries to convert some Italians from the Roman Church. *L.*

LAZY TOURS IN SPAIN AND ELSEWHERE. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Roberts Bros.

This book does not purport to be a detailed and minute account of travels, but rather a record of impressions and experiences on a series of trips through Spain, Italy, France, Switzerland and Germany. The author takes us on her lazy tours through Spain, with its beggars and its bull fights, the Alhambra and Escorial, to Naples, "The Queen of Southern Italy." On we go, into buried Pompeii, up Vesuvius, and through the picture galleries and ruins of the eternal city. Again, we find ourselves in "Florence, the fair," or "Paris, the gayest, brightest, yet most tragic city on which the far off stars look down." We ramble on, into Switzerland, to Geneva, and "Lucerne, that miracle of loveliness," to Chillon, whose castle has been made famous by Byron's poem of "The Prisoner of Chillon." Then we are at the famous watering places, Aix-Les-Bains, Brides-Les-Bains, and Carlsbad, with its memories of Goethe and Schiller; at Wiesbaden and Frankfort, and last of all at Tunbridge Wells.

Mrs. Moulton has accomplished her aim most successfully, for her thoughts and impressions are conveyed naturally and pleasantly. The descriptions throughout the book are clear and strong, and each presents a vivid picture. There are many amusing anecdotes told, and the interest is sustained from beginning to end. *E.*

*To Be Reviewed.*

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY. The Story of his Boyhood. By James M. Barrie. Published by Charles Scribners' Sons. \$1.50.

THE SEVEN SEAS. By Rudyard Kipling. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

STORIES AND LEGENDS FROM IRVING. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

THE STUDENTS' DIARY. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.




## Leaves from Phillips Ivy

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. 1873.

'54.—Dr. Samuel W. Abbott has an article in the November New England Magazine entitled "A Memorable Experiment in Vaccination."

'57.—Joseph Cook has returned to his home in Boston, much improved in health.

'66.—In the November Forum, Edward P. Clark has a paper on the subject "The Solid South Dissolving." 

'68.—J. P. R. Sherman is treasurer of "The New England Mortgage Security Co.," and has his office at 70 Kilby Street, Boston.

'71.—Alvin F. Sortwell has been nominated by acclamation for Mayor of Cambridge and will be the only candidate receiving a party nomination this year.

'74.—Daniel H. Felch is in business at Cheney, Spokane Co., Washington.

'76.—Rev. William A. Bartlett was installed, Nov. 30, 1896, as pastor of the Kirk Street Congregational church of Lowell.

'79.—In the Chicago Advance of Nov. 5, 1896, is a portrait of Rev. Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kan., who is contributing a serial story to that paper.

'80.—Philip T. Nickerson has been nominated for the School Board of the city of Boston.

'80.—Died at Georgetown, Nov. 17, 1896, Albert F. Saunders of Haverhill.

'82.—Willard C. Reid is a member of the firm of Davis, Reid & Alexander, 18 E. 15th St., New York City, dealers in Tiles, Mantles, Mosaics and Marbles.

'82.—Miss Sarah P. Taylor of Hinsdale, was married to Principal John F. Roache of Millbury, on Thanksgiving eve.

'84.—Edward S. Gould has been nominated for the Common Council of Lawrence.

'86.—In New Haven, Conn., Nov. 26, 1896, occurred the marriage of Miss Clara Belle Adams to Wallace S. Moyle.

'90.—In Andover, Nov. 17, 1896, Howard E. Morse and Miss Alice Cary Jenkins were married

'91.—Charles E. Park is a post-graduate student at Chicago University.

'92.—The students of Phillips Academy presented a silver loving cup of handsome design to James H. Knapp of Lawrence, in recognition of his services to the football team of '96.

'92.—George E. Lake, Dartmouth '96, has entered the Andover Theological Seminary.

'92.—G. Ernest Merriam, Amherst, '96, is a member of Union Theological Seminary.

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## A DITTY.

The light was turned down, and there  
We sat in the same arm chair,  
She said, "You are my light in joy or  
pain,"  
When just then in came pa,  
Who laughed a cold, "Ha! Ha!"  
And—well—a light was turned down  
once again.

*Exchange.*

---



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THE COLLOSEUM.

Diana's orb gleamed through the cloud  
rack white,  
Lighting the temples of the pagan gods,  
And the great Colosseum, 'neath her light,  
Stood forth, the pleasure ground of  
ancient hordes ;  
The golden throne gleamed bright, where  
Nero sat,  
Bloated with pride, where peaceful Christ-  
ians met  
Their death, without a shudder, at the jaws  
Of savage beast, loved martyrs for their  
cause.  
Those souls triumphant in their heavenly  
home,  
Attest the Pagan emperor's cruel laws,  
And the world-conquering power of regal  
Rome.

The tides of centuries have marred those  
walls,  
Yet the great Colosseum's massive pile,  
Crumbling with age, proud Nero's name  
recalls,  
Where now the poor Italian shepherds  
while  
Away the time, dreaming of days or yore,  
When Romans numbered subjects by the  
score,  
And mighty nations bowed subservient,  
Where e'er Imperial Rome her eagles  
sent ;  
Still 'neath the heavens' lofty azure dome,  
The mighty ruin stands, a monument  
Of the world-conquering power of regal  
Rome.

*Horae Scholasticae.*

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**Joseph Jackson, Proprietor.**  
**Lawrence,       =       =       =       =       Mass.**

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A MISSHOT.

'Twas late upon a summer's night,  
That sleepy Cupid winged his flight,  
Two arrows in his quiver left,  
Two hearts remained that day uncleft.



A maid and I sat very near,  
He viewed us with a drowsy leer;  
Then forth he drew his trusty bow  
And aimed his shaft full sure and slow.



I felt it pierce my trembling heart,  
And then he drew the other dart.  
This time his glance was not so true;  
Alas! the second struck me too.

*N. E. N. '98.*

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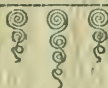
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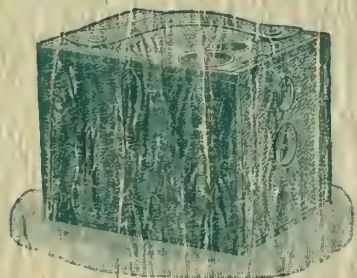
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# The Phillips Andover Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of  
Phillips Academy

Vol. VI. — JANUARY, 1897. — No. 4.

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Vol. 6.

January, 1897.

No. 3.

Our New Year's Robbery.

WHEN I came home to spend the Christmas vacation, I found that a somewhat prepossessing and interesting specimen of humanity had been added to our family, in the way of a servant. She was German, lately imported, strong, big, round, cheerful, and innocent apparently as a child. Continually bubbling over with all that is Dutch, it was quite natural, considering her late change of bases and the strange incidents incurrent thereto, that she should have found her principal occupation in making comparisons between conditions and things in "Deutschland" and those in America. Beyond these casual observations, which were worked up remarkably well between her memory, her imagination, and her broken English, Mary's thoughts were for some time not suspected of having progressed. However, it did not take me long to discover that, although Mary was all she represented herself to be, as industrious and as honest a peasant as ever crossed the sea, there were two decided faults in her makeup which would insist on exhibiting themselves. The first was an inborn preference for beer and the other a curious faculty of becoming enamored of any person who would condescend to notice her. The first of these

she found little chance to indulge, at least not to the best of our knowledge, but the second could under no circumstances be restrained.

On inquiry, my mother informed me that Mary had not been with them more than two weeks, before she commenced to display her unusual ability as a husband solicitor. Her hopeless victim was no other than our neighbor Carter's hired man, who even when I was a child had already been recognized as a graduate bachelor, whose name was Pat, and who was of undoubted Irish extraction. Besides being extremely homely, he had no other redeeming qualities, more than that he was steady and sensible, and that he possessed enough knowledge of general housework to suit the Carters.

When I came on the scene, Mary had already made some promising inroads on her conquest, and was just arriving at that stage, where her German heart was demanding more of her personal attention than her work. In fact, she was becoming so shiftless, so forgetful, and so constantly liable to domestic sins, both of omission and of commission that my mother was seriously considering her discharge. Before she came to consider this final step, she had wasted a great deal of mental energy trying to persuade Mary that for the Dutch to marry the Irish was something altogether incongruous and unworthy for a sane woman to contemplate. Mary's principles and ideas with regard to her love affairs, however, proved impregnable, both to satire and to open rebuke, and even to threats. The matter kept on going from bad to worse, until in the course of time it developed serious aspects. Mary became more and more subject to her day dreams, and more and more liable to unpardonable offenses. Now she was using sugar instead of salt, and then vice versa. Now she was washing on Saturday instead of on Monday, which latter day had been handed down by the tradition of my mother's family from time immemorial, as the only one of all the week suitable for satisfactory washing. Then too she was falling into the habit of discovering many heretofore unknown wants in the kitchen equipment, which could only be supplied by lengthy visits to the Carters, and then only by looking up Pat, who invariably happened to be the only person who had any knowledge of the where-

abouts of the required articles. That this fatal mania of Mary's would eventually terminate in some dreadful crisis, was prophesied by my mother long before it did. It is of this crisis I wish to tell you.

It was New Year's eve. Having been out to a whist party, I turned in unusually late, and I am not quite sure whether it was not already the first of January before I got my head comfortably nestled in the pillows. I had just reached that state of semi-unconsciousness in which the thoughts of one's brain often become delightfully confused. Kings, queens, jacks and a group of pretty faces around the card table were holding their own with Andover, its Profs., its Fem-Sems, its Greek, and its algebra, when I was suddenly abrupted in my reveries by a frightful whisper that was coming through my keyhole. "Harry! Harry! Get up! quick! robbers!" came through the keyhole in rapid succession, in a suppressed tone that I recognized as my mother's. Startled, I sat up in bed and opened my eyes. Through the transom above the door was streaming a light. Looking up I saw Mary's beaming face, side by side with a lighted tallow dip which she was evidently holding in her hand. Its usually ruddy color, however, had given way to a somewhat paler hue, which convinced me in a moment, that I was really wide awake and that there really was something the matter. While I was still watching them, the face and the light suddenly and rather unceremoniously disappeared, their disappearance being accompanied by a heavy thump that shook the entire house, and by the noise of a falling chair. Immediately thereafter, as I jumped out of bed and went in a hasty search for my nightrobe, I heard the pitiful moaning of the unfortunate girl, as well as the soothing moans of sympathy that almost rose above them.

When at length, I opened the door, there presented itself a sight which under different circumstances would have provoked at least a snicker, but which was now deplorable. Mother with the aid of my two sisters was trying to help Mary to her feet from her prostrate condition on the floor, which from the deranged appearance of the rugs and carpet must have been anything but graceful. It appeared that Mary's feet had become unarrangeably entangled in her wrapper, and it required

considerable poisoning on the part of my mother and the girls to bring her back into a position of equilibrium. Meanwhile the unhappy girl with a guilty look, was explaining how in her haste to dress, she had not been able to find her own wrapper, and had instead taken one of mother's which was handy and which unfortunately happened to be about a foot too long for her. After my mother had assured her by all manner of repetitions that there was no offense, and that provided she had not hurt herself, her humiliating trouble would serve as a suiting punishment for the crime, Mary appeared more at ease.

For the moment, the robbers had been forgotten and even I was hardly observed. As soon as Mary was again firmly established on her feet, and as soon as she had assured us between her half audible groans that she was not seriously hurt, the robbers were again taken up with vigor, and instead of Mary, I became the center of attraction. I was informed in about sixteen different ways, that there were robbers out on the balcony, that they were scientific robbers, that they were working on the lock, and that they had some infernal machine to help them, the regular clicking of which could be distinctly heard. I was also commanded in a similar manner, that I, being the only man in the house, should at once secure the revolver and repair to the balcony, and that I should take special care to merely disable the robbers and not to kill them. When I, with assumed coolness, had inquired for some special piece of evidence without being able to secure anything more than that Mary, whose ear was exceedingly acute, presumably from long practice at eavesdropping, had heard one of the robbers utter an oath which was too horrible to bear repetition, I considered it best to submit to my fate. To confess the truth, I did not have the least desire to meet a robber, no matter what my armament, but rather than allow the girls to get a chance to everlastingly gey me, I put on a bold front and secured the revolver. Then we held what might not improperly be called a council of war. I presided and the rest did very little except strive with each other in offering freaky propositions, some of which, proposed by the girls, involved mesmerism, ventriloquism and various other occult sciences, of which the rest of us were totally

ignorant. Mary too, offered some characteristic German methods of procedure, which would have been useful only in the hands of an editor of a comic paper. Finally, mother and myself hit on a scheme, which was at least feasible, not to say practicable. Mother was to hold the lamp; I was to quickly unlock the door, run out and shoot at the robbers; Mary, who had volunteered herself to the service after some persuasion, was to make for the machine and to throw it, if possible, down off the balcony; while the girls were to run out and yell for aid. One of my sisters, who is dramatically inclined, proposed a rehearsal before we should proceed, but recollecting that this might scare the robbers, she withdrew her proposal before we could take action on it.

Not waiting for more suggestions, I took up the line of march for the balcony door. Directly behind me followed my mother, holding the lamp high over her head. Next came Mary, waddling along with some difficulty in my mother's wrapper. The girls brought up the rear, creeping as close to Mary as possible, as if she were their guardian angel.

We slid up to the door as quietly as possible. Then we stopped to listen. "Hark!" said mother, grasping my wrist. The wind was blowing hard, but above the noise it made in sweeping around the corners of the house, there was a distinct and unmistakeable rattling at the door. My heart commenced to beat faster as I realized the desperateness of the situation. The clicking of the supposed machine, too, rose above the wind, and came almost as regularly as the ticks of a clock. The robbers were evidently taking advantage of the noise of the wind in their nefarious work.

Looking around, I saw that the moment for action had come. The girls were gathering their breath for the final yell of despair. Mary had brought herself into a condition for battle by hitching up the superfluous part of her wrapper, and she had assumed such a fierce and warlike look as one would hardly have thought her capable of. Grasping the revolver firmly in my right hand, I carefully took hold of the key with my left. Quickly turning it, I threw open the door. I had not yet made one step forward in the cold night air when I saw

directly before me the black outline of what I took to be a powerfully built man. Then a sudden gust of wind blew out the light which my mother, having advanced to the door sill, was still holding above her head. At the same instant, before I had time to raise the revolver, I felt two icy arms thrown around my neck. Shuddering with horror, and hardly knowing what I did, I drew up the revolver, pressed it to the breast of the monster, and shot twice. Then the thought that I had committed murder occurred to me, and in my consternation I dropped the revolver and tried to loosen myself from that unyielding grasp. It was in vain that I struggled. He had what seemed to me the grip of a dying man. With only one thought, that of self-preservation, I gathered all my strength into a single blow and struck at the figure.

Meanwhile Mary had run past me to what she took for the infernal machine, which was hanging on the wash line, stretched along the balcony, and which was swaying violently in the wind. Having evidently forgotten what to yell, she was screaming at the top of her voice. "Help, Badreek! Badreek! Badreek! Help, Badreek!" The girls had run out on the balcony and were yelling "Help! Fire! Murder!" and all the other blood curdling yells of which they had ever heard or read in a tone so pitiful and heart rending that it might well have been calculated to waken the dead.

When mother at length, after a period which I thought was at least an hour, but which, in fact, could hardly have been a minute, succeeded in relighting the lamp there appeared a scene fit for an ambitious painter. There was I, almost scared out of my wits, entangled in the icy embrace of Mary's lost wrapper, which she had hung there in the morning to dry and had quite naturally forgotten all about. It was frozen stiff, and the wind, blowing it against the door, had made the noise we attributed to the robbers. When I came out it had blown the swaying arms around my neck. There were my sisters, turning their faces away for fear of seeing some harrowing, bloody sight; there was Mary making frantic efforts to tear from its fastenings as innocent and as harmless a bag of clothespins as ever graced a wash line, which she had herself hung there in the morning.

the regular dropping of the pins from which, as it swayed in the wind, being all there was of the infernal machine.

* * * * *

It is hardly necessary to say that we drew a considerable audience that night, but lest I be criticised for not doing justice to my climax, I would add that from the very latest advices from home I am assured that Mary is doing much better than formerly, and that since she attested her undying love for Pat to all the world on New Year's night, her love affairs have assumed a brighter aspect, and that it is the earnest wish of all concerned that they will speedily terminate in a satisfactory manner.

Frank H. Lehman.

Midnight.

'Tis midnight in the winter drear,
 The moon rules in the clear cold sky.
 The crystals of the fleecy snow,
 Her subjects, over field and dale
 Lie silent, though a multitude.
 'Tis silent far out o'er the hills,
 Save where the breezes in the pines
 Breathe out their melancholy sighs:
 And where a brook in deep ravine
 Flows gurgling underneath the snow.
 Above, o'erhanging drifts are smoothed
 By siftings of the gentle wind,
 And form white jagged battlements,
 As feeble 'gainst the touch of man
 As man's might 'gainst the arm of God.
 But look ! that bright light in the vale
 A clear, inspiring, hopeful beam
 Shines out serene through all the night.
 'Tis like a friend whose steadfast faith
 Shines in thy life, with cheering glow,
 A ray of hope if all seem dark.

R. H. Edwards.

A Sail on the Columbia.

[T was one of those usual foggy mornings at San Francisco when our captain cried out in a shrill voice: "All aboard! This steamer for Portland, Oregon!" Everybody busied himself doing one thing or another; many were bidding adieu to relatives and friends, some watched the heavy fog across the bay, while others took a last peep at what was going on about the dock. The steamer's whistle blew, and in a few moments the vessel pulled out from its port, with all on shore waving handkerchiefs, hats and parasols to friends and loved ones on board the steamer. As we rounded the bend to pass through the famous "Golden Gate" into the ocean, the sun began to peep through the fog. The indications for fair weather looked bright on the peaceful Pacific; all were anticipating a pleasant first day on the ocean.

Everything passed off pleasantly in the forenoon, but along toward two o'clock in the afternoon the sun went down behind a cloud, the skies began to darken and the breeze kept growing stronger and stronger. Our captain evidently knew that a storm was approaching, for he ordered the top deck of the steamer cleared of all light freight, and the lower decks closed in. Now the wind began to rage and the waves, little by little, grew to enormous size. In about twenty minutes after the sun had disappeared we found ourselves surrounded by great waves and at the mercy of the rude sea. The captain knew his course well, for he did not diminish speed, and on we sailed through the high waves as if each lurch would be our last. On the middle deck there had gathered a small group of men, who, to make the stormy day seem pleasant, were telling stories. After supper very few people showed up on the decks and the storm continued all night and through the next day, with heavy rains and high winds. On the morning of our third day at sea we were awakened by the beautiful rays of the sun that stole quietly through our window, greeting us with the break of day. How joyful all were to see "Old Sol" return again after his two days' retreat! By six o'clock we were up and out

on the deck, trying to get a glimpse of the land only twenty-five miles away. In front of us, at a distance that seemed about ten or twelve miles, we could discern what afterwards proved an interesting sight. As we approached our object gradually, we could see something moving about on a rock that projected out of the water in toward the shore. When we got almost directly opposite the rock we could see quite plainly the moving objects. Our surprise became intense. "See there!" said one of the voyagers. "What monsters they are!" uttered her companion. In a few minutes all the passengers were on deck trying to make out what the moving objects were. "They are seals," spoke an old man, who from appearances looked every inch a seaman. The rock was completely covered with the moving objects, which proved, sure enough, to be seals. It was not long after our curiosity over the seals had been appeased before it was again aroused, but to a greater degree by the report that was circulated about the steamer that we would soon cross the bar into the Columbia River. What hurly-burly followed that report is almost indescribable; from the movements and excitement of the people it was evident that they knew what crossing the bar was. The captain was sought by many for advice, and especially by the weak-hearted, and a host of passengers besieged him, all asking about the same thing.

The last to approach him were two timid maids, who asked if there was any danger in crossing the bar; "no," replied the captain, "but you had better retire, so that you will not be disturbed should the steamer rub going over." The maids evidently did so, since they went hastily to the cabin. Fortunately, the bar was crossed in safety, though it has been said that vessels have been wrecked there at low tide.

Now, that we were on the river, the timid voyagers came out on the decks again to breathe more freely in the open air. Our first stop was at Astoria, a town near the mouth of the Columbia, which was founded by John Jacob Astor, from whom it takes its name. After having delayed a half hour at Astoria for putting off and taking on freight, and to take on a special pilot to steer the steamer through the intricacies of the Columbia and Willamette rivers, we again took up

our course: but through more beautiful scenery.

It was a charming spring day, and every one seemed to enjoy both the pure air and the grand scenery along the river. On either side of this great salmon bed rise, at intervals, huge masses of rock, resembling stone walls, with vines and shrubs over-hanging; here and there, a little stream of water finds an opening into the Columbia. A little further on, the river is closely hemmed in by dense trees, and now and then, a little hut is seen afar off through the more open thicket, presumably the abode of some woodcutter or fisherman.

Our attention was next attracted to the salmon industry, which lends so much importance to this beautiful stream. There were house-boats of all descriptions on the water, occupied by fishermen and their families during the entire salmon season, along the banks are the fish-mongers and fish-canning establishments. Thus, this great industry is carried on in the valley of the Columbia. Toward evening we reached Vancouver, a town situated where the Willamette River empties into the Columbia. Up the Willamette our steamer headed for its destination. It was now quite dark and at this period the pilot's ingenuity comes into play, for he is guided only by the different colored lights, projecting out of the water, to guard him against the shoals, and keeps him out of the shallows. As we entered this labyrinth, the starry skies overhead, the last rays of the setting sun in the far off horizon, and the reflections of the lights on the water, all together presented a most picturesque scene. The expert pilot stood at his post, and followed or avoided each well-known light, that signaled either safety or danger. At times it seemed that our steamer was retracing its former path so winding was the channel. As we turned the last bend in the Willamette, Portland was in sight with its lights gleaming over roofs and spires. "It is almost nine o'clock," said one of the officers speaking to an impatient passenger; "we will reach Portland very soon, now." "Portland! Portland!" cried out the watchman as the ship moored at port. The usual confusion at landing followed, and all dispersed for a night's rest after a pleasant three days' journey.

Paul M. Nash.

The Old and The New.

BETWEEN the Harlem and Hudson rivers, about ten o'clock on the last evening of the year, I closed my office door and went to my chamber, thinking and hoping that I might get one night's rest in the disappearing of the old and the appearing of the New Year. Night after night and day after day, I had been going from patient to patient until it seemed that there was to be no rest for me. My mind had grown wearied by thoughts that lingered with my suffering and dying patients. Yes! dying, some from age, some from disease over which no power of man or sience could prevail.

I lay down and was almost in a land of peace when the hall clock struck eleven. Then followed a sound of hasty footsteps and the jingling of the office bell. I answered the call because it was duty.

"Good evening, doctor. I am sorry to interrupt at this hour," said Mr. Frank Hollister. "Irene, my wife, is very ill tonight. Her mother said, 'Come at once.' My father also is much worse than he was this morning when you were there."

"All right sir. I'll be ready in a moment," I replied. "Step in and have a seat until I am ready to go."

Frank entered the office. He seemed to be in deep trouble as he took off his hat and stepped across the room to where a large sofa was standing. Seating himself upon it he sighed and brushed back a wealth of auburn hair. I hurriedly looked through my medicine case and instrument bag to be sure that I had everything that was necessary. As if in a dream I took my long blue cloak from the rack and throwing it over my shoulders, I said, without thinking of Mr. Hollister's presence, "The old man will never see the light of the New Year."

To my surprise I heard this response: "I fear he will not live until I return."

"Come, Frank, let us hurry. I shall do all in my power to make him live," were the only words that I could say to cheer him.

At half-past eleven o'clock Mrs. Hollister was resting quietly.

Then I entered Mr. Albert Hollister's room just across the hall. His dimmed eyes looked at me wistfully and pitifully. He was unable to speak. Speech was not needed. I could read the old man's thoughts from his glazing eyes. As I looked at him his face grew whiter and whiter. His eyes began to sink in their sockets. I saw that death was calmly creeping over the old man's brow. I could do nothing to save him. He was facing what we all must face.

I turned from the dying man and sat in an arm chair before the glowing open fire. Frank crept softly into the room and before looking at his father, he said, "Doctor, how is he." My silence was a sufficient answer. He knelt by the bedside and said, "Father, those cheeks of yours, that once were rosy will never flush again beneath your silvery curls." No reply was returned to these words. The son took the white, thin hand in his and continued: "Father, dear father! Can you not speak one word to me?" The words trembled through his quivering lips as he bent and kissed his father's forehead. Then drawing back, he said:

"I shall see you again, my dear old dad. Good bye!"

Frank threw himself on a divan. A jar of the window called my attention to the beautiful moonlight night. The frost gleamed like snow on the neighboring roofs. Under the cold glitter of the stars all lay steeped in quietness. But soon arose joyful songs from the neighboring churches. The organ's pealed gloriously. The mellow voices with sweet sounding instruments swelled my lonely heart with happiness. This sweet, solemn music grew lower and lower. I turned to the old man, He faintly closed his eyes. I felt for his pulse: it had ceased. I pulled the spread from his breast and put my ear near his heart. Not even a throb could be heard. It was silent as a stone. He was dead!

The father had breathed his last breath with the last note from the organ; his spirit left with the last sweet tones of music.

In a moment I was doing what experience had taught me. To cheer me on, shrill whistles came from the Harlem River boats and from the west came the panting of the Hudson River ferryboats. Then

from far and near came the clear, sweet chimes of the merry, clanging bells. Here and there the guard dogs howled and bayed as if to measure the time of the musical bells. From windows of houses and flats came the mingled shouts of little children in joy for the happy New Year. Everything seemed to be in action. I felt as if the jangling noise would shake the earth. Soon it began to die away and again rise to its utmost pitch. Then it grew louder and fainter. At last I could only hear a low murmur sounding far away. When the clock struck one, not a bell was heard. Then I saw a mother's first babe lying by her side. The pictures were stamped on my memory—the Old and the New. I shall always hear that charming music, soothing the Old Year peacefully to its rest: those loud clamors, cheering the New and giving it hearty welcome.

J. Corbin Pierson.



A Hero.

NEAR the boundary line of New Mexico and Colorado there is a little railroad town called Raton, and it is known as the busiest little centre in New Mexico. The Santa Fé Railroad has located one of its largest repair shops here and the town presents a typical picture of the many phrases of railroad life. A few miles below the town there is one of the longest tunnels on the road, having one entrance on the New Mexico side and the other in Colorado. The tunnel had been lately completed and there was much work to be done about the approaches. Every morning the laborers were carried to their work on flat cars drawn by an old freight engine and were brought back in the same manner at the end of the day. The engineer was a kind hearted old man who had a little eight year old son of whom he was very fond. The boy was called Little Jim and he would often ride with his father in the engine to the place of work. All the workmen got to know him and all felt a personal interest in him. He had received an injury during his infancy which had left the upper part of his body partially paralyzed and he had never been really well since. The pure mountain air was a pleasant change from the dirt and smoke around the car shops at home and seemed to give him new life.

One day he went along with a gang of workmen which had been sent ahead to clear away the underbrush which grew thickly on both sides of the track. They had taken a hand car with them and were to work towards the town. They expected to finish the work before evening so they did not intend to return to the main gang and ride home with them but would reach there on the hand car. Little Jim soon found it rather dull watching the men work, so before they had gone very far, he started to walk back and join the rest of the men. The blackberries which grew so thickly on the sunny hillsides tempted him, so he left the track to gather some. He had walked farther than he thought. After he had reached a place on the hill where they grew abundantly and had eaten his fill, he lay down in a sunny spot and went to sleep. How long he slept he did not know but when he woke up the sun had already disappeared behind the range in the west, and

it was getting darker every minute. Being much alarmed he jumped up and made his way as fast as possible to the place where the workmen had last been. To his dismay he found everything deserted and put away for the night. He was in the utmost despair and visions of spending the night in the desolate mountains were flashing across his mind. He was about to go to a shed where an old switch engine, which was used to move the dump cars back and forth, was kept, when his attention was suddenly called to a man's head and shoulders showing out of a thicket near the track about a quarter of a mile below him. His first thought was to run to him, but the man's actions and appearance made him suspicious. He was peering carefully up and down the track and was soon joined by another man. Together they slowly emerged from the thicket, keeping a sharp lookout all the while.

Little Jim was seized with fear and doubt. He thought at first they were tramps but their actions were so peculiar that it completely unnerved him. They had started towards him and had now reached the shed where the switch engine was kept. As he saw them tampering with the lock which secured the doors, the meaning of it all flashed upon him in an instant. He remembered the stories of the train robbers and he now did not doubt that these two men were some of them. He dared not move, so trembling from head to foot he awaited developments in his hiding place, from which he could command a view of all that took place. It was not a difficult matter for the robbers to batter down the light wooden doors of the engine shed, nor did it take long for them to kindle a fire under the boiler of the engine. The water which remained in the boiler had not had time to cool since the workman had left, so it was not long before Little Jim heard the hissing of steam and saw light wreaths of smoke curling out of the smokestack. He knew the engine would soon be ready for whatever the robbers had in hand. Presently he saw the engine move slowly from the shed with both men in the cab. It was stopped at the switch and the men set to demolishing it in order to let the engine through. This was not a difficult matter and they soon had it on the main track. The robbers now stood examining their watches carefully. Little Jim was now aware of their

object in an instant. He remembered that the "overland limited" was due in Raton about this time. The switch engine was facing toward the direction from which the train was to come, and the boy had no doubt that the robbers had planned a collision. He did not have time to wonder what their next move was to be for one of them now mounted the cab, and he saw him open the throttle a little way and then jump from the engine. She moved slowly ahead in the direction where Little Jim was hiding. The child knew pretty clearly what the robbers were planning. He knew they had planned to wreck the "overland limited" the most important train on the road and that many lives would be lost, to say nothing of the property. Something desperate must be done to save the train. With this thought a new strength seemed to seized the child and as the engine was moving by him—still quite slowly—he made a quick dash from his hiding place and seized one of the steps. By a supreme effort he got into the cab. His first thought was to gain the throttle; this he did by a desperate effort, and pulled it wide open. None to soon, however, for the robbers had seen what had taken place and a fusillade of bullets were now riddling the cab. Little Jim had fallen exhausted to the bottom of the cab and so escaped unharmed. The robbers had pursued the engine for a short distance but it steadily gained on them and when Little Jim had courage enough to look out of the cab they were far behind. He was thankful to have escaped this danger but he knew the worst was to come yet.

The robbers plan was this. In the Colorado side of the tunnel the track has a very steep incline towards it. When a train is running at a very high rate of speed it is almost impossible to stop on this incline. The robbers had planned to have the switch engine meet the "overland limited" upon this incline at a place where there was a dangerous curve and a steep embankment. Although the switch engine would be much the lighter, still striking the heavy train at a slight angle, the chances would be that the train would be thrown from the track. If this did not happen, probably some other accident suited as much to the robbers' purpose would. The telegraph wires, which follow the track

quite closely here, would be very apt to be cut by the robbers who were in ambush close by. They would thus have plenty of time in which to do their plundering, for no message concerning the train could reach Ralton and it would take a party an hour or more to reach the place of the collision which it might start out to investigate. It was a cleverly planned attack and if everything had turned out as the robbers had planned it would have undoubtedly proved successful.

When Little Jim had recovered from his fright he realized all this and knew that his only hope of preventing it was to reach the top of the incline and then to rely on his being seen by the engineer of the approaching train before it had commenced its perilous descent. To do this he resolved to use his utmost courage and strength. When the bandits started the engine off they had planned to have her run at a moderate speed, so that the steam would not be exhausted before she should meet the expected train. The speed at which the engine was going since Little Jim had pulled open the throttle would not be maintained long unless the fire was replenished. The boy had been with his father on the engine enough to understand fairly well how one should be managed, so now with all his strength he began feeding the fire with chunks of coal. He would occasionally look out of the cab to see ahead and get some fresh air, and was encouraged to see that the speed was not slackening. Soon the heavy throbbing of the engine told him that they were working up the incline; at first he was encouraged at this, for there would be every hope of saving the train, but as the grade became steeper he saw to his dismay that the speed was becoming slower. With a desperate energy he began to shovel in the coal, for if the heavy express train should once get started down the grade all hope of saving her would be lost. Little Jim was too absorbed in his task to notice how the engine was responding to his efforts. He suddenly heard something, however, which made him rush to the window. It was the screeching whistle of the "overland limited," seeming louder and more terrible as it echoed and vibrated amongst the mountain gorges. He could not see how near it was, for a big curve hid the track for quite a distance beyond. The severe

exertion had long since told on the child's frail physique, but he resumed with desperation his work at the fire box. His face was covered with great drops of perspiration and his breath was coming in short gasps. He was about to give up in despair when he noticed something which sent a thrill of joy through him. The engine was surely going faster. The straining and throbbing had ceased. Little Jim relaxed his efforts for an instant and looked out; trees and other objects were moving rapidly past; the top of the incline had been reached, but none too soon, for just then the express train rounded the curve. Little Jim knew that the time had come for his last and supreme act. With frenzied determination he pushed in the throttle and applied the brakes. So intent had he been upon saving the train that he had not thought of his own safety, but when he looked ahead for an instant and saw the glaring headlight and heard the terrible thundering of the approaching train, a look of terror was on his face and a shudder shook his exhausted frame; then he sank to the bottom of the cab. The engineer of the train had immediately reversed his engine when he saw the switch engine, so the speed was considerably slackened when the collision came. However, they had met with great violence. The switch engine was completely derailed and thrown on her side, while the front of the express engine was badly damaged, but otherwise, with all her crew and passengers, escaped unharmed.

When they had hurried back to the switch engine they were amazed at what they discovered. It was a small child, not disfigured nor mutilated, but lifeless. Tenderly they carried him back to the train, which then proceeded on to Raton. There he was immediately recognized, but when the strange story was told of how he met his death all his friends were greatly mystified. The workman by whom he was last seen knew only that he had started to join the main gang, and so had ceased to think about him. It was too dark to make any investigations that night, but early the next morning a party started out. They found the broken lock on the door and the demolished switch. But surely no child could have done such work as this. Ah!

It must have been some of the train robbers which they knew were then in that part of the country. But how came Little Jim in the engine? Perhaps the robbers had discovered him and had thrown him in there, expecting that he would be killed in the collision and thus destroy any possible evidence of their crime. It was, indeed, a puzzling case, and though the party spent the entire morning in trying to find some clue, they had to return to Raton disappointed. Everybody was much grieved at the child's death, and it was much talked about long after the accident, but no further attempt was made to solve the mystery. So the name of Little Jim, the one who had labored so heroically and who finally gave his own life to save a train with its many passengers, passed into oblivion.

John F. Ferry.



“New Developments.”

IT IS in the heart, if not to say in the power of every man to try in some measure to revolutionize society, or at least attempt to modify some branch of it. We all, I may say, are aspirants of fame, wishing like the old Romans crowns and statues while living and a fit eulogy when dead. I once had a friend so solicitous for his own glory and so eager to rank with the heroes and philosophers who had gone before, that he brought himself to an untimely and pitiable end, and now lies with his kin 'neath the green sward, unhonored and unsung.

He believed in two great theories which he was resolved to create into conditions, and had he but lived I have no doubt that he would have accomplished his end. He wrote a volume to effect these conditions which were to-wit—that the whole system of mastication and assimilation of food as now in vogue is radically and absolutely wrong, and the rules now governing society degenerating and abnormal to the average intellect. These themes, startling as they may at first sight appear, he unflinchingly resolved to place before a long suffering public, to be swallowed and digested as a dose of castor oil or nerve tonic.

He started out in his work to show the absurdities of the present system of etiquette in regard to eating. Let me quote from his volume :

“The utter extremes and limitations,” he begins, “which the American people of to-day are setting upon the knife, fork and spoon are indeed becoming ridiculous. In a late edition of a book on etiquette, I read that all soups, ices and after-dinner drinks should be taken with a fork, while officials in the American navy are advocating the use of the spoon for eating hardtack. Now, I propose an entirely new and original system and one which will save great expense and trouble. For instance let all large families live on what shall be known as my can system. All families of six or more shall introduce into their homes in place of rare china and scolding, irritating cooks, a quantity of can goods put up by any well known firm and duly labeled for every member of the family ; for instance, as Mollie likes corn she should

have a can of corn. Susie is very fond of chicken salad, so let her have a can of the salad and label it with her name. Last of all, the baby will have a can of warm condensed milk, and thus every member of the family will have what he or she likes best. In case any become tired or sick of their cans, they may easily exchange with their neighbors by simply changing the labels.

I suggest in large families a trolley system be used, conveying food from the kitchen to the dining room and worked in the same way as the change system now employed in large stores.

For instance, anyone may write out what he wishes, drop the slip on his plate and send it flying to the kitchen and in a few moments his plate will return laden with bounties.

I have also compounded capsules, each containing the amount of food nourishment required to support a person for a day. A third of one of these capsules may be taken in place of the usual meal, giving the same amount of nourishment as a cup of coffee, eggs on toast and a fried cake. By this system there would be no exertion required in eating, and all effort expended in working the jaws would then be saved and help to strengthen the tissues of the body."

The second part of his work, although to my mind not as original as the first, still may be of interest to some of my readers.

He goes on to say in reference to the rules now governing society that the world at large is fast generating. Swell talk has become so prevalent in society circles that no chance is left for philosophical discussions. He asserts that we would fast approach the millennial shore if instead of the small talk now used, a calendar of conversation could be framed similar in form to the church calendar, giving topics of conversation for each day in the year on some matter of public interest. These topics, subjects to change, would be published in all the newspapers, and policemen and detectives employed to see that all talk for the day outside of business should center upon these topics, and these alone. As to the weather, anyone speaking of it should be considered guilty of a heinous crime and be excommunicated from all good society. In meeting a person on the street you would simply say, "Good Morn-

ing! have you used Hicks' Almanac?" and pass quietly along. In place of all H. O. signs and Hood's Sarsaparilla, such notices as these would appear. "Hicks' is the best." "Use Little John's Food Pellets" and the like.

I have no idea but that if my friend's volume had been published, we to-day would have reached his advanced age of thought, but be that as it may, let me urge my patient reader to bear with him who has gone before and cherish his name and memory for all time to come.

Edward L. Skinner.



An Incident in Lincoln's Journey to Washington as President-Elect.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was on his way to Washington as President-elect in the year 1861 he stopped at Philadelphia. During his stay there he hoisted the flag on Independence Hall. His journey from Philadelphia to Washington was already marked out for him. He was to proceed to Harrisburg, via the Pennsylvania Railroad, and from there he was to go on the Northern Central through York and Baltimore, and so on to Washington.

He left Philadelphia in the evening and arrived at Harrisburg the following morning, where he was very enthusiastically received by the Legislature. He took dinner with about twelve other gentlemen, among whom were Governor Curtin, Col. Thomas Scott, Col. W. H. Gamon and Col. Sumner, at the Jones House.

The dinner was very pleasant and proceeded very agreeably with Governor Curtin acting as the genial host. Although Mr. Lincoln talked freely, still there was visible a trace of sadness in his frank, expressive countenance that showed all how profoundly he appreciated the grave responsibilities he was about to assume. Everyone seemed to feel that he had forgotten the exceptional honor of the position of a President in the solemnity and peril of his new duties.

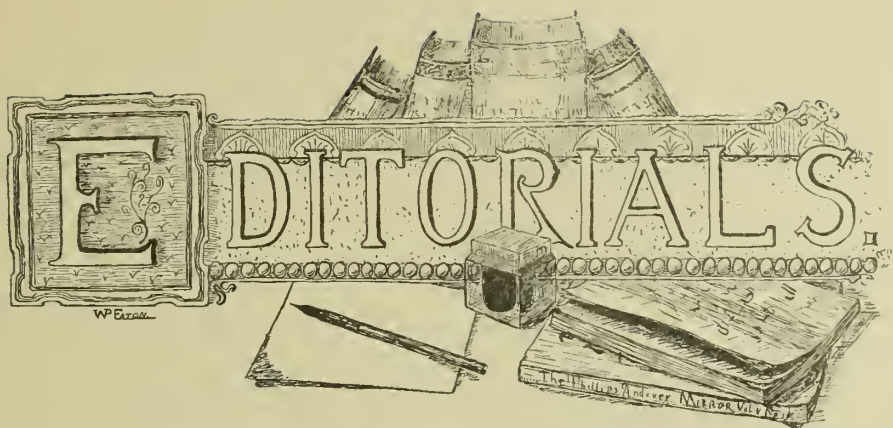
While everyone was intent on the enjoyment of the dinner a telegram was brought in by a servant and quietly handed to Governor Curtin. The interruption caused no special attention until a cloud of despair forced itself on the face of the Governor. There was an ominous and expectant silence while he read the message, which was from Gen. Scott and Senator Seward, the new Secretary of State. The message stated that Lincoln could not pass through Baltimore alive on the following day, and asked that he change his route and program. Everyone except Lincoln seemed appalled, but he was, outwardly at least, the calmest man in the party. The gentlemen present all urged him to comply with the telegram and to change his

plans and steal secretly to Washington. To this Lincoln replied: "What would the people think of their President's stealing into his capital like a thief in the night?"

Instead of further suggesting a change in his route the guests followed Governor Curtin, and commanded. Lincoln was informed that the time and manner of his journey had passed beyond his direction. To this he silently acquiesced. Col. Scott suggested a new route and program, which was accepted. Their first thought was to avert suspicion, so a carriage was ostentatiously called for Governor Curtin and President Lincoln. They left the hotel together, entered the carriage and ordered the driver to take them to the Executive Mansion, although that was not their destination. Col. Scott at once hurried to the Pennsylvania Railroad station, had the track cleared to Philadelphia, and got a special engine with a car attached ready. Col. Scott then had every telegraph line that entered Harrisburg shut off. By this time the President and Governor Curtin had arrived at the station. Lincoln and Col. Gamon entered the car and were soon speeding on their way to Philadelphia, where they arrived in time for the President to take the midnight train for Washington. and Mr. Lincoln, who was believed by all to be in Harrisburg, woke up the next morning at the National Capital. As the train entered Washington depot the telegraph wires were restored, and the first news that flashed over the wires was the safe arrival of Abraham Lincoln at his Presidential headquarters.

Drolah.





Conducted by Ray Morris.

A MATTER OF ETHICS.

TOUCHSTONE, in "As You Like It," defines clearly seven ways of disagreeing with your neighbor, beginning with the "retort courteous," and ending with the "lie direct," but the average reader would say that the fifth cause, which the jester is pleased to call the "countercheck quarrelsome," comes near enough to giving the lie so that it would at least be risky, unless the other fellow was a good deal smaller than the average reader. And it seems to us that the question of property rights can be bounded by very similar lines. A, for example, calls ostentatiously on B with the intention of borrowing a book, but finding B absent, he abstracts the desired article from the shelf with the intention of rendering it up to its rightful owner on demand. Let us follow Touchstone in our analogy, and call this the "pilfer courteous." But it may be that A, calling on B, finds him the exuberant possessor of a dozen lead pencils, whereupon he would immediately take one, with a somewhat sarcastic air, and without the intention of returning it. This should be called the "pinch modest." Now if B, being of a morose temperament became offended at this, he would presently repair to the room of A, and wilfully and maliciously appropriate A's pet ruler. This may be called the "swipe churlish." A,

missing his ruler, now calls on B when the latter will unquestionably be out, and makes himself in an informal way the possessor of [1] two more lead pencils; [2] the ruler; [3] a new copy of "Puck" which B carelessly left on the table, and [4] any other small articles at once portable and useful. This is the "clean-out valiant," and presumably involves a stacked room for its reply, which will in turn probably terminate the depredations, for we cannot get the other three grades without attracting the attention of the faculty.

UNDER which of these five grades should we place the man who think that the papers are put in the Reading Room so that he can take them out again? It is not the "pilfer courteous," because nothing is further from his intentions than to return them again, and even if he should, he has stolen their newness. We cannot call it the "pinch modest," because there are no duplicates, with the exception of one paper which nobody ever steals. Neither is it as light an offence as the "swipe churlish," because if A is in the imminent necessity of drawing a straight line, he can rule with his hockey stick, or the edge of a book. So we must call it at least a "clean-out valiant," and multiply it by something over 350, to indicate the number of persons affected. Now if you multiply the value of a pilfered "Harper's" by the number of people whom it affects, in round numbers, the results are at once accurate and surprising. If the soulless wretch should steal \$122.50 from anybody but the Reading Room, he would find it expedient to leave school immediately or sooner, yet that is the loss to the school which one swiped thirty five cent magazine entails.

WE saw a curious thing, the other day. A man who had contributed rather generously to the subscription at the beginning of the year, adapted a new copy of "Truth" as a chest protector, or it at least disappeared from the room at the same time that he did; we know, because we were waiting to read it. If that same man finds "Truth" essential to his happiness, why did he not subscribe to it personally instead of going into two or three combines at the beginning of the year.

and, in all, paying as much or more than its subscription price? There is no ethics about this combine business; it is common sense. If a man chips in, say with ten other men, and then takes the paper out, he is cheating them just as much as if he had chipped in with them for a dinner, and then come early and eaten it all himself. And does he not see that it is much better to subscribe nothing at all than to subscribe to a paper and then take it from the Reading Room? In the first case, some one else will subscribe to it, but in the second case no one can, and the school is deprived of it absolutely.

“THIS is all very well,” says the chronic swiper, “but if I do not get it, some one else will, and I might have it just as well as he.” And as long as this kind of popular sentiment exists, the Reading Room Association might as well take unlimited copies of one publication, so that every one might have one:—which is exactly the same thing as everybody subscribing personally, and there being no such thing as a Reading Room. So we wish that swipers would make a mental note of these two facts: first, that the value of a ten cent paper to the school is about \$35, a twenty-five cent paper, \$87.50, and a thirty-five cent paper, \$122.50, and second, that by taking out any paper at all, he is merely signifying his approval of abolishing the Reading Room, and taking a step towards the accomplishment of it.

THE CLASS OF '97.

But two terms remain upon the '97 class calendar until we shall be scattered far and wide throughout the country. Some of us may never see the old chapel again, and none of us shall ever experience again that unutterable, uncomprehensible feeling of joy which comes over one who has awakened at the twenty-five minute bell and has just fifteen minutes to dress and get to chapel. As we look back at the record of our class we find we have many achievements to be proud of. Ninety-seven was the first class to see the folly of the old cane rush and to substitute instead a class base ball game with no restrictions as to the length of each inning—noble forethought! The first inning last year

took one and a half hours. By some meditative and prudent persons it may be wondered what the old cane rush really was if the present base ball game is a *modification* of it. But we assure them that it is a much more respectable way to conduct class rivalry, and it has the undeniably attractive feature of allowing a dozen cane rushes to be held in a more legitimate manner than was the one of former years. However, '97 has done more for the school in other ways than even the base ball game. During this year, and chiefly through the efforts of '97, Andover and Exeter have come together in a truer and better rivalry than ever before, and one which we hope may be kept up long after the class of '97 has passed from under the fostering arm of Mother Phillips and its record and achievements are almost forgotten. The class track tournament is also due to '97, as are also the class book and system of voting by printed ballot in school meetings. They are all excellent customs and should, and probably will, be kept up by succeeding classes. Ninety-seven has not graduated yet by any means, and there is plenty of time for her to amend many of the customs and strengthen several of the school institutions, but up to the present time '97 deserves the earnest congratulations of her friends.

“And so, as Tiny Tim observed,
God bless us, every one.”

The prize of ten dollars, offered by the editors for the first contributor to obtain a score of fifteen points, has been awarded to S. Harold Stone, '97, who has seventeen points to his credit. Honorable mention is made of E. L. Skinner, '98, who has fifteen points. F. H. Lehman, '97, and J. F. Ferry, '98, have been elected to the Contributing Board.

The Month.

Conducted by R. H. Edwards.

NOV. 4th. Andover defeats Williston in a very one-sided contest : score, 44-0.

Nov. 5th. Advisory committee reports in favor of an Exeter game.

Nov. 7th. Andover defeated by Yale Freshmen, 42-4.

Nov. 14th. Andover defeats Exeter in a spirited game on the home grounds, by a score of 28-0. Attendance, 4,000.

Nov. 24th. Andover loses to Lawrenceville in football after a pluckily fought contest ; score, 4-12.

Nov. 24th. Latin Commons wins street team championship from Phillips street, score, 6-0. F. L. Quimby received the cup for best playing in the Exeter game, given by P. S. '97.

Dec. 9th. Elmer Chickering chosen '97's photographer.

Dec. 10th. The following men who played in the Lawrenceville and Exeter games received football suits : Barker (captain), Elliot, White, Burdick, Schreiber, Swift, Bartley, Pierson, Ellis, Holladay, Wheeler and Quimby ; sweaters were given Clemons, Funk and Gordon ; Gould received a cap and sweater.

Dec. 16th. Inquiry elected the following officers : Pres., O. F. Gardner, '97 ; Vice Pres., W. A. Paige, '98 ; Cor. Sec., G. W. Babcock, '98 ; Rec. Sec., Hugh Satterlee, '98 ; Treas., A. M. Webb, '97.

Dec. 17th. P. A., '97, elected officers for winter term : Pres., W. T. Townsend ; Vice Pres., C.W. Cady ; Sec., J.W. Jameson ; Treas., J. R. Locke.

The following men received second sweaters : Wallace, Cady, Roberts, Simmons, Keppelman, Abbott, Young, Boynton, Rogers, Wheeler, Leaman and O'Brien.

Dec. 18th. Philo elects following officers: Pres., A. H. Richardson, '97; Vice Pres., E. L. Skinner, '98; Sec., Hugh Satterlee, '98; Treas., E. A. Stebbins, '98.

Forum elects officers as follows: Pres., J. H. A. Symonds, '97; Vice Pres., T. H. Ficke, '97; Sec, Keith Smith, '98; Treas., A. A. Thomas, '97.

Dec. 23d. School closed for Christmas vacation and convened again on Jan. 6 at 9.30 a. m.

Jan. 9th. P. A., '98, elected officers: Pres., E. L. Skinner: Vice Pres., J. J. Hughes: Sec., Keith Smith; Treas., C. R. Aldrich.

Manager A. A. Thomas publishes his baseball schedule.

Jan. 11th. Commandress Mrs. Ballington Booth delivered an address in the chapel.

P. S., '98, elects following officers: Pres., R. Howard; Vice Pres., E. L. Wentz: Sec. and Treas., T. C. Schreiber.

'97 elects class day officers: Orator, A. H. Richardson; Poet, W. T. Townsend; Prophet, Ray Morris; Historian, George Lauder; Statistician, A. A. Thomas.

Jan. 12th. George Perley Elliot, '99, was elected football captain for the season of 1897.

P. S., '97, elects officers: Pres., E. H. Clark; Vice Pres., George Lauder, Jr.; Sec. and Treas., Jos. Winterbotham, Jr.

Dark blue and light green were chosen as the class colors.

Jan. 16th. The officers of P. A., '99, elected: Pres., Ferris: Vice Pres., Jones: Sec. and Treas., Moorhead.



Conducted by W. T. Townsend.

A SKETCH.

His name was Roger. We were not acquainted with him, and there was no particular reason why we should have noticed him any more than any one else in the crowd which thronged the dock, as the "Normannia" was getting ready to slip off to Naples or Alexandria, or some such out of the way place which does not matter in the least. But he presented to us one of those more or less simple problems which every true Yankee of an American instantly takes it upon himself to solve, at sight. The game was this. The promenade deck of the "Normannia" was about twenty feet above the dock. On the dock was Roger, his father and his aunt, relationships which became evident *primo facie*. On the deck were Roger's mother and sister, as even a German would have discovered at a glance, and another family party which one would have said to be friends rather than relatives. The latter group included a sweet little girl about Roger's age. Roger had just purchased a small

bouquet which was intended for his mother, but which refused to be thrown to the required height, and the "Normannia" had taken in all her passenger gang-planks, so that the only remaining means of communication was the slippery freight slide which was kept out waiting for the mail. In our superior knowledge of the world, we should have hunted about the dock for something small and heavy; found nothing, and then placed a penny in the bouquet, which would have fallen out as soon as we threw it, and landed us in the water between the ship and the slip, with the bouquet. But Roger was a little younger, not so very much, but enough so that he approached problems from the easy end instead of the hard.

He had been a little white about the gills; almost teary, in fact, ever since the first gang plank came in, which increased somewhat his worth in the eyes of the public, for when we go to see a steamer off merely for the love of the thing, we feel that we have been cheated by

the company unless somebody is a little dewy. And when a little red and white striped flag with white stars on a blue field up in one corner, was produced, and waved defiantly at the obtrusive German colors at the stern, which were altogether too bold, Roger could scarcely look at it, but kept his eyes riveted to the one particular corner of the dock where there was absolutely nothing to look at. But then the bouquet inspiration entered his head, and after several vain attempts to throw it, he went up the mail slide like a rocket, much to the surprise of the German sailors, who do things deliberately. The quartermaster at the head of the bouncing department got after him immediately with what I suppose were wicked German words, but he could not prevent him from perpetrating another farewell in excruciatingly plain sight. He also stopped for a word with the sweet little girl, and then suddenly kissed her; evidently another inspiration, and quite unexpected by all concerned. Then he slid down the mail plank again, with the quartermaster right astern, just as the big U. S. wagon came thundering down the long dock.

If you never appreciated Virgil's *quad-rupente putrem*, etc., just stand at the end of a dock sometime when the mail is late and the ship is waiting for it, and hear those horses come. That, and the outrageous rumbling howl of the whistle as the steamer creeps out of the slip, do more to frighten the crowd than the an-

ticipation of ten thousand miles of ocean would. But even this failed to make Roger transgress the letter of the law, so to speak, until his fool aunt put her arm around him. Anybody except a fool aunt would have known that that was one of the times when he should have been left severely alone to work out his own salvation, for no fellow fourteen years old wants to weep in the presence of his entire family and a mighty pretty little neighbor to the bargain, and there is something in an arm around one at such a time that always induces tears.

Then they made the rope fast around the first instalment of mail bags, and hustled them up the slide in fine style, the band, steam winch, and whistle starting up simultaneously, with nice precision. I think even a medium sized crocodile could have shed tears with impunity at that stage of proceedings, for the general effect produced upon the bystanders was that the winch and the band were engaged in mortal combat; the former apparently clickety clacking about the deck to keep out of the way, while the latter evidently got in many body blows, to judge from the incessant "hum bum bum bum," which was all that was mortal of the tune, while the whistle just held up its hands in amazement, and said "Oh-h-h-h-h!"

Finally the last mail bags were aboard, and the last gang-plank in; the band redoubled its exertions, which were only exceeded by those of the whistle, and the

"Normannia" slid quickly and easily out into the stream, as if to get away from all the racket, while the crowd rushed down to the end of the dock to see her turn around. Then she pointed her nose towards the Battery and slowly crawled down stream, and when I left the dock, Roger was standing on the tip end of the slip, waving a handkerchief tied on a cane to the tiny little American flag on the "Normannia," which was getting to be a mere speck of color, and weeping quite freely and picturesquely, while his father and the fool aunt hung on to the tail of his coat to keep him ashore.

R. M.

LEWIS' 'GAGEMENT.

"So, Lewis, you're going to get married, are you? Why, you have never even hinted at such a thing. Who is it, and how did it happen? Come, tell us about it."

It was while we were eating supper one fearfully cold December night last year that there came a knock at our door, and in answer to our "Come," he stalked in; a great, big darkey, black as night. We never used to turn our heads to find out who it was; long ago we had grown to recognize that guffaw and address, which he never failed to give:

"Good evenin', ladies an' gentlemen;" after which his homely face was always wreathed in smiles that easily reached from ear to ear.

"Good evening, Lewis; how's the

weather outside?"

"Pow'ful cold, sah; I'se reckons de snow 'll be twenty-fou' feet high in de mor'in'."

With this casual remark he edged over towards the stove, all the while keeping his eye on the supper table.

"Lewis, I suppose you have had your supper already?"

"Yessir, las' night;" and he seemed so amused with his remark that he broke into a series of "ha, ha!" that made the very plates rattle.

For the last two years he had been a sort of odd job man about the house, and, in consequence, had invested himself with some minor authorities. During the cold months he had always sought out our warm kitchen and warm meals, in return for which he made a good many evenings pass pleasantly with his exaggerated stories of his travels, with his plantation dances and imitations of a Chinaman or Dutchman, or, perhaps, of a railroad train or steamboat; and then he could whistle and play a harp. So, all in all, he was a jolly pastime for a snow drifted night, when we did not care to leave the warm fires.

Of course Lewis did not have any wife, that is, as yet, but it did seem that he had at last fallen victim to the sweet smiles and evils of some darkey girl, for we had been put on, so to speak, concerning Lewis' intended marriage, and now he must pay the penalty; so again we urged him to tell us about it.

"Say, Lewis, how long has this thing been going on, and you never even hinted it to us? You're a queer one." her.

Lewis' only answer was a broader grin.

"Who is she, Lewis; how old is she; is she pretty; is she fat; where are you going to live?"

"If you uns jus' let me 'lone, I'll 'temp an gib you'ns all a count of my gagement.'

As we all knew of Lewis' fondness for exaggerating and fibbing, we expected it to be intensely amusing.

"I'se jus try an gib it to you'ns in leas' words pos'ble, caus' I'se got to be gwine soon, to see my darlin."

"Say, Lewis—."

"Now if I'se to tel dis to youns, you'ns mus'n 'rupt me."

"Las week, a new niggargal comes to Missus Gordan's to wuk, an as me an Mister Gordan been inspectin aroun' fou me to enter de ma'tromal bon's, an when dis gal comes, he tuk me 'side an says to me"—

"Lewis, here's your only chance."

"An I tuk it," and he grinned that awful grin, which bespoke of his complete satisfaction of himself.

"Come Lewis, that will never do, tell us, how you happened to "pop" the question."

This bit of slang seemed to confound him for one moment, but he soon caught the meaning, and it seemed to amuse him greatly, but he agreed to go on to tell us about it.

"Well, I met dis Mis' Johnsin—that's

Golly, but she am a peach, I 'spect she weighs mos' fou hundred pounds.

While we was in de church, Mister Jordan, he come up to me, an tol' me to ask Miss Johnsing to take h-r hum.

So I went out behind the meetin house an made up a speech an got er fine.

After a while I comes back all 'pared fou my little speech and I goes up to Mis' Johnsing an says:

'Mis' Johnsing, does you think yourself worthv to walk home wid such 'onable 'scort, as to be my 'umble servant, an to 'light de path way wif sweet roses for me, Mister Lewis Williams?' "

"I hope Lewis, you didn't say that to her."

"Now if you's don't stop 'rupten' me, I'se hav to stop. Cours, I said dat to her,—don' you tink dat I was gwine to be p'lite?"

I supposed you asked her, while you walked home with her, if you might call on her."

"Yessah, an she 'pointed de nex' day at two in de afternoon. Ob cours dat 'layed my work, but I was out for dat yaller gal, sure. Well, I wen' down at two, an we wen' in de sitting room, where nobody was, dere we had a long talk. I got to tellin' her how I'se curry a hos,' an beat a carpet; an den she tol' me how she worked de clos,' and baked a pie, and when we talked on some, we foun' we

was mates, cause' she'd ben where I'se "Oh, Lizie, she says, she likes long
ben, so dat was de same. An she was 'gagements an dat we soon get married
jus' my age, so dat was de same. Den fou nex week."

her foder an mudder was dead, and so The appointed day arrived, and saw
was mine, so dat was de same. An den the happy couple before the altar.

I tought to myself, if all dese wus de same The ceremony completed, the minister
to bof of us, den we mus be made for one in accordance with the custom, stepped
an oder, an I dropped on my knees 'fore forward to kiss the bride, but Lewis
her an says, O, Lizie, here on my dropped stopped him short with the remark, "No
knees I pray's you to be mine, cause if nigger man, eber kisses my wife while I
you don t, I'se gwine drown myself, an owns her," and with that he gave her a
oh, Lizie, I can't do dat. smack that was a verible cannon report.

So Lizie says yes, an den I tried to hug So just eleven days after Lewis met
her, but my arm don't go more'n half Miss Johnson, they were made man and
roun' her wais', and so we's happy." wife, and it is a fact that they are living

"When are you going to be married a happy wedded life.
Lewis?"

M. S.



Conducted by R H. Edwards,

The Christmas time brought an excellent round of magazines with several especial holiday numbers and, taking them as a whole, the collection seems to be of higher literary worth than any other we have received this year. Our sister publication, "The Abbott Courant," opens its twenty-third volume with a very creditable number, the best of its articles being "Renewed Residence at Abbot." "The Vassar Miscellany" has a strong poem, "The Choice of Death" and "The Story of Christian" is well written.

There are several good stories and a poem on the "Yule Log" in the Lawrenceville Lit. which presents an excellent Christmas number. The "Yale Lit." and "Courant" are up to their usually high standard. One of the best stories of the month is "The Belle of Yss" in the Mount Holyoke.

UP TO DATE.

Mary took her lamb to school,
And yet it seems to me
That Mary wasn't in it,
For a horse I take with me.

Yale Record.

Build me more stately mansions, O my soul!—*The Chambered Nautilus.*

SELF, SOUL & Co., Architects:

Dear Sirs:

I find

Your "ad." in the *Nautilus* quite to my mind,

Pray build me a mansion (for plans see below)

More stately and lofty than this that I know.

Dig deep the foundations in reason and truth;

I want no pavilion—a fortress forsooth
Secure against windstorms of doctrine
and doubt;

In style—Emersonian—inside and out.
It should, sir, be double, with rooms on
each side,

For justice and mercy, for meekness and
pride,

For heating and lighting, it only requires
Faith's old fashioned candles and Love's
open fires,

Write me minimum charges in struggle
and stress,

And extras in suffering.

Yours truly,

C. S.—The Kalends.

MY FLOWER GARDEN.

In my Heart's Garden, bloom three
flowers,

Saddening, gladdening, all my hours.

And one is a Lily, queenly tall,

Worthy to grace the King's own hall,

Pure and stately, graceful, slight,

I love and watch her in her height.

Next is a Violet, tiny love,

Modest, gentle, and heaven above

Sheds her joy, her paradise

Into the little one's starry eyes.

My true love is a red, red Rose

Dipt in sunset that burns and glows.

Round her, I reel, a drunken bee,

Only in my despair to see

The sweetness of her eyes another sips,

Another drinks the honey of her lips.

At my Heart's shrine lies this lone flower,

Gladdening, saddening each watchful
hour.

Smith Monthly.

"But now no sound of laughter

Was heard amongst the foes,

A mild and wrathful clamor

From all the vanguard rose.

Six spears' length from the entrance

Halted that mighty mass,

And for a space no man came forth

To win the narrow pass."

Abbott Courant.

Tiffany & Co.

New Series of Gold Watches. An
entirely new series of superior
Gold Watches at the following
attractive prices :

FOR LADIES :

In plain 18-karat gold open face cases,
\$25.

In enameled gold cases, with enameled
dials, \$40.

In enameled gold cases, set with dia-
monds, \$70.

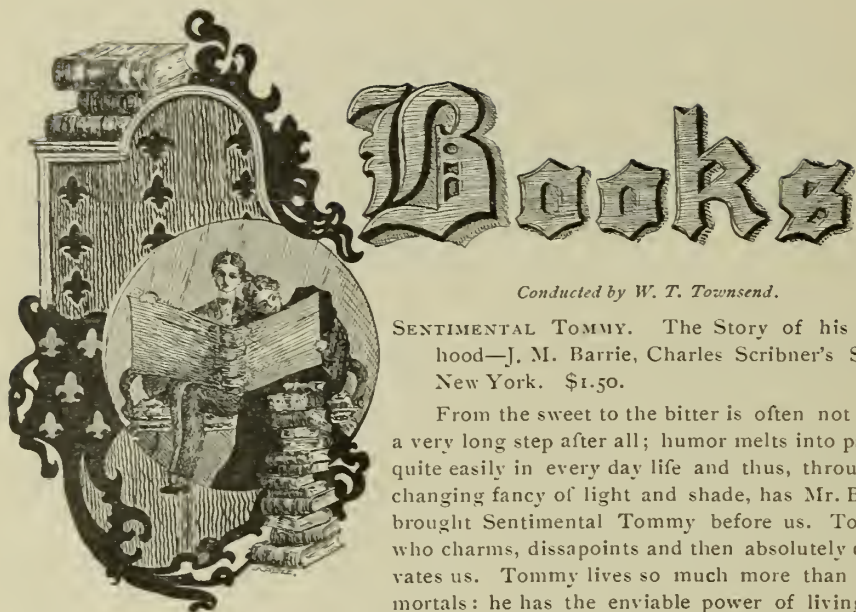
\$75 and upwards.

FOR MEN :

Extra flat open-face 18-karat Gold
Watches, \$100.

\$150 and upwards.

**UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.**



Conducted by W. T. Townsend.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY. The Story of his Boyhood—J. M. Barrie, Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. \$1.50.

From the sweet to the bitter is often not such a very long step after all; humor melts into pathos quite easily in every day life and thus, through a changing fancy of light and shade, has Mr. Barrie brought *Sentimental Tommy* before us. Tommy who charms, dissapoints and then absolutely captivates us. Tommy lives so much more than most mortals: he has the enviable power of living the life of others, or taking their inmost character and seeming to live in it, feeling their joys and sorrows almost more than even the proper owners of these feelings. A true artist is Tommy and as Mr. Barrie says, "To be an artist is a great thing but to be an artist and not know it is the most glorious plight in the world," although I doubt if it ever appealed even to Tommy in this light.

But it is not only Tommy who makes the story seem to be very real. There is poor Jean Myles, Tommy's mother. Her life so happy until the day when she had gone to the Cuttle Well to come away the betrothed of Aaron Satta and instead came away leaning on the arm of her master "Magerful Tam." From that day her life so filled with hardship, desolation and grief, shows us in a wonderfully stong picture the terrible pathos of life, Grizel too, with her loyalty to the Painted Lady, her innocence, her pride and her appreciation of a kind action is a very touching, if not a very probable figure, and one who occasionally usurps even Tommy's prominence. Let us hope that Mr. Barrie has not brought Tommy's career to an end in this book and that once again we may follow the sympathetic little figue down the highway of life. For "The Story of his Boyhood" leaves the same longing, the same curiosity to look into Tommy's future life as Mr. Cathro felt when he said, "I would give a pound note to know what he'll be ten years from now" and then Mr. Cathro was not given to risking a pound note without some pretty good provocation. T.

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The series of pleasing sketches and descriptions which this book contains shows the

Maine coast to be an ideal place for a summer's sojourn and to those who love "The Country of the Pointed Firs" for some happy memory the book brings on especial charm. Yet no one can fail to catch the beauties of the simple life of Dunnet's Landing with its salt breezes and the great rolling ocean.

The writer takes up her abode for a season in this quiet town with Mrs Todd, a genial, kind hearted, herbalist who helps the village physician to keep the people of all the surrounding country in health by distributing the herbs which she gathers from her garden and the neighboring hillsides.

The day spent on Green Island, the home of Mrs. Todd's mother with the charming old lady and her eccentric son William is one long to be remembered.

Delightful, must have been the seasons of quiet in the country school-house, broken once by the visit of Capt. Littlepage. The Bowden family reunion is charmingly described and has many touches true to life.

A pathetic interest lingers about Shell Heap Island, the solitary house of lonely Joanna, where she withdrew from the world when her lover deserted her shortly before her expected marriage. There with her family of chickens for company she spent the rest of her days.

It is late in the summer before the writer bids a reluctant farewell to her friends in the little village and watches with sadness the disappearing shores clad in "pointed firs."

E.

THE SEVEN SEAS. By Rudyard Kipling. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Whether it be on the ice-field of the North, in the jungle of India, on sea in the wildest storm, on shore under a clear sky, in pathos or in humor, Rudyard Kipling is always at home. In this collection of poems gathered under the title of "The Seven Seas" there is a variance of subject, a difference of treatment which although it may not stamp its author as the greatest poet of our age, nevertheless shows him to be probably the most versatile author of the time. In his every sentence there is strength of feeling, absolute sincerity and a certain wild freedom which, as it were, gives the reader the thought and the confidence to follow it. How he sums up the inborn American spirit, in the following quotation :

"Enslaved, illogical, elate
—He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or match with Destiny for beers."

It is not a very soulful or inspiring thought but it certainly goes right to the point and expresses it. But although the thoughts of Kipling may be expressed with strength, they may also be pictured with beauty as *L'Envoi*, which begins thus :

"When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an alon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew." *T.*

MARM LIZA. By Kate Douglass Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

The author's love for children is shown in this book as in all the others which have

come from her pen. Neglected, miserable child-life comes under the awakening and tender influences of some one who loves it and the response is made quickly.

Under the protection of Mrs. L. Cora Grubb have come two "constitutionally reluctant" twins and Marin Liza the heroine of the story. An odd heroine she is indeed for she is only a feeble minded little girl of ten or twelve and upon her has been placed the entire care of the twins who play and quarrel in the back yard all day long.

Mrs. Grubb is a woman of "views" which she makes known on all occasions when she can secure an audience and which lead her many times to ignore her domestic duties. Contrasted with her is the tasteful kindergartner who with equal enthusiasm gives herself to her happy children in her home near by.

It is interesting to watch the awakening and growth in Marm Liza and the twins as they are taken from the hard, loveless, surroundings of Mrs. Grubb's back yard and placed in the warm bright atmosphere of Mistress Mary's kindergarten.

That the book is written with an object is quickly seen and the object is effectively accomplished, but while it is not lacking in interest and has scenes which show the charming manner of the writer yet we miss in this work those strangest touches of pathos and humor which characterize her *Birds Christmas Carol*. *E.*

FOOTBALL. By Walter Camp and Lorin F. Deland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The names of Walter Camp and Lorin F. Deland are so well known in the football world that when they issue a book entitled "Football" we expect something exhaustive and decidedly excellent. We are not disappointed in our hope for their new book treats the subject thoroughly, and is in every way a work worthy of their reputation. It has caused much comment in college circles and seems to be everywhere acceptable and to receive little adverse criticism.

The book is divided into three departments, taking the subject from three different standpoints, that of the spectator, the player and the coach. The directions to the spectator include a history of the game and a clear explanation of technical terms and slang phrases used along with it. He is told just how to watch a match, also the usual physical and moral effects on the players. They are shown to be less horrible than the newspapers would have us think.

The problems confronting the captain and a thorough discussion of the individual positions with their different requirements and relations to each other, comprise the opening chapters of the second part. These are followed by general instructions for blocking, breaking through, opening holes in the line, kicking, interfering and the like, with a chapter of "donts" at the end.

The last part of the work is perhaps the most valuable, and gives a scientific and detailed discussion of coaching a team and special departments of the game. It closes with a code of rules and some oddly drawn diagrams which are of great assistance in illustrating different plays.

The binding is in red and gilt and the book is handsomely gotten up. *E.*

STORIES AND LEGENDS FROM IRVING. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is a collection, recently made, of ten of Irving's most entertaining tales, charmingly illustrated, partially with old and partially with new pictures, and attractively bound. Several of the stories are illustrated profusely with pen and ink drawings, which aids to the attractiveness of the whole. The compiler has selected more particularly the romantic and "scary" tales, and they are so placed that there is less of a sameness about them than there is with the *Alhambra* collection, for example. On the whole, the book is very neatly and prettily gotten up, and we are glad to see our old friends in such attractive clothing. *M.*

To Be Reviewed.

A PRINCETONIAN. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A., 1873.

'12.—A finely illustrated article on Gen. Henry K. Oliver of Salem appeared in the December number of "The New England Magazine."

✓ '41.—Rev. Daniel S. Rodman died Nov. 29, 1896, at Wellesley.

✓ '46.—Died at Waterbury, Conn., Jan. 16, 1897, Minott S. Crosby, a graduate of Amherst College, and Superintendent of Schools at Waterbury for many years.

✓ '46.—Francis F. Emery was born in Boston, March 26, 1830. Died at Stoneham, Jan. 15, 1897. A prominent boot and shoe manufacturer of Boston, he had been President of the Boot and Shoe Club and Vice-President of the Boston Board of Trade.

✓ '49.—Selden W. Jones, M. D., died at Leavenworth, Kan., Dec. 16, 1896.

✓ '51.—Died at his home in Andover, Jan. 10, 1897, Daniel Cummings, an expert in horticulture.

✓ '56.—Ebenezer Andrews died at Milan, O., Nov. 18, 1896.

'64.—D. McGregor Means has a paper in the December Forum entitled "Will Government by the People Endure?"

'67.—Edwin O. Childs has been appointed Middlesex County Register of Deeds.

'71.—In the December Forum appears an article by President Charles F. Thwing on "Drawbacks of a College Education."

'81.—Stone & Kimball have recently published two stories by Clinton Ross, "The Puppet" and "The Scarlet Coat."

'83.—Miss Mary D. Brewster and Oliver G. Jennings were married in New York City Dec. 16, 1896.

'83.—Frank S. Mills is giving a series of lectures to the Andover public on "Insects and Insect Life."

'84.—Francis Bergstrom of Minneapolis, Minn., has recently compiled and published a list of Yale graduates who are now engaged in the practice of law.

'84.—Grayson G. Knapp has moved to Buffalo, N. Y.

'86.—John Crosby was elected Alderman of Minneapolis, Minn., on the Republican ticket.

'87.—Charles G. Carter is a member of the Pittsburg law firm of Roberts & Carter.

'88.—T. Newton Owen accepts his call to the Clinton Av. Church, Albany, N. Y.

'90.—John P. Chamberlain is proprietor of the Seneca Woolen Mills, Seneca, N. Y.

'90.—In Lowell, Dec. 16, 1896, Miss Annie Belle Gibson was married to George B. Shattuck.

'91.—Samuel S. Yardley is engaged in recovering gold and silver from the waste of jewelry manufactories, and is located at Jersey City, N. J.

'92.—Philip R. Allen sails early in February for travel in Europe.

'92.—Peter Martin Keller is at Battle Creek Sanitarium, Mich.



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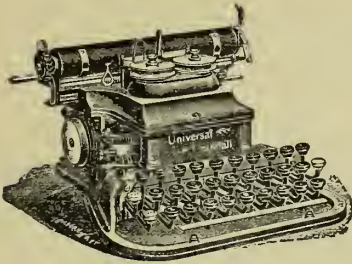
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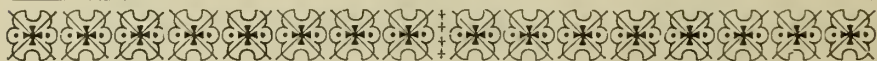


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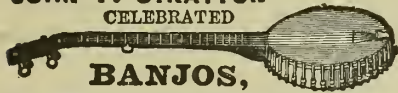
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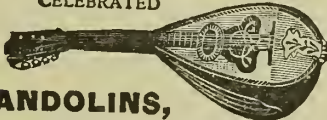
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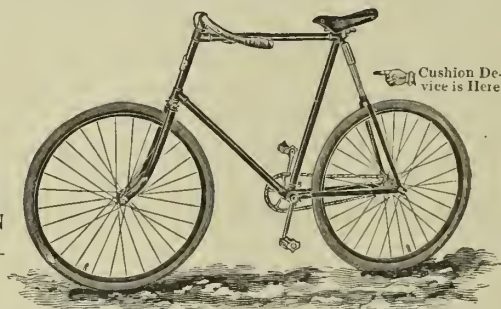
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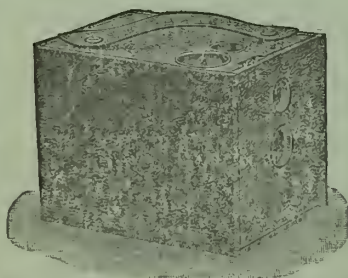
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Vol. VI. —MARCH, 1897.— No. 5.

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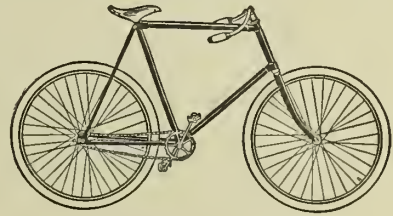
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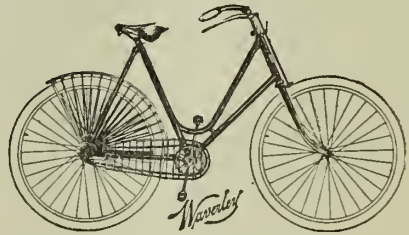
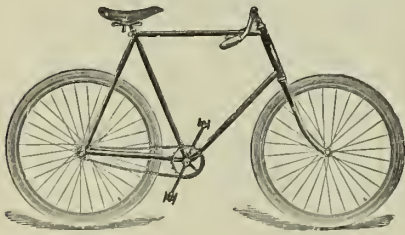
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Archie Bush—One of Andover's Worthies.

IT was in January, 1866, that Archie Bush came to Andover. He was the best base ball player in Albany, N. Y., at a time when athletic interests dominated all young men there and those athletic interests were centering in base ball. He stood nearly six feet in height and was superbly proportioned.

His reputation had preceded his coming to Andover, and the first morning when he appeared at prayers many eyes were turned toward him. On the very first afternoon the ball men got up a game on the ice at Abbott's Pond. They soon saw that Archie Bush was a magnificent player. He had not one weak point. While his position was that of catcher he could play any position, for his throwing was sure, his judgment accurate, his self-control perfect and his batting strong.

So soon as the spring opened Archie Bush, though a middler, was made captain of the school team. It was the first year of the present Academy building, and the grounds around the building were used for ball playing. His captaincy was the beginning of scientific sport in Phillips Andover. He gathered his nine, practiced them every after-

noon in the presence of the school, gave them runs toward Pomp's Pond and set up a training table. That table would probably be laughed at to-day, but it was the first thing of the kind ever attempted at Andover, and it was as good as beginnings in new lines usually are.

Archie Bush had served as an officer in the War of the Rebellion and had once led a brigade out of battle, because, adjutant as he was, there was no superior officer. As an officer he had learned how to control and direct men. That knowledge he put into use with his team.

I think I am right in saying that his team in 1866 was the first one ever to go away from Andover and play other clubs. The first game was with Tufts College. It was played in a sort of hay field and Andover found that her maiden effort away from home was a great victory.

At the close of the school year the team went to Boston, having previously challenged the two leading clubs of Boston, the "Lowells" and the "Tri-Mountains." The games were played on the Boston Common. The ground was beaten hard and there was not a spear of grass upon it. We had been playing on softer ground.

The first game was with the "Lowells," a club that had an extensive reputation, the champions of all the country centering around Boston. The only man on our team who was not rattled because of inexperience was Archie Bush. He went to bat first for Phillips and put a ball to right field that was so unexpected to the "Lowells" that he scored a home run. Then the "Lowells" woke up to the fact that they must play to beat these boys. And between their special effort and our timidity and the hardness of the grounds they did beat us. Some of our best men made mistakes that could only be accounted for by their excitement.

We were crestfallen enough that night. Andover had made its first appearance in Boston and we had not done credit to the Academy. But when we took our places the next afternoon to meet the "Tri-Mountains" we were calmer. The game we put up that day was satisfactory. No one stole a base. We closed the afternoon with a

much larger score against the "Tri-Mountains" than the "Lowells" had made against us.

Of that team of Archie Bush four afterwards played on the Yale 'Varsity and two on the Harvard 'Varsity. Archie Bush went to Harvard in the class of '71. I think that it was in his Sophomore year he became captain of the 'Varsity team. While he held the captaincy Harvard always won from Yale, and even after he had left college, perhaps in part owing to the continuance of his methods at Harvard, Yale had no show against her rival. All this was much to the regret of Yale men, who were his intimate friends, and who would have had him with them at Yale but for an unfortunate action by the Phillips class of '67, whereby letters of commendation were refused them to Yale.

It is a pleasure to write these words, for Archie Bush was an agile gymnast, a fine singer, a good story teller, and a teller of good stories. He was a popular man, and deservedly so. Everybody liked him and everybody respected him. He was a large hearted, earnest Christian, taking a leading part in the religious meetings and efforts of the Academy. No one ever heard anything but good from his life.

When he died, as he did, upon his wedding trip, in Liverpool, England, in 1877, the New York Evening Post said of him that "he was the most widely known college man in the United States." And best of all, wherever he was known, he was honored as a noble fellow and a Christian gentleman.

James G. K. McClure, '66.



The Celebration of the Shades.

The clock on the gray old South Church tower
Was pealing out the midnight hour.
The streets were cold and deathly quiet,
Not one footfall disturbed the night.
Save where some record-breaking "shark"
Was delving in Greek syntax, dark.
Andover, with her youthful brains,
Which daily run in thoughts' deep trains,
Was wrapt in sweet and calm repose.

Along the Academy's winding stairs,
Where oft some tardy sluggard tears,
Who, siezed with desperation wild,
Forsees his last demerit filed ;
Was not an echo to be heard :
Drear darkness there prevailed unstirred.
Yet listen !—now the hour is tolled
When spirits e'en can make so bold
As to neglect their epitaphs,
And venture back in wordly paths.

The painted portraits that adorn
The Chapel's walls, bleak and forlorn,
Now in the darkness, all profound,
Appeared to glimmer and to sound,
And manifest unearthly sights,
As 'twere in dim, unsteady lights
But look !—from out the gilded frames,
Step down the spirits, all, whose names
Have there so long been superscribed.

Gray Pemberton, revered and old,
The first their project to unfold,
Arose ; and in accents severe
And far too low for mortal ear,
He whispered to the motley crowd
Whose heads were in deep reverence bowed :
“We, gentlemen, to-night by fate,
Are come to earth to celebrate
The victories P. A. should have won
From Yale Fresh. and from Lawrenceville.”

Impatient then to stop for more,
Moved by their instincts as of yore,
(For there's but one way whatsoe'r
To celebrate in Andover)
Adown the steps they madly rushed ;
Their footsteps yet so quiet and hushed
That e'en the wakeful Hercules
Was not disturbed in his pose of ease.

Right through the bolted doors they passed
Nor one look at the strong bolts cast,
With many a yell of wild delight
That roused the echoes of the night.
Just as when lingering Profs. sometimes
Fail to appear at proper times,
The fellows, at the bell's first sound,
Scatter and run and jump and bound.

Now they have reached the frozen ground ;
Now stare with wonder all around ;
Now off they scamper at a pace,
That hardly could have brought disgrace
To sprinters in the quarter race—
If one may cite a common case.

The pale moonlight was streaming down
Into the streets of the sleeping town,
When in their sport with hilarious laughter,
The shades passed on yet faster and faster.
Straight down the hill to the Fem. Sem. gate
Without once slacking their furious rate.
Then rushing in on the hard, black ring,
Full many an anxious glance did fling
Up at the moon-glazed window panes,
That glimmered as with a thousand stains.

Yet see!—with spirits' eyes behold!—
The walls are no more dark and cold.
Out from the windows stream the rays
Of lamps that burned in other days
Long since, when old Smith Hall was young,
A country school, small and unsung.
The curtains now are thrust aside,
And as the spirits nearer glide,
Fem. Sems. appear on every side.

Yet not the Fem. Sems. known so well
To Andover's ambitious swell;
Nor beauteous were those faces there,
But furrowed, old and worn with care.
Yes, spirit Fem. Sems. were they too,
Who had come back to get a view—
Well, just to see the boys, you know,
And laugh at their uncanny show.

Around the circle, hard and black,
Went flying, as it were a track,
The shades; and with heart piercing cries
That almost made the dead grass rise,
In hoarsest tones, inaudible,
They yelled those yells so laudable
To all the old and withered belles
Whose fame, the Fem. Sem history tells.

And now, their prowess, they displayed,
Making the lesser lights to fade ;
Perchance by scrimmage, skill and force,
And then by strategy performe.
While thus, they played, and fought, and fooled,
Just like some vagrants, yet unschooled,
They yelled for Andover again,
Until the night wind caught the strain,
And through small crevices unseen,
Wafted it in some sleeper's dream.

The golden hands on South Church tower
Already pointed to the hour,
When on the hollow-sounding street,
Was heard the fall of a straggler's feet.
Perhaps some swain, both rude and bold,
Whose conscience badly on him told.
Nor whence, nor whither, is our care
(This is for Profs. with insight rare.)

The startled spirits quit their play,
They quit their contests and their fray ;
Bidding the Fem. Sems. parting yells,
They scampered off to their gilded cells.

* * * * *

This, then, is the reason I venture to name,
Why on the morn of the Lawrenceville game,
Those portraits on the walls forlorn
Appeared so tired and weary and worn.

Frank H. Lehman.

The Silver Tankard.

SOME few years ago, my friend Ralph Bell and I, were tramping around in Germany.

One evening late in July, we arrived at a little out of the way village, in the valley of the Rhine. While eating our supper at the little inn, we noticed a large silver tankard, standing in a cabinet which was fastened to the wall. The vessel was evidently much valued, as the cabinet had, as it appeared, been made for its reception, and the glass door was very strongly fastened by a large padlock.

Ralph was very curious about the tankard and wished to purchase it, for he had a fancy for such things. So when the landlord returned to the room to remove the dishes from the supper table Ralph immediately began to question him about the tankard and asked if he was willing to sell it. The landlord refused, and on being pressed his utter refusals led us to think that there must be some story connected with the old vessel. On our further questions the landlord told us that the cup had been in the possession of his family for many generations, and offered to tell us the story connected with it, if we would wait until he had attended to some of his guests in another room.

In about an hour he returned, and opening the cabinet, he took out the tankard, and offered it to us for inspection. It was very heavy, the entire vessel was ornamented with raised figures representing the Dance of the Valkyries, and on the front was an elaborate coat of arms surmounted by a baron's coronet.

This curious vessel, he told us, had descended from father to son from the year 1408, when it had come into the possession of the founder of the family, as a reward for great service to his master.

This ancestor, whose name was Fritz Hoffman, had been the chief steward, in the service of a powerful Count, the ruins of whose castle were to be seen on the crest of a hill about a mile up the valley. Between this Count and a Baron, who was in possession of a castle, some distance down the river, there was a family feud. This feud

had arisen a great while before their own time and the primary cause had long been forgotten, but the warfare between the two nobles had been carried on from generation to generation with unremitting energy, up to the time of the landlord's ancestor.

"During my forefather Fritz's service in the Count's family," our narrator continued, "the Baron began to make offers of peace between the families, suggesting that a more complete reconciliation could be effected by the marriage of his son to the Count's daughter. The Count, who was a peaceful man, embraced the proposition with joy, for he had long wished to stop a war, whose object had long been forgotten, but was himself, too proud to make the first overtures of a peace.

Stewards, in those times, were very considerable persons in great families, and so the stewards of both the noblemen met as ambassadors to complete the terms. It was arranged that the Count should attend a feast at the Baron's castle, accompanied by his family, and that after the banquet the treaty should be signed by the two noblemen and their heirs.

On the day appointed, the Count, accompanied by his wife, son, and daughter, set out for the Baron's stronghold. Here they were welcomed by the Baron surrounded by all his retainers, with great ceremony. In the great hall, tables were set for the feast and across the further end, on a sort of dias, there was a table to accommodate the Baron's family and guests. Another and much larger table, which extended down the hall, was placed for the retainers, for, according to the custom in those days the retainers ate in the same room as their lords.

The walls of the hall were covered with hunting trophies and arms. Behind the dias the wall was hung with tapestry, representing some of the incidents of the Crusades and especially that of the siege of Acre.

The Baron and wife sat on large carved chairs at the middle of the raised table, the Count sitting on his right, and the countess beside the baroness.

After the feast was over, the two noblemen began to discuss the terms of the agreement and after very few words, they were agreed

upon, and the Baron called to his cup-bearer for a tankard of wine. This he raised to his lips, and calling out that he drank to the reunion of the families and took a long draught. But as he passed the vessel of wine to the Count, he dropped, unnoticed, a tiny pellet of poison into the cup. The Count took the tankard, and after he had swallowed a small portion of the poisoned wine, the heavy vessel fell from his hands and he sank back in his chair, dying.

At this moment the Baron gave a signal, and all his retainers leaped to their feet and seized the Count's wife, and the rest of his family. Old Fritz, who was standing in a remote part of the hall during the ceremony, rushed to the door as soon as he saw what had happened, and fortunately for him, all the retainers were occupied in removing the prisoners, so for this reason he escaped from the hall. But when he came to the entrance of the castle he found that the drawbridge had been lifted and that the only way to get out was to swim the moat. Just as he plunged in, the gate keeper returned to his post with several men, to look for Fritz. As soon as they saw him in the water they seized their weapons and endeavored to kill him before he could climb the opposite bank, but fortunately for Fritz, the night was very dark and he escaped unharmed. At this moment, the Baron appeared, ordered the drawbridge to be lowered, and commanded several mounted men to pursue him. Fritz, who had thrown himself on the ground to recover from the exertion of crossing the moat, heard these words, and as soon as the ponderous drawbridge rattled down he slipped back into the water and concealed himself underneath the bridge. After some hours, the searching party returned and the drawbridge was raised. As soon as all was quiet, Fritz climbed up the bank and hurried to his master's stronghold. When he arrived, he called out all the tenants and related the tragedy that had occurred; ordering them all to arm themselves and prepare the castle for defence. The Baron, however, dared not attack the castle, as his force was much inferior to that collected by Fritz.

As soon as the alarm was over, the faithful retainer called the seneschal to consult with him as to what they should do to rescue the pris-

oners. It was decided that, as the Baron would have no object in further injuring any of the family, it would be best to let the matter rest for a few weeks until some feasible plan of rescue could be devised.

A few days after, the late Count's "Spruch Sprächer," or jester, came to Fritz and told him that he had a plan that he thought would be suitable. The plan was as follows: Fritz, the seneschal, the jester and seven other picked men were to disguise themselves as strolling players, and after performing some miracle plays in the adjacent villages to allay all suspicion, should go to the Baron's castle and ask permission to act before him. Then at the climax of the play, where all the actors drew their swords, they were to seize the opportunity for an attack.

This was quickly agreed to by the other planners, and the jester, who had formerly been in a company of players, immediately began to instruct the men in the parts they were to take.

Two weeks after this it was considered safe to put the plan into execution. The company left the castle as soon as it was dark, and set out for a small village about twenty miles up the Rhine. At day break they stopped at a short distance from the village and stayed all day in a deserted hut on the side of a hill. A few hours before sunset, they again started on their way, and when they arrived at the village they put up at the inn, and gave their play the same night.

The next morning they started back, giving representations at all the intervening hamlets. By the time they arrived at their own village, they found that the news of their play had reached there before them, and that there was a large crowd gathered to see their performance. On the next morning they received a notice from the Baron to give their play before him that night.

When they arrived at the castle, they found that most of the Count's servants had gone to town some distance away to attend some religious ceremony, and that there were but some half dozen retainers remaining on the grounds. The players put on their armor under their costumes, and strapped on their own swords instead of the dummies

they had used in the previous representations. The Baron and his family were watching the spectacle with great interest when the moment arrived for the actors to kill the apostle represented, but instead of seeing the players rush upon him, the Baron saw the vassals of the Count, who had torn off their disguises, leap from the platform with drawn swords and rush upon him. He leaped to his feet with drawn sword, but was cut down at the same instant by Fritz and the seneschal.

The Baroness, her children and all the servants who had gathered in the hall were killed before they recovered from their surprise. Fritz snatched the Baron's keys and hurried below to the dungeon, where he found the young Count and his mother and sister. The seneschal in the meantime had secured the Baron's horses. The released prisoners were then assisted to their mounts, and all the company hastened to the Count's stronghold.

For reward for his services the young Count gave Fritz the land on which this inn now stands and the silver tankard by means of which his father had been poisoned.

So, gentlemen, this is the way in which the tankard came into the possession of my family, and you can see why I cannot part with it."

George Lauder, Jr.



At the Schweizerhof.

PERHAPS one of the most beautiful, and at the same time one of the most famous, cities in all Europe is Wiesbaden. Situated in one of the finest parts of Germany, only a few miles from the glorious Rhine, this city is visited yearly by thousands and thousands of visitors from every part of Europe and America. Aside from its great beauty, Wiesbaden is famous for its hot springs, treatment by which is a cure for rheumatism. Though thousands come here for this treatment, yet these are easily outnumbered by the many more thousands who come, attracted by the accounts of its great beauty, and not only is Wiesbaden beautiful, but the city abounds in concert halls, pleasure places, promenades and parks, so that it is all that could be desired by a visitor.

The parks of Wiesbaden are its pride and boast. Of the many, perhaps the grandest and most magnificent is "The Kurplatz," which, situated near the center of the city, and easy of approach, presents at all times of the day a most interesting sight.

Thousands upon thousands of tourists daily enjoy the beauty and delight that abound within its gates. From the lofty stone steps that lead down to the entrance, one can easily look upon this varied throng, and if he be interested in the study of human nature, he would find enough food for reflection. So thought Richard Howard as he stood pondering before he decided to descend and mix with the crowd.

But once within that moving mass he completely forgot himself in the attractions of the place. He had wandered about for perhaps an hour, feasting his eyes upon beautiful women and his ears on charming music, until the indifferent disposition, with which he had entered the park, had given way to one of intense enjoyment.

Jammed by the crowd he finally became tired and decided to take his stand under one of the trees that lined the walk and there view the passing throng, and, incidentally to amuse himself by a favorite pastime of his, which he called "face searching." Several years of

traveling and mingling with all sorts of people had changed him from an amateur to an adept, and his occupation, from an amusement into a hobby. He had stood there for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when he noticed a most beautiful young girl and a lady, who was, presumably, her mother, coming up the walk, closely followed by a gentleman who had remarkable features. The face of the latter immediately attracted Howard's attention. He was astonished at the duplicity he saw hidden beneath a mask of handsome features. A dangerous look of villiany was very well concealed under the outward appearance of gentlemanliness.

Howard felt quite sure that he was not mistaken, as he had seen characters of this type before, and he watched the man with increasing interest. The young lady whom we have mentioned as being directly ahead of the man, attracted Howard's attention also. There was something in her carriage and bearing that seemed very familiar, but he was unable to place her. Just as the girl and her mother were about to mingle with the crowd, Howard was astonished to see the man behind them walk boldly up and deftly and skillfully snatch a purse out of the girl's hand and disappear in the crowd. The girl uttered a scream, and at the same instant Howard dashed through the crowd after the fleeing thief. All this happened so quickly that though no time had been wasted, the thief was far ahead. But Howard was something of a sprinter, and he quickly overtook his man, and grabbing him by the shoulders, held him fast until he could hand him over to a guard who had run up. It did not take a crowd long to collect, who watched amazed and breathless while the officer searched the man, and, just as the young lady came up, he pulled out a purse.

"It is mine," exclaimed the girl, joyfully taking it from the officer.

Though the mother and daughter requested the guard to let his prisoner go, now that they had received their property, it was of no avail. He said that he had his duty to perform, and off he marched the prisoner. Just as he was being led away Howard caught a glimpse of a watch charm attached to the man's chain which seemed familiar to him. But he soon forgot the incident and hastened off, that he might

be spared the embarrassment of the gratitude which the mother and daughter wished to show him.

Seated at the dinner table of the hotel "Sweizer-Hof" the next evening sat Richard Howard, reading an account of the robbery of the day before. Neither the name of the lady robbed nor of the gentleman who had captured the thief could be learned. He was about to throw down the paper when his eye caught something that made him jump to his feet in delight. Looking down the list of recent arrivals at the Sweizer-Hof, he came across the names :

Mr. Fred Eustis.

Mrs. George Eustis and daughter.

"What! Fred Eustis here! My chum; my last year's roommate at Yale. By Jove, that's luck. And his mother and sister, too. I suppose that's Adele, of whom he used to speak so often. I wonder why they are not down here," he said, glancing about the dining hall. "Well, this is a good time to visit them. I don't think I need stand on my dignity with Fred, so here goes."

Having found the room, he knocked. The door was opened, and to his astonishment he saw standing before him, sobbing bitterly, the girl whose purse he had recovered yesterday.

Greatly embarrassed, he stammered apologies for his intrusion, and attempted to withdraw. Recovering herself sufficiently, however, she invited him in. Very reluctantly he entered, greatly confused by this proceeding, and feeling that he was treading on delicate ground.

He decided that this was not the Eustis' room, but that he had made a mistake in the numbers; but now that he is here he must see it through. Then he attempted to explain why he was there, but he was interrupted by the girl, who broke out in another flood of tears and told Howard the cause of their grief. She told him that he had done them such a service yesterday and had been so kind to them, that since they had no friends here they turned to him to aid them in their sorrow, and then she asked and begged that he assist them. She told him that her brother was lost; that yesterday morning in the Kurplatz he had left

them, promising to return at noon to the hotel, but he did not come, and he had not come yet, and again she begged that he do what he could in finding her brother. Howard's heart, already touched by the girl's pretty face, was doubly touched by her pleading words, and he assured them that he would do his very best to find her brother.

"Now," Howard asked, "what is his name, and have you a photograph of him?"

"His name is Fred Eustis ; and I—."

"Fred Eustis !" exclaimed Howard springing to his feet. Then, without offering any explanation, he grabbed his hat and dashed from the room and out of the hotel. Once in the cool night air, his confused thoughts became clear, and all was now evident to him. The watch charm that he had recognized, told the story, and he now knew why it seemed so familiar.

It belonged to Fred Eustis.

The police station, except for the presence of the inspector and a lingering officer, was vacant when Howard made his appearance.

He presented his case so concisely, that the inspector was convinced that his statements were true, and had the prisoner brought out and examined.

Then Howard in company with an officer drove with all haste to the house where this man lived. The place was evidently well known to the officer, as he led him confidently from one room to another, in search for Eustis. At last they found him in an obscure corner, bound, gagged and unconscious, while he was bleeding from a wound in the arm. They carried him to the cab and drove him to the hotel, where they bore him, still unconscious, to his mother and sister. Howard did not wait to see the heart rending scene that followed, but immediately set out for a doctor.

The next morning at the breakfast table, while pondering over the affair of last night, Howard received a note :

"DEAR SIR : My brother having fully recovered, is most anxious to meet his benefactor, so, if it will not be inconvenient, we shall be glad to have you call this morning.

ADELE EUSTIS."

Howard smiled to himself as he pictured the surprise of Fred, when he should present himself.

An hour later, he knocked at their door. The sound of laughter from within stopped, and Adele, this time with bright eyes and rosy cheeks opened the door. How glad she appeared to be. She fairly pulled him into the room. "Here Fred, here's the gentleman." Fred, who had been standing by the window at the voice of his sister turned quickly about.

There was a jump, a grasping of hands, and Fred's voice: "Dick Howard! by thunder." "And you, my chum and best friend, are you my preserver? Of all wonders."

And that is the end of the story. Not quite the end, though, for about a year after, a newly married couple arrived at the Sweizer-Hof, who registered, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Howard.

Milton Simon.



Some of Nature's Color Devices.

FOR a long time naturalists have known that nature had some cunning way of shielding her creatures from observation, but it is only a short time since the underlying principle of this was discovered. In some recent numbers of a certain scientific paper have appeared articles on the subject of protective coloration by a gentleman who has given the matter much careful study and has reached a conclusion which seems so plausible that it is receiving the attention of not only naturalists but of art students as well. A short time ago this gentleman gave a lecture in Cambridge with practical illustrations on the subject. It was my good fortune to attend this lecture and what took place so interested me that I venture to tell about it here.

Many of us have doubtless had a partridge or a woodcock spring up from under our very feet, which we had not seen before, or we may have seen sandpipers on the beach suddenly disappear from sight in some unaccountable way. It can be easily seen that a wide field of speculation is open for those who would seek an explanation for these peculiar occurrences, and so, as might be expected, much interest was manifested when this gentleman, whose name was Thayer, proceeded to explain his theory. The spectators were first requested to fix their eyes upon a spot about sixty yards distant where a small brown object could be seen, a few inches above the ground. Then they were allowed to come nearer and when within twenty yards of the first object, two other ones came into view, close by. This was quite surprising, since the latter two were of the same size as the first one, and at first seemed to be of the same color. These objects were potatoes impaled on an iron rod which was fitted in a groove on the top of two upright posts, perhaps six inches high. Thus by turning the rod all sides of the potatoes could be seen. The first potato noticed had been shellaced and rolled in the soil which was under the contrivance.

It would seem that this was quite as indistinguishable as anything could be, but in contrast to the other two, which were on either side, it

stood out in bold relief. The solution of the matter was this: The two objects which were hardest to see had been made the color of the dirt on top, and this was gradually shaded lighter until it was pure white underneath. Another look at the first potato showed it to be much darker on the under part, owing to the shadow produced by the sun shining upon it. When the lighter color was substituted for the shadow, it balanced the light color produced by the sunshine, and the result was that the contrast of shade and light, by which opaque solid objects are made clear to the eye, was entirely obliterated. Now, if the color of the solid agrees with the color of its surroundings, the solid must obviously become invisible.

This, then, is the underlying law of protective coloration in animals, and may be stated thus: "Animals are colored by nature lightest where least exposed to the sun's rays, and darkest where they are most exposed."

The lecturer then proceeded to show cases where this law applied to animate objects. A very good example of it is found in the partridge, which we have referred to as so cleverly escaping detection. If taken in hand, the bird will be seen to grow lighter as the lower parts are reached, and also to be so cunningly mottled with colors corresponding with those which prevail in the thick undergrowth in which he lives, that no contrast is noticed between the two extremes of color. There are many other birds which serve to illustrate the principle beside the partridge, such as the woodcock, quail, prairie chicken, meadow lark, etc. This law applies with equal force to other members of the animal kingdom, the mammals, fishes and insects. The coloration of some birds, however, does not conform to this law, but these cases do not seem to impair its validity, since there are many birds which do not need to depend upon their color as a means of protection. For example the crow, hawks, cranes and some of the larger water fowl. Yet all these may be said to possess protective coloration in some slight degree, and this is especially the case with hawks and owls, which depend a great deal upon securing their food by their ability to conceal themselves from their desired prey.

There are many other beautiful and interesting devices in the arrangement of color which Nature uses to conceal her creatures from observation besides protective coloration proper. If we discover what effect is produced by the employment of these devices, we can see how Nature is able to color her creatures so gaudily and still not let these bright colors betray them. We will see that some very pronounced markings, which at first we should think would betray the wearer, really aid him in escaping detection. This is true of the common sapsucker. This bird has a bright patch of red on its head and neck, but its body is mottled and streaked with white and black, which makes it resemble very closely the bark of the tree on which it clings, so by the aid of protective coloration, as we have stated, he becomes invisible except for the bright red patch on the head. This then does not seem to belong to the bird at all, but looks like some red growth on the tree. In short, the effect which has been produced is this: The head and neck of the bird, which were red, appear to be detached from the body, and thus the continuity of outline has been destroyed, and we do not see the shape of the bird at all. We can easily see what a great aid this would be in escaping detection. This same thing is true of the mallard duck's green head, which seems to belong to the dark green of the reeds about him.

Many other colors apparently applied at random on the bird's body are used in a somewhat similar way. To quote Mr. Thayer: "The dark breast marks so widely used by nature on birds usually have the effect of putting out a conspicuous and shining rotundity of some bright or light color, as in the meadow lark and flicker, because it comes just where the breast, in its usual position rounds upwards, and faces the sky."

There is one other very beautiful phenomenon to be noticed in the distribution of an animal's color. "The markings on an animal become a picture of such background as one might see if the animal were transparent. They help the animal to coalesce with the background which is visible when the observer looks past him. In many birds, for instance, those colors, which would be seen by an enemy

looking down upon them, are laid on by Nature in coarser and more blotchy patterns than are the colors on their sides, so that when you look down upon them you see that their backs match the mottled ground about them; whereas, when you assume a lower point of view nearer their level and see more and more of their sides, you find them painted to match the more intricate designs of the vegetation which is a little farther off, and which, from this new standpoint of the observer, now forms the background.

There is no doubt much yet to be learned about this subject, and it becomes more absorbing as we study it. To anyone who has been in touch with Nature at all, there is a certain charm and fascination in finding out any of her many secrets. This is how naturalists now feel about the explanation of protective coloration.

John F. Ferry



Constantia.

IT was a nipping cold January night, and the magnificent full moon looked down pleasantly on the snow, as if to thank it for its share in making the trees look weird and important. The house was a couple of miles from Lowell, and the two small boys who lived there had just come out of the door with a friend, who had presumably been visiting them. It was not the main Lowell road, and the weather was much too cold for chance pleasure parties, so it was as still as still could be, until suddenly the jingling of sleigh bells was heard, and a single sleigh, drawn by a lively horse, and containing but a single occupant, drove rapidly past, and vanished from sight and sound around a turn in the road as rapidly as it had come.

"Well, if there isn't old Peter Sinclair again!" exclaimed one of the boys. "This is just the sort of a night he always gets uneasy, too." Their visitor was mystified, and explanations were in order, so the bigger one of the small boys began the story.

Didn't you ever hear about him, Billy? He is the old man who lives over on the other road, you know, and he could get to town twice as quickly by going straight in, but folks say that he never will go past Martha Coleman's house, not if you was to pay him for it. And what do you think he does when he gets to Lowell? He never so much as gets out of his sleigh, but just drives all around for an hour or so, and then comes home again. He most always goes in on moonlight nights, and doesn't say a word about it to anybody; but Miss Perkins, who takes care of the house for him, says he'll get terribly uneasy on a fine night, and then go out and hitch up the horse. She never knew where he went, until some Lowell people, who used to see him regular, told her."

"Cracked? You would think so now, wouldn't you, But they say he's the smartest old fellow in these parts, and that's the only queer thing he ever does."

Meanwhile, the sleigh was flying on. It was really gorgeous

sleighing, but the solitary driver did not seem interested by it in the least. He did not move a muscle, except to talk to his horse occasionally, for the man and the beast seemed to be very good friends.

Presently they entered the outskirts of the city, and Sinclair drove directly to one of the pretty residence streets, where he slowed the horse down to a walk, and looked closely at the homes they were passing. Every house seemed to be familiar to him, and he would occasionally make a comment to himself, half aloud, if any more rooms than usual seemed to be lighted up, or if he could see no lights at all in a house. Then he turned down another street, and started observing the houses there in the same way, but stopped suddenly, with an expression of impatience and anger; turned the sleigh around and headed for home.

"Hurry up, Jerry, old boy, before I change my mind," he said to the horse, who seemed to understand there was something unusual in the wind. "There were a lot of people in there, and the young fellow had just been getting married, I guess. I've been a fool about thirty-five years, Jerry." A little screech owl in the pine woods that they were passing repeated persistently in his low, chuckling voice, something which sounds astonishingly like "Old fool, old fool. Go to her, go to her." Old Peter looked back into the woods in the vain hope of seeing the author of the remarks, in the deceptive moonlight, and then he shook his whip at the place where the owl presumably was, and said "I knew it, old fellow, and I'm a going." When he came to the cross roads, he gave a yank on the left rein which quite surprised the methodical Jerry. "Guess we'll take the other road to-night," he said, "up past Martha Coleman's house."

It was a little white cottage, well back from the road, with a comfortable looking wood-shed adjoining, that had sheltered many a tramp on just such a night. There was a light in one window, where an old lady sat, reading. She was not so very old, either, from city stand-points, but anyone who is unmarried at fifty-five, is old, in the country. She looked up with a start when the sleigh drove up to the door, and then trembled, as if very much surprised. Peter Sinclair knocked, and took both her hands when she opened the door.

“Martha,” said he, “I said I was coming to take you out sleighing one night, about thirty-five years ago, but we didn’t exactly agree about Harry Wilson and I never came.. I’ve come now. Will you go with me?” She nodded assent, and then said, quietly, “I was waiting for you, Pete.”

Ray Morris.

L'Amour.

Love, thou art a gentle shadow
Resting on a summer's sea ;
Love thou art a golden sunbeam
Dancing blithely o'er the lea.

Love, thou art the breath of roses,
Breathing out thy sweet perfume,
Breathing down on wintry evenings
Memories of the month of June.

Love, thou art a golden treasure
Hidden in the human breast ;
Love, thou art the gift of heaven,
The greatest and the best.

X, '98.

This Poster.

[T WAS after ten o'clock, and Edgar West had just finished his Greek Comp. With a yawn of decided satisfaction, he had closed the book and slammed it on the table. It was rather late to commence work on his poster now, but then it was absolutely necessary to have it in before the next evening, so there was nothing left for Edgar but to make a night of it and to finish it.

It was a poster for the *Pot Pourri*. Edgar had been working on it at odd moments for the last month. In spite of this, it was far from finished, and as Edgar leaned over the table on which it was tacked, and considered the immense amount of work that it still required, it occurred to him that nothing short of a miracle would get it out in time. For some reason or other, it was the worst thing that Edgar had ever attempted. Whether it was because he was losing what little artistic ability he had, or whether he was simply having an unusual streak of bad luck, he could not decide. There was the deformed young lady, whose real self was an artistic creation by Stanlaws, on a fly page of *Truth* that lay near by. Edgar's intentions for her had been none but the best. With disgusting persistency, however, she had resisted every effort on his part to improve her appearance. Instead of being the smiling, stylish coquette that he had wished her to be, she was the stiffest and most irredeemable spinster that had ever crossed his path. Her nose was pug; her eyes were crossed, and perceptibly out of line; her waist was "way off," as Edgar expressed it, and her feet were far from being dainty Trilbys.

The young man who stood by her side, and who, as yet, lived more in Edgar's imagination than on the poster, was in a similar plight. His expression and general appearance, instead of being manly and sporty, was sheepish and dandyfied. He looked for all the world as if he were cowering under the dark frown of his companion in misery.

Edgar had tried in vain to touch up both the girl and the fellow.

Every time he put the pencil to the paper, things seemed only to become worse. If he tried to make the girl smile, he would end in making her frown all the more darkly. If he tried to straighten her eyes, or to turn down her nose, or to give her waist a graceful curve, or to make her feet shapely, he succeeded in nothing more than in making her an unsightly prodigy, who seemed discontented because she was out of her accustomed place in the museum. The fellow was just as stubborn. There was no use, he would not look manly, and that was all there was to it. He absolutely refused, and he had the fates to back him up. In fact, the whole picture was to Edgar's critical eye a dismal failure and a hollow mockery. At times when he was in a desperate mood, and the glaring falsity of it all appeared to him, he would almost persuade himself to tear it into a thousand bits and be done with it. Again, however, at more rational moments, he would lean over the drawing, and for hours, with the patience and perseverance of Job, he would draw and erase, and erase and draw, until he would be compelled to lay down his pencil out of sheer despair.

This night happened to be one of these latter occasions. Edgar had taken up his pencils without the least hope of accomplishing anything. More asleep than awake, he made a few brisk rubs with the eraser. The stiff spinster was again noseless; now for about the hundredth time. A few more rubs and her mouth was gone also, and there was nothing left of her physiognomy but a vacant stare. Then Edgar again took up the picture in *Truth*, and tried to see how Stanlaws had made his girl smile. His head leaning on his hand he studied it long and seriously. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. As if he were inspired, he caught up the pencil and made a few hurried strokes. The first touch gave a visible brightness to the picture. A few telling lines, and a wonderful transformation had been accomplished. The girl had lost all traces of her horrid frown. In its place was a beaming smile, the first that Edgar had succeeded in winning from her, during all their acquaintance. How he had done it, he could hardly have himself told. But there it was as plain as day, and the thrill of admiration that passed through him as he looked at it, awoke

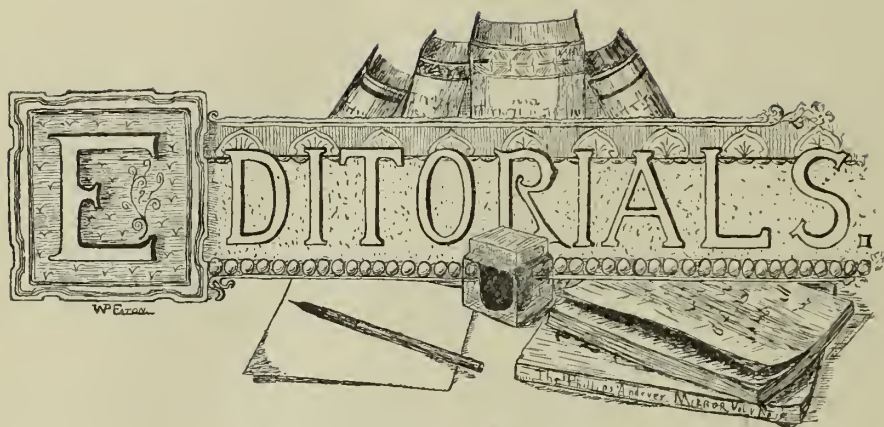
him from his sleeping condition, and brought a flush of excitement to his face.

If he had had a streak of bad luck before, the tables seemed now, at the last moment, to be turned. Every stroke he made added an effect which surprised even himself. The spinster seemed to have washed away her age and stiffness in a fountain of youth. That unruly waist was changed, as by magic, to "a thing of beauty." Now, indeed, her little toes peeped instead of gawked, as formerly, out from under the flowing folds of her skirt. The fellow, too, had caught the inspiration. The smile of the young miss itself appeared to have called forth all his manhood. A few well put strokes, and he was swelling with self-importance.

Meanwhile the time flew; eleven, twelve, one o'clock, had struck and still Edgar was hard at work. In his interest and excitement he had forgotten the time. He was entirely absorbed by the gradually brightening poster. It was not until three o'clock that Edgar saw that the end was not far off. Still the time flew, and it was four o'clock before he finally put on the finishing touches. Then he stood off and surveyed his work with proud satisfaction. Taking up the page of *Truth*, he compared Stanlaw's work with his own. There could be no doubt, his young lady was more shapely and more beautiful than the original itself. Her features, her pose, in fact, her whole being, were perfect. The mystery was, how he had done it. At last, as he stood over the finished drawing, he reflected that it would require something of remarkable merit to outdo it, and he felt confident that it would be accepted.

Now that he was through, he cast a hurried glance at the clock. He noticed how late it was, and he became anxious to be done, so as to get what little rest he might before the day dawned. All that remained was for him to sign his name. Taking the brush he dipped it in the saucer in which he had mixed the paint. The paint had entirely dried up, and it was too much trouble for him to get up and get some water; Edgar would use ink. Standing the bottle on the poster he attempted to dip the brush in it. In some way or other he touched the bottle with his coat sleeve. It tipped over and spilled its black contents in a big black blot all over the poster. But we will have to stop; the rest of our story involves certain unpleasantries which would hardly, we think, grace this page.

Frank H. Lehman.



Conducted by Ray Morris.

DO WE NEED A TRAINER?

Now that the baseball team has commenced practice, the question of coaches will soon arise. In former years Andover used to have a paid trainer, who also acted as coach in all branches of athletics, but several years ago, in an agreement between Andover and Exeter, it was decided that the securing of a professional coach and trainer was opposed to the best interests of school athletics. Now, however, there seems to be a difference of opinion regarding this point, since some schools, such as Worcester, for example, apparently approve of the system of paying directly for their athletic training, while others, and among them, Exeter, have a faculty member, who has special athletic duties in connection with the training of the teams. For the last three or four years, we have been dependent solely upon college men for this help to our athletic organizations, and this system has some good features and some bad ones. The disadvantages appear at first sight. Take for example a baseball team which has received almost no coaching until comparatively late in the season. A fellow who has learned to play his position in a certain way is criticised severely by the coach, who has perhaps just come up before some game. Taking his new instructions to heart, but without sufficient opportunity to develop them,

the chances are that, in his endeavor to follow the advice newly given him, he will combine the coach's game with his own in such a manner as to bring out the weak points of both. And a week later, after the Yale man has gone home, a Harvard man may come up and make him unlearn what he has been trying to master, and to do it still another way. This of course is obviated if one man can have charge of the squad from February to June, and see to it that all outside coaching is done on the lines which he has established, but no one except a paid trainer can find as much time as that to spare for his school. A coach who comes up here for a week or less can tell a man what to do and how to do it, but he cannot watch him until he is sure of himself. And then, as has already been stated, there are generally nearly as many ways of playing each position as there are coaches to advise. It is probably safe to say that no amateur coach can really take time enough to successfully develop a team, and that no captain, at least in a preparatory school, can train his squad as wisely and get as much out of given material as could a professional.

This much can be said for the advantages of college coaching, that amateur coaches, as a rule, have extremely high standards of work, are familiar with the most recent styles of play, as used in the larger colleges, and that they are a step further away from anything like professionalism in school athletics. And it seems to us that the employment of trainers should belong to colleges rather than to schools, because the services of a salaried man in teaching a green squad how to play baseball would be like securing the services of a mathematical expert to teach arithmetic; all right as far as the teaching goes, but unnecessarily expensive. School athletics must of necessity be more or less rudimentary, because the number of fellows who learn the game while at school is so large compared to those who learn it at college. That is to say, when a man has been an athlete in some particular branch for two or three years, he can get more practical benefit out of extensive and expensive coaching than he can while he is a beginner.

We do not wish to say that we can see no use for a trainer in a preparatory school, for that is far from being the case. But, although the ideal system is probably that of the "athletic prof."—a luxury that Andover cannot afford, at present—we do not think that the school will suffer any loss to her real prowess in clean athletics through the lack of a trainer.

REGARDING DISHONESTY.

The publicity given to intercollegiate athletics within the last few years has undoubtedly harmed them, insomuch as college games have become more of a public gathering than a strictly college one, but in some other respects it has been an immense blessing to American athletics. The purity of athletics has been revolutionized. It has been almost impossible for any first-class college to engage in any questionable dealings as the news of it would immediately be published throughout the country. But now that a standard of purity in athletics has been established, dishonesty in the class room has been attacked and already many colleges have improved greatly in this respect. The honor system has been adopted in many places and has been exceedingly successful.

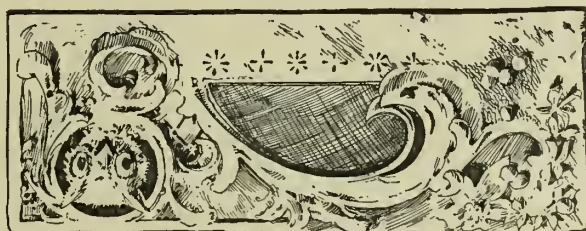
Harvard has now pushed the scheme further and has voted to publish the name of the man caught cheating, besides suspending him. This resolution has been rather severely criticised, but the faculty is determined to do away with the "double standard" which is so prevalent in our colleges. The following extract from Dean Briggs' report will show how it is regarded there :

"The curse of college morals is a double standard,—a shifting, for the convenience of the moment, from the character of a responsible man to the character of an irresponsible boy. The administrative officers accept without question a student's word; they assume that he is a gentleman and that a gentleman does not lie; if, as happens now and then, he is not a gentleman and does lie, they had rather, nevertheless, be fooled sometimes than be suspicious always (and be fooled quite as often).

Frankly treated, the student is usually frank himself; our undergraduates are, in general, excellent fellows to deal with; yet so much is done for them, so many opportunities are lavished on them, that the more thoughtless fail to see the relation of their rights to other people's, and, in the self-importance of early manhood, forget that the world is not for them alone. Students of this kind need delicate handling. They jealously demand to be treated as men, take advantage of the instructors who treat them so, and excuse themselves on the ground that, after all, they are only boys."

It may be that Harvard is rather too severe in this respect, as there, any man who hands in copied work is suspended and his name published. It would seem very likely that the disgrace attendant upon suspension, for what is really often mere thoughtlessness, would perhaps ruin more lives than it would do good, but this can only be found out by trial and it is too early as yet to make any predictions. However, it is an important matter and one that should be given much attention not only in colleges but also and even more carefully in preparatory schools where so many characters are moulded and so many lives influenced.

We announce the election of Mr. Frank H. Lehman, '97, to the editorial board.



The Month.

Conducted by R. H. Edwards.

JAN. 22nd. '99 elects C. Ferris baseball captain, and G. P. Elliot manager.

W. E. Day, '97, elected football manager for next year.

Jan. 23d. P. S., '99, elects following officers: Pres., G. P. Elliot; Vice Pres., R. H. Perry; Sec., C. B. Warner; Treas., S. D. Hall.

Jan. 27th. '98 elects A. M. Phillips baseball captain, and T. H. Wickwire, C. B. Carpenter and D. O. Swan managers.

Jan. 29th. Chess tournament won by A. C. England, '97.

Feb. 3d. Candidates for the battery positions on the baseball team called out. Eight men show up.

F. H. Lehman, '97, elected to the editorial board of THE MIRROR.

Feb. 5th. The Dramatic Club gives an entertainment in the town hall. A scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Cool Collegians" are both well rendered.

Feb. 6th. J. J. Peter wins first place in the 45-yard hurdles, and third in the handicap 40-yard dash at the B. A. A. indoor meet.

Feb. 11th. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Newton give a reception to the members of the chess club.

Feb. 12th. Senior class, the banjo club and chapel choir invited to a reception given by the ladies of the seminary church, in Bartlett chapel.

Feb. 20th. Candidates for the baseball team called out by Capt. French. About forty men responded.



Conducted by F. H. Lehman.

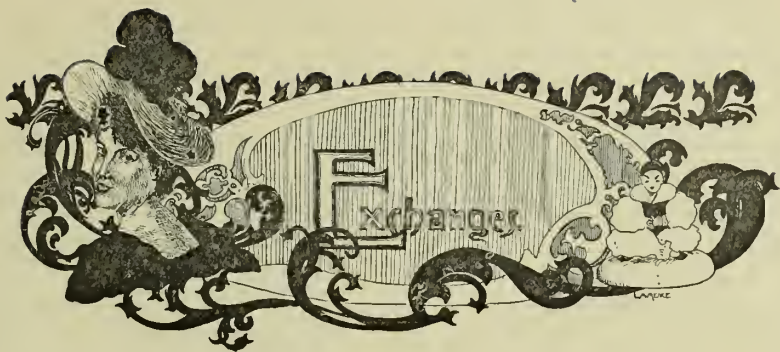
WHERE THE MOON SHINES.

It was much too hot to sleep in the cabin. There was not a breath of air stirring, for the last little zephyr had disappeared with the sun, an hour after the preposterous little phosphate tug had laboriously hauled us down stream to the Port Royal anchorage, making as much fuss about it as if we had been an ocean liner, instead of a four hundred ton lumber schooner. That evening was heat personified. We took a swim alongside after supper, and the water was so warm from playing around the sand bars that it was more suggestive of a tub than of the ocean. We stayed on deck until after eleven o'clock in the vain delusion that there was a breeze there, and then arrived at the desperate and unwarranted conclusion that it could not be any hotter below, and so would probably be cooler. But it wasn't. Then we came up on deck again, and lay down in the shade of the deck house, where the moonlight was not absolutely blinding. Then the moon rose up, and looked down disdainfully over the corner of the house at us, as if sneering at our choice of a hiding place. We had just dropped off into the land of dreams when this occurred, but the

old pilot immediately awoke us, telling us frightful things about unfortunates whose faces had been distorted by the terrible moonblink, where there was no protection for the eyes. Then we devised some elaborate and comprehensive shade, by an ingenious arrangement of steamer rugs and deck chairs, and, I should judge, enjoyed this fancied security for about three quarters of an hour. But when South Carolina cannot wake you up with either the heat or the moon, she has other resources. I confess that I was rather confused, myself, and did not quite comprehend the situation, when I next was awakened but had the general impression that something had broken loose; something big. One steamer rug was crouching in a far corner of the deck; the other, which we had tacked to the side of the house, was flapping and waving like a mad thing. I discerned my friend braced against the deck load, and grasping with both hands one of our steamer chairs, which had made two ineffectual attempts to jump the barrier. This set me to wondering where the other one was, but I was not kept long in suspense, for it came up from in back of me somewhere, hit me over the head, and then jumped

overboard, and went drifting away to leeward, frantically waving one leg in the air. About this time, I began to realize that it was blowing, and that the racket forward was caused by the sailors, who were giving the anchor as much chain as possible. With considerable difficulty, we corraled all of our portable property which was on deck, and then made a break for the companion way, not exactly frightened, but considerably perturbed. The squall had passed before we could get to sleep again, and the moon looked saucily through the windows at us as if to invite us to come out and see the next act, but we were perfectly satisfied to spend the rest of the night below. The next morning was as blissfully calm and placid as only a South-of-Hatteras morning can be, and my friend was inclined to think that he had dreamed about the whole thing, but I had very real proof in the shape of a lost chair and an acquired bump, and there was a whole turn in the chain, proving that we had been turned entirely around during the squall, when the anchor was hauled, preparatory to leaving the land of moonshine and infinite possibilities.

R. M.



Conducted by R. H. Edwards.

We make the following clippings from
February exchanges:

CUPID ON FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH.

I've been insulted in this place,
I've probed the depths of deep disgrace,
I've had to say flat, silly things,
And wear atrocious looking wings.
I've had to pierce misshapen hearts
And that, too, with huge crowbar darts,
I've had to flatter, fib and worse—
I've had to talk in halting verse!

O college maids, have mercy pray,
And spare me on love's holiday!
If you will paint when art you've none,
If you will meter slay for fun,
Express your love e'en as you will,
Enjoy your friends and missives still,
But as you value my fair fame
Don't sign your verse with Cupid's name!

Vassar Miscellany.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

My love and I went out to walk
All in the bright sunshine.
The day was cold. Her little hands,
Were tightly clasped in—her muff.

I begged one token of her love
Which should fulfil my bliss.
She said she had no token, but
She did give me a—smile.
I pressed more closely to her side,
"I love you as my life.
Prithee be my Valentine."
She said she'd be my—friend.

Vassar Miscellany.

The Columbia Morningside has several
good stories and this poem:

IN A CHINA SHOP.

A Dresden shepherdess was one day
Milking a small Delft cow
When a Sevres Marquis came along—
I saw him smile and bow:
"O lovely shepherdess, hear my song."
I think I heard him say,
"For thou hast captured my porcelain heart,
And by my sword I swear thou art
A star in the Milky Way."

We always look for something ingenious
in the Yale Courant and this month it is
"The Misadventures of One Jagray."

STRAINS FROM THE VIOLIN.

High above white clouds are sailing,
 Breezes cool set leaves a stirring,
 Flowers are blooming, grasses bending
 Waters rippling, bird-wings whirring.

Sweet contentment steals within,
 For lightly plays the violin.

Far away the hazy mountains
 Melt into the sky and sleep.
 Gently drooping willow fringes
 Lend the river shadows deep.

Dreamy memories now float in,
 While softly plays the violin.

Deepening moans from wind-swept forests
 Join with rushing torrents' crash.
 Darkness dense is rendered denser
 By the lightning's sudden flash.

Hopes and fears their strife begin,
 While loudly plays the violin.

In its sleep the earth is smiling
 For the moon's sweet light and love.
 Silently the stars are shining,
 Oh, so far—so far above!

Longing souls aspire and win,
 As upward soars the violin.

Smith Monthly.

The Yale Lit has the following:

A REVERIE.

Thou calm and sober moon aswing
 At anchor in the starry deep,
 Pour forth that palest gift of thine
 On gnarly oak, on ash and pine,
 Who rustle oft in restless sleep;
 When soft the sighing night-winds creep.

Bend down thy glance upon the wave
 In streaming veil, where dancing ship
 May sail along thy genial track,
 And plough thy curling whiteness back;
 Where dolphins brawn may flash and dip,
 And sea birds, sadly crooning, sit.

Where'er thou art, on land or sea,
 In rambles through black meadow-lands,
 Or regions vast and cold and north,
 Where broods wan silence over earth,
 Fling cables white, from whiter hands,
 To bind me with their silver strands.

H. A. Callahan.

Tiffany & Co.

New Series of Gold Watches. An entirely new series of superior Gold Watches at the following attractive prices:

FOR LADIES:

In plain 18-karat gold open-face cases,
 \$25.

In enameled gold cases, with enameled
 dials, \$40.

In enameled gold cases, set with dia-
 monds, \$70.

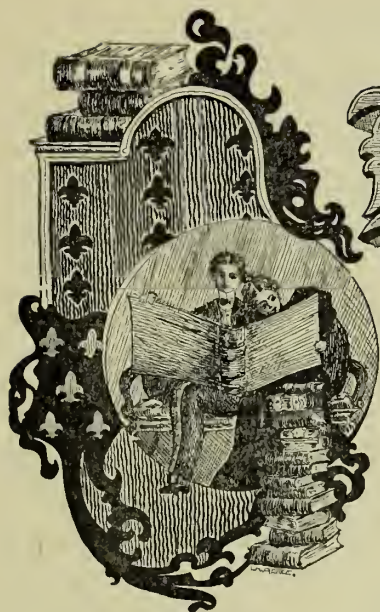
\$75 and upwards.

FOR MEN:

Extra flat open-face 18-karat Gold
 Watches, \$100.

\$150 and upwards.

UNION SQUARE,
 NEW YORK.



Books

Conducted by W. T. Townsend.

MERE LITERATURE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By
Woodrow Wilson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,
Boston. \$1.50.

An essay has been defined as "a charming byway, sacred to leisurely travel and idle industry." Well does this apply to Mr. Wilson's little book of essays under its captivating title "Mere Literature." It is not a book to dabble in and to run over, but one to read as it was evidently written, at leisure and with plenty of

time to think it over. The essay for which the book is named is in part a criticism on the teaching of literature in our schools and colleges. Mr. Wilson evidently considers, and probably with much justice, that in many colleges literary training is much like the training of a turkey before Thanksgiving—a sort of mechanical cram in which the fattest turkey, or mind, as the case may be, brings the highest price. The next two essays, "The Author Himself" and "An Author's Company," are written with a delicate power of getting at the root of the subject without first picking off all its blossoms. They are charming little essays much taken up with the individuality of the author. "The conditions which foster individuality are those which foster simplicity, thought and action which are direct, naturalness, spontaneity." The first of these conditions Mr. Wilson thinks to be "a certain helpful ignorance" in fact that the author shall not know how much has been said and thought about everything."

But these essays are not only upon literary subjects. Some of them are historical and political. The first of these is a splendid and careful essay on Burke, "first and last a master of principles," as Mr. Wilson aptly calls him. Two others bring Mr. Wilson back to his old "stamping grounds," viz: "A Calendar of Great Americans" and "The Course of American History." Here Mr. Wilson is undoubtedly at home and his vivid pictures and systematic clearness again come before us. Taken as a whole, these eight essays mingle originality, strength and clearness in a highly interesting and instructive style.

A PRINCETONIAN. By James Barnes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

In the last few years, several books of college stories have appeared, of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and the like. "A Princetonian" is perhaps as much a book of Princeton stories as is the one which purports to be, although there is one continuous narrative, instead of a series of sketches. Hart, a young deputy sheriff in Nebraska, gets his first insight into college life from hearing the Princeton musical clubs, on their western trip. He decides to go to college himself, and enters Princeton the following year, as a Freshman. With the untrained instincts of a gentleman, the big westerner has many interesting experiences before he gets in touch with eastern life, but eventually becomes captain of the university football team, and a very prominent man in the college. In almost the entire first part of the book, it is apparently the object of the author, as far as possible, to have some characteristic Princeton incident occur in each chapter. Hart becomes prominent immediately as a Freshman, partly because of his stature and strength, and partly because he had a mature mind and a good head. And being a leader of his class, he has more entertaining things happen to him than the average Princetonian does, presumably, so the story, which might possibly become prosaic in certain places if it were not for this, always has possibilities which can make interesting chapters. When he leaves home, the young man is engaged to a western girl who is far inferior to him in intellect and refinement, and he comes very near leaving college on her account early in his course, as he finds himself becoming seriously interested in another girl, but is unwilling to transgress what he considers his duty. But at the critical moment, with an opportuneness which suggests Thackeray's expedients, the hero receives a telegram stating that his *fiancee* had eloped with another man. This simplifies the plot of the story, and Hart decides to remain where he is, but he has many other climaxes just as critical before the story is finally brought to a happy conclusion. Eventually, after making many mistakes, and getting into several different sorts of trouble, Hart, who has become more and more prominent all through his college course, becomes engaged to the right girl, and also secures a remunerative business position through an unpromising college friend, Mr. Patrick Corse Heaphy, "the young man with a purpose."

The last part of the book is perhaps not quite as good as the first, because Hart becomes less a distinctive Princetonian, and more an every day lover, for the closing chapters might go with any other book as well as a Princeton book. But the story as a whole, is not only very entertaining, but also valuable for pictures of Princeton life which it gives. *M.*

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A., 1873.

'30.—Died in Neponset, Feb. 10, 1897, Henry Blanchard, M. D., aged 85 years.

'30.—Rev. Henry T. Cheever, born in Hallowell, Me., Feb. 6, 1814, a leader in temperance and anti-slavery reforms, died in Worcester, Feb. 13, 1897.

✓ '46.—For many years Charles Corliss has been interested in promoting rapid transit in different parts of the country. He died suddenly at Haverhill, Feb. 18, 1897.

'53.—Major William Marland has received from the war department a handsome bronze medal inscribed—"The Congress to Bvt. Major William Marland, U. S. Volunteers, for "gallantry at Grand Coteau, La., Nov. 3. 1863."

✓ '55.—The U. S. Senate set aside Saturday, Feb. 6, 1897, for eulogies to the memory of William Cogswell.

'55.—Thirty years ago Jan. 24, 1897, Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie became pastor of the Shepard Memorial Congregational Church at Cambridge and the anniversary was appropriately observed.

✓ '56.—Gen. John Marshall Brown of Portland, Me., was appointed to the board of managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteers.

'57.—J. Cullen Ayer has moved his office to the Exchange Building in Boston.

'57.—Charles Coffin Barker is practicing medicine at 28 Queen street, Meriden, Conn.

'57.—Edward A. Jewett is connected with the Pullman Palace Car Co.

'57.—Rev. George H. Morss is pastor of the Congregational Church at Oakdale, Conn.

'65.—Rev. Frederic Palmer has recently contributed two stories to the "Youth's Companion."

'65.—At a special Representative election at Pittsfield, John M. Stevenson, Republican, was elected.

'67.—T. Edgar and Henry M. White are members of the firm of Thomas White & Co., dealers in boots and shoes, 28 High street, Boston, with factories at Holbrook, Mass. and Great Falls, N. H.

'68.—Wirt X. Fuller has been elected a member of the Boston stock exchange.

'68.—John P. Studley has been elected judge of the court of common pleas of New Haven county, Conn.

'85.—Ralph E. Farnham is living at Metuchen, N. J.

'90.—The address of Henry S. Cross is 19 W. 18th street, New York City.

'90.—Howard A. Lamprey is assistant clerk of the supreme court, Providence county, R. I.

'94.—Samuel L. Fuller is managing editor of the Harvard "Crimson and Advocate" and manager of the Harvard eleven.

'96.—Miles C. Holden is secretary of the "Holden Patent Book Cover Co." and is located at Springfield.

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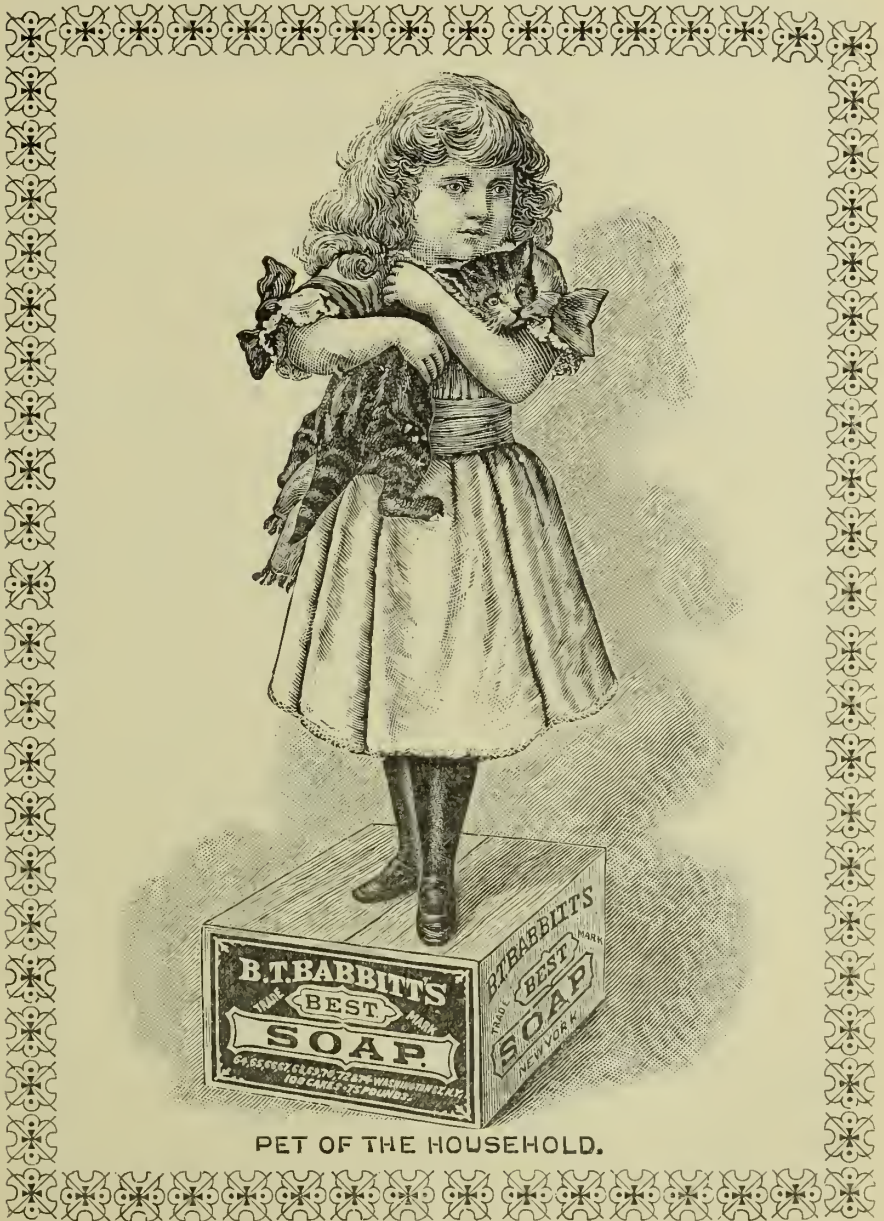
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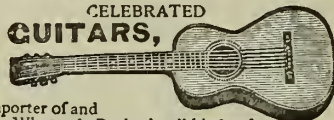
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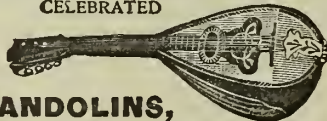
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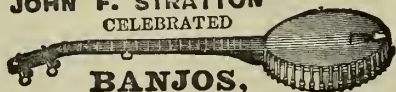


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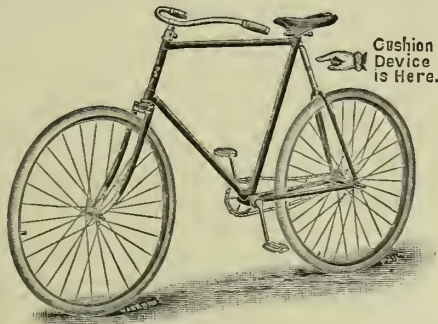
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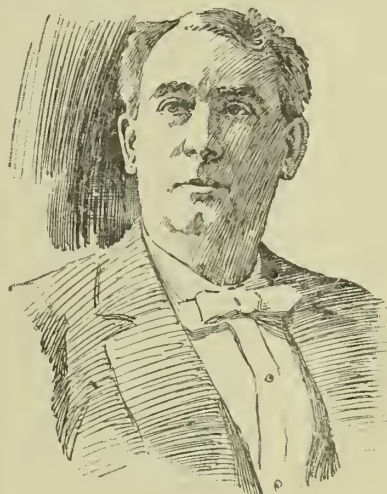
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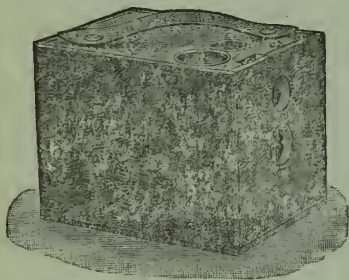
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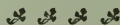
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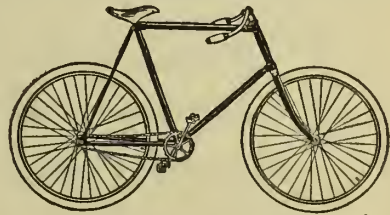
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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

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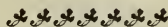
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Vol. 6.

May, 1897.

No. 6.

The Arompax Fire Department.

A ROMPAX was a place with a tradition. It out-dated by some years the big western city ten miles away, but it lacked the mushroom enterprise which is fashionable in that part of the country, and seemed always to be struggling with an irrepressible tendency to wither up and blow away. Then its neighbor was founded and duly boomed, and one day Arompax became aware of the somewhat humiliating fact that it was degraded to the rank of a suburb. And then the city grew bigger, and it became a fairly fashionable suburb, as those things go, and the people who drove out and looked over the building sites dug up the tradition, which had been hoping that it might be permitted to repose in peace, for it was a good hearted tradition, and hated to be believed by simple people.

Mr. Timothy Squires, the original real estate agent of the place, was the inventor and propagator of the theory which was at first most generally accepted regarding the curious and ambitious name of "Arompax," and he claimed to have an inside track on some ancient and trustworthy source of information which he would not divulge. According to this, the village was named by a sentimental Indian

chieftain, who came there to die of a broken heart, but instead, thrived in the place, named it "Arompax," the American of which is "Forgetful-of-sorrows," and eventually got mixed up in a drunken broil and died of a broken head, instead of as he had anticipated.

But when Joshua Tompkins, of Hubbard Corners, set up a revolt against monopoly and established a new real estate office, he also found or founded a new tradition about the name, which he considered much more reasonable and probable. It seems that the first railroad built west of Chicago ran across the country four miles from this place, and, in a fit of rashness, established a station at the cross roads.

"Now gentleman," the worthy Joshua would observe, "when this railroad was fust put through, these Arompaxes were a kind of cattle, very scarce, and now extinct, and I reckon this place got named jest the way Oxford did, f'rinstance. I suppose some one on the train saw one of 'em crossing here one time, and so they named the place Arompax Crossing, or mebbe they even ran into the pesky critter here." And this argument carried much weight with his audience, from the well known propensity of the railroad to pick up cows at this point, in the same summary way, and with such frequency that the local butchers always had one counter for so-called railroad beef.

Then Timothy Squires, finding that he would have to resort to desperate measures to save his tradition, organized a volunteer fire department, which he called the "Red-skins," in commemoration of the "Forgetful-of-sorrows" theory. But the spirit of truth in Mr. Tompkins was not so easily quelled, and he promptly started another battalion, which called themselves the "Cow-catchers," in token of the killer of the historic arompax.

And you do not know how interesting life can be made, if you have never seen a small town which possessed rival fire companies.

Just the instant that the church bells began to toll, day or night, the volunteer members, under penalty of heavy fines, would leave work, and make a dash for the engine houses, which were opposite each other, on the same street. Then there would be a race, particularly if the fire was any distance away, and the company which

arrived last was most impartially hooted by the crowd. But the only trouble with this system was that the fires were singularly few in number, and generally got so interested in the efforts of the fire department, that they forgot to burn after the engines got there. But even this peaceful state of affairs was bound to end, and as Arompax grew bigger and bigger, and fires became more and more frequent, the village authorities decided that they must have a steamer, and then, in order to be perfectly impartial, they offered to name the new steam fire engine from the company which should make the best record during the next month, and to man her from that company's crew; the score of the two contestants to be duly recorded and published by the editor of the Arompax Populist.

It is true that Mr. Moohan, the editor in question, was not wholly unbiased, since his brother was chief of the Cow-catchers, but he especially prided himself on his impartiality in regard to all public questions, and had in fact declared his paper Populistic on that account, for, as he himself expressed it, the arguments of the Democrats showed him how base the Republican party was; how rotten it was at the core, indeed, while the Republican campaign speakers had convinced him that the Democrats were robbers, so the only safe course for a fair man was to turn Populist.

By the original provisions laid down by the local government, the company first at a fire was to receive ten points, and the company which accomplished the most after it got there, ten points more, with a deduction of one point for every member absent without valid excuse. But, unfortunately, there was no provision made for false alarms, until the Red-skins, after chancing seven times to be assembled just in time to turn out for a most fortuitous bon-fire, brought upon their heads such a storm of calumny from the Cow-catchers, that their record was declared null and void, as not being in accordance with the spirit of the agreement, and it was furthermore decreed that whichever company should arrive first at a false alarm, should forfeit ten points. So then each company worked persistently and cheerfully to fool their rivals into turning out for all sorts of ingeniously constructed bon-fires,

until finally the two companies would, if there was any doubt, wait for each other, and go hand in hand, metaphorically speaking, until they were morally certain that the fire was no fake, and then make a brilliant dash for it, and trust to winning their ten points in the last hundred yards or so.

Yet, such is the perversity of fate, in twenty-eight days of suspense and expectancy, there was only one genuine fire, which originated from the carelessness of an absent-minded hen who went to roost on a match, with a total damage of seventy-five cents, and the race between the companies was becoming so close that Editor Moohan acknowledged himself to be completely perplexed. It was suggested to several influential citizens that they permit their houses to be burned in the interest of the commonwealth, and they each thought it a good idea, but there happened to be special reasons which prevented any one of them doing it personally at that particular time, and so, finally, it became necessary to give the contestants another month, the month of December. Then the first week went past, and the second, and the third, without a sign of a fire, though both companies drilled daily, and arrived at such a state of organization that they could turn out from their engine houses in eleven seconds, and from their homes in one hundred and thirty-eight.

But finally, on the last night of the second month, and a ripping cold one, some one saw a red glare to the northward of the town which did not look in the least like a bon-fire, and which grew brighter every minute. An alarm was turned in, and the Red-skins beat all their previous records by four seconds, in getting their machine on the road. But the Cow-catchers were in hard luck, that night, and Captain Moohan had to haul two of his men out of the neighboring saloon, who, if not actually intoxicated, had at least reached the communicative stage, and were inclined to be oratorical about coming. And then, climax of misfortune, one of the red wheels flew off from the hub as the machine was yanked over the sill, and the pump was damaged in the smash-up that followed. It was never known what shameful Red-skin took off the nut, and the driver of the machine never knew who

hit him when he ran into the side of the house on the way out, but most people say it was Captain Moohan, who, too mad to swear, at least for the time being, picked up an axe, and finished the wreck of the engine, and then went into the saloon, where he eventually recovered his powers of speech. Then the barkeep, after a lapse of half an hour or so, heard a racket in the road and went out. The barkeep was fairly quick of comprehension, and it took him just three seconds to grasp the situation. Then he rushed in, embraced Moohan, and hugged him all around the place. Moohan's powers of understanding were a little fogged by this time, and his general impression was that he was in the hands of the law, but presently his brother came in, in the same frame of mind.

"Bill," said he, "in behalf of the town of Arompax, I award you victory over the Red-skins by a score of no points to their minus ten. Howinell did you know that that blaze in the sky was Northern lights? We had a little row about the decision, because the Red-skins claimed that they never reached the fire, and they said we couldn't hold 'em responsible for a false alarm unless they got there, but I says to Tommy Scammon of the Red-skins, 'my dear feller, this is the last night of the second month, and you are jest three miles nearer the fire than the Cow-catchers are, for they never turned out.' And he had ter give in. So come on, old boy, and we'll drink to Steamer No. 1, otherwise called the Cow-catcher, and then we'll drink to her cap'n, Mr. Bill Moohan, who's got the best eye of any man in Arompax."

Ray Morris.



A Jest of Fate.

“WAL’, Mandy, yu’ won’t hav’ more than enough time to finish them two dresses for Mis’ Tucker befor’ we’ll be leavin’ our sewing for good an’ all. I was countin’ the time up to-day an’ there be only two months an’ eight days befor’ we’re sixty—both of us, Mandy. Won’t it seem strange to be getting kind o’ old and to sit around in quiet and hav’ nothin’ to do ’cept git the victuals ready three times a day. Y’u and me’s been waiting for that day a mighty long time Mandy and now it’s getting near the time it do seem kind o’ nice, don’t it?”

“It do,” acquiesced Mandy without raising her eyes from her knitting. “How kind o’ clear that day comes back to me when we furst decided to save up till we were sixty. It was the day a’ter we had buried father warn’t it Esbeth?” Mandy knew quite well that this was the date but she had grown so accustomed to relying on her sister, that it had become second nature for her to question Esbeth on all occasions.

This conversation occurred one bright, sunny afternoon in early Spring in the little, old New England village of Granton. Two old maids—twin sisters—were sitting, sewing at the two front windows of an extremely plain, but neatly furnished, little room looking out upon the only street Granton boasted of. In the same little, neat room they had sat every day for the last thirty years—except Sundays, when they went peacefully and thankfully to church, both morning and afternoon and dozed quietly in the evening over the third volume of Jones’ “History and Developement of the Protestant Church during the Nineteenth Century.” It was over thirty years before that their father had died, the homestead had been sold and they had come to live alone in a little house on Granton’s one street. Left alone with nôt quite three thousand dollars—obtained from the sale of the old farm—they only saw before them that most dreaded conception of every true New Englander—an old age in poverty. But New England pluck and perseverance conquered and they started in to make their own living by sewing,

knitting, remaking dresses, retrimming hats and by any other little millinery work which they could obtain. Day by day they sat facing each other by the two front windows, cutting, sewing, knitting all day long—Mandy always at the left window, Esbeth always at the right. Day by day the little money box grew fuller and fuller and each time it reached ten dollars Esbeth carefully deposited it in the bank. Two hundred times had she done this in those thirty years and their bank account now read: “Deposited to the account of Elizabeth and Amanda Sanworth \$5048.23.” How happy they had been the day it reached five thousand dollars and now it was only two months until they should live at ease for the rest of their life. For they had agreed that on the day they reached sixty, they should put by all work and should live peacefully on the five thousand odd dollars they had so carefully and so thriftily collected.

But on this particular day as they sat in their accustomed places, Mandy happened to look up from her work and saw a young man standing on the side-walk looking toward the house as if in doubt whether it were the one he wanted or not. However, catching sight of Mandy he evidently decided he was right and started up the path. Mandy was decidedly astonished. Strangers didn’t often come to Granton and when they did they never called on the Misses Sanworth.

“Esbeth,” she whispered excitedly, “Be’n’t that a man coming up the path?” Esbeth looked up. “It sartinly be, Mandy,” she agreed, “What kin he be doing here.”

By this time the stranger had reached the door and had lifted the knocker. He was a rather good looking fellow of about twenty-five, dressed plainly but having a decidedly “city” appearance. In answer to the stranger’s knock Esbeth partly opened the door.

“Miss Sanworth I presume,” he said, bowing.

“Yes,”—Miss Elizabeth,” she answered, opening the door a little wider. “You had a brother, Abram Sanworth, who was supposed to have been drowned about thirty-five years ago, I believe,” the stranger continued.

“Yes,” answered Miss Esbeth, holding the door half open and looking eagerly at the stranger. She had dearly loved her lost brother.

“Abe was not drowned but captured by Chinese pirates, he is still alive, but—,” said the stranger impressively. By this time the door was wide open and both Esbeth and Mandy were waiting intently for the next words of the speaker, Esbeth was the first to recover as the stranger stopped with that ominous “but.” Her first duty was to be polite, so she invited the stranger in, pushed up the red plush chair for him and she and Mandy waited tremblingly for him to begin, wildly happy at hearing that their brother was alive, yet that “but” might mean anything and they almost feared to hear what the stranger would say. He sat down and began speaking in an impressive voice, sounding strange in a young man of his age, he seemed to weigh each word as it fell carefully from his lips.

“Ladies, time is important and I shall not bother you with the details of my story. Sufficient to say”—and here he paused, looking fixedly at his auditors—“that when your brother sailed from home some thirty-five years ago, the vessel upon which he embarked was not wrecked and your brother drowned as you have been led to suppose, but was captured off the coast of China by Chinese pirates. All the crew were put to death (here Mandy shuddered and crept closer to Esbeth) except your brother ‘Abe,’ whom the pirates considered too young to be dangerous—he was then about fifteen, I believe. Shut up in the hold of the pirates’ vessel and entirely unaware where he was going, he was conveyed to the island where the pirates hide in times of pursuit, and where their wives and families live. Since then, on this isolated island, he has led the life of a slave, without a chance of escape and not knowing in what part of the *world* he was living. About a year ago the vessel in which I sailed was captured in the same way and I was carried, like your brother, to the same island. There I met ‘Abe’ and he told me if I ever got free to let you know his whereabouts, and by hook and crook to get together five thousand dollars and ransom him from a living death. Finally, under certain conditions which would be of no interest to you, I was allowed to go free in order to obtain ransom for myself. This I have done and to-morrow, under an oath of secrecy, I meet an agent of the pirates in

New York. I shall then hand over to him the ransom I have collected for myself and if you wish to rescue your brother from a life which is worse than death, entrust me with five thousand dollars and in less than two months you will have him safe in your arms."

Esbeth and Mandy were trembling with joy and eagerness. It must be true! How glad they were, they had day by day saved up that five thousand dollars! But a terrible thought swept across Esbeth. This man might be imposing upon them. She had heard of such things in the "Greenville Weekly Gazette," which she carefully read aloud to Mandy every Saturday night. Mustering up courage, she asked, "Have you any proof that what you say is true?"

"Yes," answered the stranger, gravely, drawing a small and decidedly dilapidated Testament from his pocket. Across the top was printed in gold letters, "Abram Welton Sanworth." "When I parted from your brother," he continued, "he gave me this, saying you would recognize it. It had been his only possession and friend since he had been put on the pirate island."

The proof was sufficient and the two little old maids wept with joy, they were not sure whether they remembered the Testament or not, but it was years ago since "Abe" left them and it was not likely that they would remember all his possessions. It was all done so quickly that the two little old ladies scarcely realized what had happened. Esbeth hurried down to the bank and drew a check for their whole amount—the first check she had drawn in those thirty long years. Mandy hustled about and prepared the best supper she could for the stranger, even celebrating the event by putting on some of the preserves which she and Esbeth used only on great holidays—like Thanksgiving and Christmas. Finally everything was over; the stranger, leaving them the little faded Testament, departed with the five thousand, forty-eight dollars and twenty-three cents which Esbeth had drawn from the bank and at the last moment was called back by Mandy, who deposited the contents of the little money box (eight dollars and forty nine cents) in his pocket for she explained "Abe" must not be allowed to make his way back

from China without a cent in his pocket. Mandy had a rather hazy idea where China was, but wasn't fifty-six dollars and over enough to come from any place on? At last, however the stranger—Mr. T. P. White, he had introduced himself as—was off for good and Esbeth and Mandy retreated to the prim little sitting room to talk it over. Mr. White had promised to write them in a day or two and let them know how things were progressing. How happy they were at last. Their long lost brother alive and soon to be with them again! He would probably be back to celebrate their sixtieth birthday with them.

But day after day went by and they heard nothing from Mr. White. Still they were not discouraged and worked even harder than before. Finally, however, about a week after Mr. White's visit, a letter came bearing the New York postmark. The little old ladies received it trembling and hardly dared to open it. Would it say their brother was ransomed and on his way home? They sat down at the breakfast table, from which they had just removed the dishes, and tenderly fingered the letter, turning it over and over as if to keep the joy it would bring them the longer in anticipation. Finally Esbeth broke the seal and drew forth the letter, they read it together. It was as follows:

MISS ESBETH SANWORTH,

Dear Madam:

I write you this merely to say that that story concerning your brother's capture by pirates was of course entirely manufactured. I regretted playing such a trick on two old ladies, but it was necessary that I should have the money and I could see just then no other way to obtain it. Of course, it is absolutely useless to attempt to have me arrested and it would only give you extra expense. With best regards to Miss Mandy, I am

Respectfully yours,

"T. P. WHITE."

P. S.—I might add that the Testament I gave you bearing your brother's name, I picked up in a second-hand book store and had marked with your brother's name. It was quite simple you see.

When the letter was finished there was silence for a minute, then Mandy gasped. "Be—ben't 'Abe' alive a'ter all Esbeth?"

"No," answered Miss Esbeth, and her voice shook a little. "No, Mandy, he ain't, an' we've been swindled." Then turning and seeing the utterly hopeless look on Mandy's face, she drew herself up and putting her arm around her, whispered, "But we be'nt old yet, an' it do come kind o' natral to sew, don't it Mandy?"

Winston Trowbridge Townsend.

Something New.

And There is No New Thing Under the Sun.

WELSH and Harrity had made an almost solemn agreement that they would keep it a profound secret. They had exchanged their most binding words of honor, and had gone through various weird and awe-inspiring ceremonies. Yet, in spite of all, Welsh's natural weakness betrayed them. The poor fellow's head was no more constructed to hold a secret than it was to hold anything else that was likely ever to prove of value to him. He was one of those innocent, harmless creatures who apparently do all their thinking with their tongues, and who spatter out their finest inspirations gratis to listless and often listenless crowds.

And so it came out that Welsh and Harrity had made an entirely new and novel departure, and had been devoting their valuable time and attention to exploring the wilderness in which Andover is situated, and what was most important of all, had actually discovered something new. Just what it was nobody knew, for a certainty, for it was but rarely that the Muses condescended to visit Welsh, and even when they did, he had his limits. In one of his finest frenzies, however, he did go so far as to say that he would gamble half his month's allowance that the foot of civilized man had never touched it, and that he had doubts, based on scientific deductions, that not even the Indians had ever known of or used it. It is for just this reason that we are obliged to request the reader to kindly bridge over with his imagination a period of about a month, if he can do this without any serious mental catastrophe, and to be content to know that during this time Harrity and Welsh were in a state of surprising mental activity, studying and planning and devising all the odds and ends of novel exploring apparatus that two fertile brains turned upside down by the shadow of the hand of fame, can suggest.

We take up the thread of our story again one Saturday morning, not so long ago. Not more than one hour after the sun had risen

there emerged on tiptoe from a certain house two curious looking characters. For all but a slight gleam of refinement, visible in what remained uncovered of their faces, half hidden between turned up collars and beneath broad-rimmed hats, these might have passed for two juvenile desperadoes, or for two "Weary Willies" who had just gotten through "striking a good thing." The first, which was a rare combination of Harrity and a suit of clothes which might have been resurrected from the Ark, was loaded down with a spade, a hatchet, and a cylindrical looking object wrapped in brown paper, smelling rankly of turpentine and strongly suggesting paint. Besides this, the pockets of his coat were filled to bursting and bulged awkwardly with what, judging from what protuded, was string, rope, wire, paint brushes, etc. As for the character which came behind, in which Welsh was somehow involved, it may be said that it was in a similar predicament, with this difference, that it carried an eight by ten camera and a double-barreled shot gun of formidable dimensions.

To avoid interference by the curious, they held their course across the fields as much as possible, their destiny being a point in the direction of Prospect Hill. With the exception of an unpleasant adventure with a conscientious dog, who seemed ready to hold himself personally responsible for all trespassers who so far forgot themselves as to venture across fields within his jurisdiction, the expedition up to a point somewhat beyond the hill was successful and comparatively uneventful. It was at the foot of one of those smaller hills which rise so abruptly from thickly wooded bases to almost bald crowns, that our explorers stopped, deposited their apparatus, and commenced to set things in shape for their prospective discovery.

Here they held a slight consultation, at which it was agreed that an investigation of their surroundings was first in order. Forthwith, they accordingly set out, more like two escaped convicts than like two ambitious students, to circumambulate an innocent and lazy little farmhouse that lay sunning itself in a small rocky clearing almost hidden between the trees. After they had completed the circuit without discovering anything more than a woman, engaged in hanging up some

gay colored wash, and a child which was crying as if this were the last chance it would ever have of indulging in that pleasure, they once more took up their apparatus and proceeded to the very edge of the woods. This time they stopped before a tall bush of thick briars that grew up at the foot of the hill. Harrity, parting the tangled branches as well as he could without jaggging himself, slipped behind them, and Welsh immediately followed him.

They were at their destination. Not six feet in front of them was a large rough hole in the earth, half shut up with dead grass and large rocks. The bush through which they had just passed hid it effectively from the casual passer by, and Welsh and Harrity, if they are to be commended for nothing else, are certainly to be congratulated on its discovery. Who would ever have thought that so near to Andover, in a spot which has been trampled over perhaps thousands of times, there was to be found a real natural cave? Yet here it was, and we can hardly blame our young explorers for indulging dreams of fame.

Soon everything was cleared for action. The shot gun was hidden behind a convenient tree, the paint and the camera were placed within the opening together with the hatchet and the spade. Then Welsh cramped himself until he looked like Mr. Hyde, and proceeded to wriggle through the hole. His entrance was accompanied by a copious downfall of gravel and rocks, some of which came rather unpleasantly near his head. Harrity, nothing daunted, however, followed suite.

Inside, the cave was much more commodious than one would have expected. It was easily possible to stand erect without bringing one's head in uncomfortable relation with the roof. The opening admitted sufficient light to enable one to see quite some distance into the darkness. It did not appear in the least remarkable to either Harrity or Welsh that there were nowhere to be seen either stalactites or stalagmites, or if it did appear remarkable, they doubtless found little difficulty in reconciling this fact with the gravel formation of the country. It did not require extraordinary intensive powers though, to notice another peculiar phenomenon, an oppressive and obnoxious odor sug-

gesting the proximity of something past its prime. Harrity was up in chemistry. At least he was a candidate for the final advanced examination, and according to Welsh's way of thinking should have been able to analyze any gas at a single sniff. But Harrity confessed himself beaten; he had not expected gas, and had not prepared for it; and all that Welsh succeeded in getting out of him was that his nose was no patent analyzer.

To add to their annoyance, they found it impossible to light the candles which they had brought along. The match would flare and flicker for a minute, and then die out, and no amount of protection from imaginary winds, or of most careful handling or coaxing could keep the flame. Harrity's limited knowledge served him well enough at this point, to offer the explanation that an account of certain scientific laws, whose comprehension were doubtless beyond Welsh, certain flames will not burn in certain elements. For a while this new and unexpected difficulty phased our explorers. Eventually, after some consideration, they resolved to run all risks and to venture in, depending only for light on the stray rays that managed to steal through the opening. Had they had the wisdom with which they credited themselves, they would perhaps have made some weighty and serious reflections on the brevity of human existence, before venturing into a hole in which a candle refused to burn; but as they happened only to be blest with the average amount of brains, they felt themselves encumbered by no scientific scruples, and forthwith undertook to enter where angels would have feared to tread. In justice to their better sense, it may not be amiss to say that the motive which urged them most strongly to this apparent desperation was a longing for something akin to fame. If they did not go ahead now, they probably never would, and the important and surprising discovery of those two youthful prodigies, Harrity and Welsh, would not be handed down in the archives of Andover and Phillips Academy.

Hardly had they started, before another peculiar and inexplicable phenomenon manifested itself. Scattered, here and there, promiscuously over the floor were heaps of some unknown material, as yielding to

the touch and tread as mud. That the odor which pervaded the cave arose from these, was satisfactorily demonstrated and proved by Harrity, who in an endeavor to avoid one, stumbled over another and brought his nose into living contact with the third. Just what they were composed of, our philosophers had neither the inclination nor the ability to determine. They found their hands full, trying to avoid them, as they were becoming more and more numerous at every step. Before they had gone very far, the stench, which had been increasing proportionally, became nigh unbearable. They would have tied their handkerchiefs about their noses, had they not forgotten those inconsiderable accessories in making up their equipment. Finally Welsh was attacked by some unmistakable gastric premonitions, accompanied by slight internal upheavals, which quickly brought him to the conclusion that fresh air was better than undying fame. He stopped short, and was very much surprised that Harrity for once agreed with him that they had ventured about far enough.

To retreat, however, without taking the flash light or the success of which, they had based all their hopes for corroborating the story of their newly discovered wonders, was to defeat the very plan of the expedition, and was not to be thought of. So preparations were immediately set about for that final triumph. Welsh opened the paint kettle, felt his way through the obnoxious labyrinth to the side of the cave, and proceeded to ornament the moldy earth with a number of hieroglyphics, which, if viewed from the proper point and with the proper amount of a deluding imagination would possibly have suggested an attempt at English. It was as good as could be expected under the circumstances, with hardly enough light to see his hand before his face and with the paint splashing into his face at every daub; but it was nothing like the grand inscription Welsh had intended it to be, which would have run something like this:

DISCOVERED BY HARRITY AND WELSH,

STUDENTS AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY,

APRIL 10TH, '97.

Harrity meanwhile had busied himself adjusting and focusing the camera, as well as the unfavorable conditions permitted. Soon everything was ready for the picture. Harrity held the camera; Welsh produced the flash light powder from among the various contents of his pockets, struck a match and attempted to set it off. The match flickered and commenced to go out, but it was touched to the powder just in time. There was a quick spurt, and then brilliant, blinding flash that lighted up the entire cave, followed by a deafening roar, as of a peal of thunder. Large chunks of stone and gravel were loosened from the roof, and precipitated to the floor. The camera was knocked out of Harrity's hands, and he was forced bodily back against the side of the cave. As for Welsh, he was gathered up easily into a compact lump, as well as his mother could have done it in his infancy, and together with the paint bucket, was seated rather unceremoniously in one of the largest and softest of those mysterious explosion heaps.

Though the unexpected and violent explosion had bereft our explorers of almost all their ready sense, the momentary brilliant flash which accompanied it had enabled them to take in the general appearance of their surroundings. The cave was not as large as they thought it to be. They were almost at the opposite extremity when they had stopped. The flash was not of long enough duration to allow a minute examination of those puzzling heaps, though they saw that they were composed of many round brown objects thrown together.

Both Harrity and Welsh were more or less stunned by the rough treatment they had received, and for a period of about five minutes, during which time they were occupied in experimenting on their groaning powers and subjecting themselves to various tests calculated to enlighten them as to whether they were still inhabitants of this world or were actually beginning a long career of torture in the next, nothing in particular happened. Harrity was the first who tried to speak, and finding that his vocal organs were still capable of uttering earthly sounds, he informed Welsh in a wonderfully humiliated tone, that he was of the opinion that something had exploded, and that that something was perhaps the gas. Welsh, who had just discovered that

be was still alive, and that what he thought was his life blood streaming down the nape of his neck, from perhaps a mortal wound in his cerebellum, was in fact nothing more than paint, felt his heart too full for ordinary words, and started up with the full intention of hugging his companion in misery. Their spirits and sense were gradually recovered, and a hasty retreat was begun. Turning about to look for the opening they, for the first time, noticed that they were in total darkness. Almost simultaneously the truth dawned upon them. The force of the explosion had broken down the thin shell of earth near the entrance, and had, yes, had buried them alive, may be behind tons and tons of stone and gravel. They groped their way along the wall; it was only too true, on every side was the unyielding gravel.

For a long time they stood in silence contemplating their awful situation and the more awful fate which undoubtedly awaited them. Would they have to die here in this horrid smelling cave, so near to friends, and yet so really buried from them as if they were in their graves? Then passed through their brains that agonizing train of thoughts so often and so vividly described by novelists when they are torturing their villains' last moments. Home, friends, all the good and evil, they had ever done—all passed before their minds as in a panorama. It was some time before the desperation that commonly aids the dying men came to their assistance. A standing proof of the supernatural source of thought in this condition is the fact that it was Welsh who suggested that they yell. According to all who are intimately acquainted with him, such a brilliant and original thought could never have crossed his brain in its normal state.

Then those fellows yelled as they never did before, either for Andover, or to gain the attention of a street car conductor, half a square away. When they stopped there was only the invisible walls that answered with their hollow echoes, yet they fancied they heard voices, very distant and indistant. Again and again they yelled, even louder than before. Now they were sure that they were heard and that some one was coming to their rescue. The voices come nearer and nearer and the words could almost be distinguished. Then they were direct-

ly overhead, and while they craned their necks to see through the pitchy darkness, they heard a key turning in a lock directly overhead, and a heavy door thrown back. There burst into the cave a great flood of light, and there burst out, I may say, a great flood of thanksgiving which had its source in the hearts of Harrity and Welsh.

Almost at the same instant three burly farmers appeared; one armed with a shot-gun, another engaged in holding back a ferocious looking dog, and the third contenting himself with juggling a copious vocabulary of sacrilegious invectives. Harrity and Welsh were first duly examined as to whether their armament was to be considered. Then they were hustled up a rickety flight of stairs by no gentle hands, and while one of their captors held the gun complacently levelled at their heads, and while the dog was making furious efforts to get away and to enjoy some unseen delicacy, which he seemed to believe hidden somewhere about Welsh, our dumb-founded explorers were treated to a harangue introduced as follows: "Yer academy fellers think yer smart, don't yer? But yer not going to come around and steal my apples while I'm looking at yer."

Then those two fellows exchanged looks that bespoke volumes, yes libraries, as it dawned upon them, that they had been discovering nothing more nor less than a New England apple cellar.

Frank Hollinger Lehman.



For Lack of a Chance.

WE PULLED out into the main current of the little river and let our skiff drift idly. Jack turned 'round on his seat and faced me as I lay idly on the bottom of the boat listening to the "chug" of the tiny waves which rippled under the bow.

The cool evening breeze blew delightfully upon us after the heat of the day and rustled in the low willows along the shore. The frogs in Bull Head Cove were croaking to one another, and the water as it rushed over the dam farther down the river roared incessantly. Jack and I were only boys but somehow we always liked to steal quietly away together on such a beautiful evening to one of our resorts, and the river was the favorite. Everyone said Jack was getting to be a bad case but I never believed it for I knew he was a good, true-hearted fellow. And so we drifted on silently.

At last he broke out, "Golly it's a great night, ain't it? Look at that old moon up there and then here's another in the water."

"'Tis great, Jack, but I guess you're seeing double to-night. I don't see any moon in the water."

"Well, you'll see it fast enough if you look behind you. 'Spose I thought you had eyes in the back of your head? Guess I might a'most seen double last night though, Billy, Old Hank and his gang were drunk and got me sort o' drunk, too, 'cause I wouldn't drink their stuff in the first place an' then he licked me again this morning' cause I didn't get down at sharp five ready to do chores. Old devil, I'll get even with him yet."

"I wouldn't stand it if I were you Jack. I'd run away or do something if I had such a step-father. I wouldn't stay near him, anyhow. Why don't you go out where your mother used to live? You could probably get a job out there and then you needn't ever come near Old Hank again."

"You bet I wouldn't ever come near the old cuss again if I once got away, but how do you s'pose I can. I haven't got a cent."

"Why, Jack, I've saved some money of my own, and I'll give you enough to get out there with."

"Will you, Billy? You're a brick. The next lickin' I get I'll come to you for the money and skip off without sayin' a word to anybody except Ma. I've been thinking of it for a good while and I sort a got it planned."

"All right, it's a go, Jack, but let's not talk about Old Hank any more. It don't make us feel good, and I guess he won't lick you again, anyhow."

"Well I'm more'n willin' Billy."

And then we talked of other things and Old Hank was almost forgotten as we floated on toward the dam. I can never forget now how Jack and I enjoyed that beautiful summer night for we got better acquainted than we ever had before, and I felt more certain than ever that Jack was by no means a hard case.

At last we turned round and pulled swiftly up stream to our little landing.

"Wish I wasn't in so much cussin' and drinkin'," said Jack, as we parted. "Might be a decent fellow then."

The next week I met him down town, and somewhat to my surprise he told me he was going to skip that night if I'd lend him the money, for Hank had sworn at him and beaten him again that morning. As the evening train pulled out Jack waved good-bye to me from the platform of the smoking car, and in the ten years since then I have never seen him.

Once I heard through a friend that Jack came back two years after he went away, but had gone down terribly. He was shabbily dressed and had been drinking hard. There was no courage left in him and he seemed friendless and miserable. He went back to live with Old Hank again and into much the same life. Sometimes he seemed to grow almost desperate in his wickedness.

It had been a long time since any news of Jack had come to me, and I supposed he had sunk beyond all help, for once I had written him as kind a letter as I could and he had never answered it. But

sometime last November I received this letter from a friend who still lives in the old town.

MY DEAR BILLY:

I have a sad story to tell you. You no doubt remember Jack Roberts, and what a case he has always been. Night before last he and Jim Kirkfield, a boon companion of his, were in at Murphy's drinking and gambling most of the evening, till about ten, when they ordered a carriage and started for Faytown singing noisily. Ed Dodge, who keeps a saloon there, says they were in his place for awhile carousing, till he drove them out about twelve in pretty bad shape. They were both ugly because he would only sell them a pint bottle before they left. Jim Kirkfield was never seen alive after he left, for Jack Roberts killed him on the way home. A milkman found the body in the road early next morning with a bullet hole in his breast. The carriage was thrown up on the bank and the horse was found a mile away with the broken harness still dragging under his feet. The country was scoured for Jack all day, and towards night they found him hiding in the hay in an old barn sound asleep. An empty cartridge in his pistol, a broken leg and muddy trousers told the story. He denied his guilt till to-day, however, when he admitted that he could remember shooting Jim because he wouldn't let him have more whiskey. I went around to the prison to-day and saw him. The doctors say he is a wreck and can't live. He seems perfectly broken hearted, and just as I came away he sobbed out, "Yes, I killed him, I know. It's all my fault I suppose, but I—I—tried, Oh, I tried to be a man, you can never know how it has been." Poor fellow, I felt so sorry for him.

Sincerely,

HARRY BROOKS.

Heaven forgive him, he tried—Oh he tried—so hard to be a man, but he never had a chance.

Richard Henry Edwards.



Only a Tramp.

THE park is almost deserted, except for a few belated people who are hurrying, partly from true city spirit, and partly because they have an evening meal in view.

Everybody seems to be in a hurry, except a large and comfortable looking officer of the law, who is engaged in holding up a tree that looks fully big enough to take care of itself, and who betrays no concern further than that necessary to keep his club in motion. And here comes another leisurely man, with a ragged coat and a spirituous look, who carefully picks out a settee behind the tree which the policeman is guarding, and settles himself down for a quiet nap. But a little tot of a girl is coming toddling down the walk, and there is something about her look which attracts his attention, for he stares at her almost with a start, and mutters to himself as she passes, "Just the picture of Nelly. I wish I'd asked her who she was, but I suppose she'd have been afraid of me;—now." And then he sighed, rested his head on his arm, and in a few minutes was far from the land of parks and policemen.

He had forgotten about the saloon which he had lately left, and the crowd; he was far away from the smoky city, and thought himself on a little steam oyster boat, stoking coal into the hot little furnace down under the deck. Then he came up from below, and, in his dream, sat on the little oily, leather covered seat, wiping the sweat from his hot face, and looking out idly at the little swirls of mud that floated aft after each splash from the shovellers, who were cleaning off the deck, waiting for the dredge. "Ting, ting," said the little bell overhead, and he jumped to the lever which threw the port dredge into gear, while the engine laboriously wound up the banging, rattling chain on the reel. The engineer should have been in the engine room to do this, but the young captain of the "Maria Seaver" did not have much of an eye for discipline, and at that moment chanced to be talking with the engineer himself, who, as our friend knew very well, was sitting on the little camp stool in the wheel house, with his feet braced

against the heater pipes, smoking bad tobacco, and talking about;— and at the thought the young stoker's face darkened.

It had somehow never occurred to him before to feel anything like jealousy. Andrew Sparks, the engineer, had been around at the little house in Fair Haven where Eleanor lived, half a dozen times, in the last two months, but the stoker had never considered him in the light of a rival. He had played with Nelly when she was so little that she could barely lisp his name, and had taken her to church and Sunday evening meeting for years. Andrew was her neighbor, too, and Harry Champion thought, as he sat down there in the engine room, that he should not have minded his calling on her, but he wished that he would not talk about her to the captain.

Then the sleeping man's brain was confused again, and the next picture which presented itself was a pretty little white house at the top of the bank below which the Quinnipiac lazily wended its oystery way into the harbor. A girl was standing at the door of the house, tearful but angry and resolute, and a stalwart young fellow was saying to her "You shall not flirt with Andrew Sparks, after all you have said to me." Her answer did not come clearly to his brain, but it was defiant, and then the young man made a hasty retort, and left her, striding away down the road in a bitter anger.

Another whirl of fancies and the sleeping tramp saw two young men walking home together from the boat, after their day's work, and one of them was boasting, but the other was flushed and silent. And then there were hot words, and a taunt, and brass knuckles flashed, and one of the young men fell, and did not rise again. And the other man looked at him, and at the welt in his forehead, and then turned and ran, and it was himself who was running, and he was a murderer.

Then he saw himself in a distant city, working in a shop, and wondering every hour why a blue-coated arm did not come to drag him away, in the name of the law, for the murder of Andrew Sparks. And it seemed to him that he could not work, for that horrible dread was always before him, and every time a fellow workman swung his coat open he expected to see a detective badge beneath it.

And then he saw himself on the road again, wandering from place to place, seeking employment, and then throwing up his job, and starting whenever he heard the word "law" or the word "murder." And his neat clothes were getting frayed and shabby, and then one day he went into a saloon and drank to his trouble, and that night he was merry again.

Then another year or so passed without creating impression, and he saw himself more ragged and more forlorn, wondering unceasingly why they had not caught him, and whether he had not told someone his story on some of his carouses, and how long he was going to live. And then he took it into his head that someone had been punished for him, by mistake, which gave him wild exhilaration and joy for an hour, followed by the deepest depression, and a sense that he had committed double murder. And everywhere he saw the word "murderer,"—on the sky, written on every cloud, and burned into the pavement on which he stood.

The policeman, too, was asleep now, but he dropped his club on his foot and awoke swearing, just as a neatly dressed workingman, accompanied by his wife and the little girl who had crossed the park half an hour before, passed the settee where the man was asleep. And the man thought to himself how much that face looked like a man whom he used to know, like a man who had given him the scar that his hair would not quite cover, and then had disappeared as from the face of the earth. Then his wife spoke to him about a neighbor who had lately returned from the west, and the little incident was blotted from his memory.

And the policeman, awakening to a full sense of his official dignity, nearly pounded the feet off the sleeping tramp until the latter awoke, and shambled off with a volley of oaths,—and he never knew that he would have saved a life if he had awakened the man five minutes sooner.

Ray Morris.

A Story of the Modoc War.

IT WAS a glorious autumn day in a mountainous district of Northern California. The dwarf oaks and maples were rich with their red and yellow foliage, and along the gushing mountain streams and the quiet meadow brooks the weeping willows and the alders cast their brilliant colors upon the waters. On all sides were rocky pine-clad mountains, precipitous and seamed with wide canyons and deep gorges. Occasionally snow-capped peaks reared their lofty heights above their surroundings, and in the distance towards the south stood Mt. Shasta, a grim sentinel of the country for miles around. The sun was shining brightly, and the gigantic pines were moved gently to and fro in the breeze which made their smaller brethren murmur softly, while nature seemed indeed to show forth in all her pristine grandeur and loveliness.

So thought Ned Wilson as he drank in the beauty of the surrounding landscape from a high table-land where he had climbed. He was lying upon the dry, soft pine needles in the warm sunshine and was in the midst of a delightful reverie. Occasionally a slight touch of sadness flitted over his handsome face. Let us follow his thoughts for a while and see if we can see what brings him to this distant spot.

He has been to college. His life there was very happy and he was very popular, but from excessive dissipation he had to leave college, broken down in health. He finally became a victim of consumption and had to go out West.

He had heard of a place in Northern California, remarkable for its beautiful scenery and healthful climate, and which possessed some very invigorating hot springs, so there he went and the table-land where we find him now was his favorite haunt. As he looked idly at a rocky cliff about half a mile from him, he saw a mounted Indian on its crest, outlined against the sky. The Indian started to descend by a narrow trail on the face of the ridge and was soon followed by a dozen more, riding one after the other. Slowly they picked their way along the tortuous and dangerous trail until they reached a thickly wooded canyon, where they were lost to sight. This was the advance

guard of the Modoc Indians, who were now on the war path, making their way to the lava beds, situated not far from where Ned was lying, to intrench themselves in them.

For a place of refuge no better location could be found. These lava beds are very common in Northern California where there are many extinct volcanoes, which once poured out streams of molten rock, destroying everything which came in their path. As these streams seethed and boiled down the mountain slopes, covered with jagged rocks and fallen trees, many caverns, caves and subterranean passages were formed. After this had gone on for centuries, perhaps, and now centuries later was cooled and crusted, the hard pressed Indians found in them a refuge, so suited to their tastes and conditions that they could offer a far more stubborn resistance to the whites than they could with all their native strategy and cunning.

Up to this time, Ned had found his life a little monotonous, but now that he was in a country where real Indians were on the war path, he hailed with delight an opportunity to study them and learn, if possible, something of their modes of warfare. The beauty and grandeur of the rugged scenery about him, and the venturing into a locality filled with hostile Indians, gave him a feeling of such joyous freedom and mild danger, that he made many visits to his outlook on the table-land despite the landlord's warnings. Here he could get a view of the country about him, and the lava beds where the Indians lay entrenched.

The managers of the campaign against the Indians saw this recent action with dismay and with grave doubt as to how they were to be dislodged. The longer the soldiers delayed the better it was for the Indians, for daily the Modocs were becoming better acquainted with the nature of their abode, and the various means at their command for repelling an attack or for making their escape. The troops had delayed from the early autumn to the bitter cold and sleet of winter. Now at last the seventeenth of January was set for the attack to be led by Major-General Wheaton.

The day was bitterly cold and the deep snow offered a serious impediment to the half frozen troops. The Indians, however, were

prepared for the attack, for they had carefully watched every move of the soldiers, and when within three miles of their stronghold, they had opened fire upon the benumbed troopers, killing eleven of them and wounding twenty-three. So the campaign was now assuming a decidedly serious aspect, and General Davis, who was in command, was called upon to do his utmost.

The lava beds covered a tract some ten miles square, and, occupying as it did, an elevated position with many high pinnacles, the Indians could see an attacking party long before they themselves would be discovered. This, coupled with the ceaseless vigilance of the Indians, made a surprise almost impossible. Gen. Davis knew that it must be through some rare strategy that he could hope to be successful. One night a foraging party was returning richly laden and they could not go at their usual pace. While they were yet some five miles from their camp the moon appeared and when they reached an open field which lay at the outskirts of their stronghold it was shining with a bright, clear light. They had intended to pass by here under the cover of night but now they were soon discovered by the watchful sentinels. The alarm was sounded and before the Indians could reach their retreat the mounted soldiers had intercepted them.

The Indians fled in a different direction towards a range where they could not be followed by horsemen, and took refuge in a cave some two hundred feet up a rocky cliff. Word was sent back to the troops and the cave was closely watched, which would have been useless, however, had it not been for a man who had, by mere chance, discovered something about the new stronghold. The cliff, in which the cave was, belonged to a rocky chain of which Ned's table-land was the highest part. He knew the place, and from his high position could see about it on all sides, and knew that there was a large room on the other side of the cliff, and somewhat above the cave. As these foraging parties consisted of warriors noted for their skill and daring, the General knew that he probably had the best warriors of the Modoc nation before him and consequently there was a good chance of making an end to the war. It was here that Ned's knowledge of the

situation was invaluable. As soon as the General learned that there was a possible avenue of escape open to the Indians he sent twenty troopers with Ned as a guide to the place where the seam was located, above the cave. They found it would take all of twenty troopers to guard the place effectually, for the seam ran in and out amongst the jagged rocks and huge fallen trees in such a way that if an Indian warrior once got above the edge of the seam he could make good his escape by dodging amongst them.

The General's plan was this: He would keep up a continuous cannonade against the mouth of the cave; the Indians retreat would be cut off at the rear by the troops, and so, if all was successful the Indians' fate would be inevitable and surrender would be their only course. A description of the plan was sent back to General Davis and the rest of the investigating party awaited further orders near the seam. Ned, as we have said was among them. The thorough knowledge of the place which he had gained by his continuous watching had proved of the greatest value, but now that there was real fighting to be done he was urged to seek a place of safety, but Ned had made up his mind to see the end of the affair and was finally allowed to stay. But how little he knew what it was to confront the blazing rifles of a lot of desperate savages. How he wished his college friends might see him now as he took his stand with the hardened troopers.

The forces from below had kept up an increasing fusillade of shot and bursting shell against the mouth of the cave. The armament of rocks which the Indians had built across the entrance was battered down long ago, and now the stifling dust and the fumes from the exploding shells had driven the ill-fated Indians almost to suffocation. The party which was guarding their only avenue of escape knew that soon either a sign of surrender would be seen at the front or they themselves would be called upon for a struggle. And that struggle was not long in coming. The Indians seeing there was no hope of escape from the mouth of the cave, as many as there was room for hurriedly collected at the bottom of the fissure. This was so filled with smoke that the soldiers were in ignorance of what the Indians

were preparing to do, but all stood ready with cocked rifles. Ned took his stand near the end of the fissure; he had not taken advantage of any slight means of protection which may have been near him, but stood fully exposed. The soldiers were too much absorbed in their own safety to warn him, and he was too intent upon watching for the Indians' next move to think of himself. Suddenly some of the Indians made a feint of trying to escape by climbing over the edges of the seam, and while the soldiers' attention was directed to them, others clambered and rushed up the narrow and rock-strewn passage, and tried to get away by passing through the end of the seam. About a dozen of them sprang from the defile and with terrible yells made off in the direction where Ned had taken his stand, discharging their firearms as they went. But the soldiers acted with rare coolness, and the fleeing Indians received such a well directed volley that few of them escaped. The remaining Indians seeing the fate of their comrades receded into the cavern, and seeing further resistance useless, surrendered.

After the battle, among the dead soldiers, was one who did not wear a soldier's uniform. The place where he lay had been the thick of the fight and he was tightly clutching his empty rifle.

As a token of the service which he was able to render them on account of his lookout on the table land, and as a remembrance of the pleasure which it had been to him during his life, they laid him at rest in his own sunny nook amongst the pine needles.

And ever since then, when any of the Modoc tribe visit the place where they had made their last stand against the white men, they cast sorrowful and pitying glances at the cave where their fathers had struggled so desperately with fate; they look with anger and revenge at the rude structure where some of their chiefs had suffered death, but what they consider with the most awe and as the most ill omened is the rocky precipice upon whose brow is the grave of the one boy who had given his life to his government.

John Farwell Ferry.



Conducted by Ray Morris.

SHALL '97 HAVE A PROM?

NOT very long ago, the idea was started of organizing a prom, to be held some time late this term, similar to those which are carried on in the colleges and several of the larger preparatory schools. There are a good many reasons why this would be a first rate plan, and some reasons why it would not. The chief arguments for it are that it would constitute probably the most attractive feature of the whole term, and would involve unlimited dancing, unlimited girls, and an unlimited good time. The arguments against it are mainly founded on the propensity of the school to do everything too well; to make what might be a small and inexpensive affair into a big and expensive one. The expenses occurring in Senior year are proverbial both for their size and for their persistency, and unless some definite arrangement was made to the contrary, a prom would be about as costly a thing as the school could do. If, for instance, the Town hall was put into the hands of Boston decorators for a week before the event; if the music was furnished by the Boston Cadet Band, or some similar organization; if there was expensive catering, and the great expenses incurred in bringing girls from out of town and looking out for them, with their chaperones, the affair would involve entirely too much, both

of time and of money. And as a rule, the school has a tendency to do things this way ; a way which undoubtedly adds much to its name for enterprise and generosity, but debars many fellows from participation. Take, for example, the Senior Dinner, in Boston. It was an unqualified success, and went off beautifully, yet nearly thirty fellows were shut out from it by the expense, and thirty out of a class of a hundred and ten is too large a proportion.

But we are convinced that if a competent committee were appointed composed of fellows of good taste and good sense, a prom could be held which would be the star event of the year, with a very small outlay of money, relatively speaking. The Town hall was never endangered by the fatal gift of beauty, but yet a little decoration in the right place would make it passable, and the floor is not too bad to dance on, by any means. The two highest expenses, in all probability, would be catering and music, but a small and good band would answer all practical needs for dancing purposes just as well as an extravagant one, and, in many ways, small and more or less informal affairs are more real fun than more elaborate ones.

The most serious remaining difficulty is to get any girls. The Fem-Sems have never been available for dances, but it seems to us that if the Abbott Academy faculty could be assured that the affair would be chaperoned by plenty of patronesses, they would waive their objections.

Looking at the matter as a whole, therefore, it seems to us that, although the Spring term is the best term of the year in any case, and may not absolutely need outside amusements, yet a Senior Prom would certainly make a bright spot in it that would be remembered by the fellows all through college, and would, in after years, bring many grads back again. And the surest way to make a prom a success is to do it simply, and economically.

LAST TERM REFLECTIONS.

WE. who are seniors, begin to realize as the last term is well started, that we are soon to break the school ties which have bound us

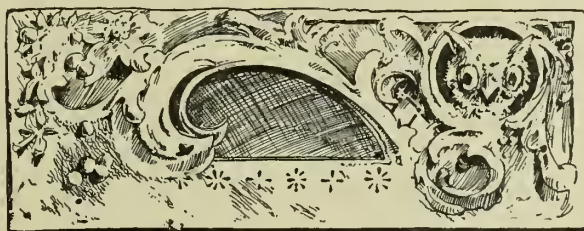
for one, two, three or perhaps four years. It is indeed a feeling of regret that comes over us as we realize that we shall soon be separated never to be all together again. We will look back with pleasure, we are told, on the years spent here, with happiness to the friendships we have formed here. Let us believe what those who have gone before us say. Now then is the time to clinch our friendships. You know, "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried." Well it is all very true but we have no right here in school to go through our course side by side with fellows and never know them, never let them feel that we have a common interest with them. There is in many a quiet and possibly unattractive fellow, a true and worthy friend for the future, if we but make him our friend while we are here. We would not be sentimental, neither would we preach a sermon, but we feel that now is the time to get better acquainted with one another and so strengthen the spirit of our class.

And now, too, is the time to make our final records. It is the beginning of the end and the impression which we leave from this last term is likely to be a permanent one. If we go to pieces now, the faculty will say, "always a little off, went to pieces, and has made a bad record." If we take as it were a final brace now where it is necessary, and finish up strong, they will say, "Perhaps a trifle off once, but pulled out splendidly, a pretty good record on the whole." We would by no means advocate for under-class men laxity till the last term of Senior year, but a good hard brace now may cover a multitude of sins and pull us into college in good shape. We owe it to ourselves to round out our courses in every way. There are many honors yet to be lost and won. There are many things '97 yet may accomplish, and leave its name high up among Andover's best classes.

THE NINE OF 1866.

In our March number we had the pleasure of printing a graduate article by Dr. James G. K. McClure, '66, describing the first real base ball nine that Andover ever sent into the field, and its captain, Archie

Bush. It may be of interest to publish the following make up of the team, which we have since received. Archie Bush himself was afterwards captain of the Harvard nine. A. McClure Bush, Albany, N. Y., Middle Class (Harvard '71), catcher; James B. Wells, New York City, Middle Class (Harvard '71, LL. B., Columbia '73), pitcher; George A. Strong, St. Louis, Mo., Senior Class (Yale '71), 1st base; J. G. K. McClure, Albany, N. Y., Senior Class (Yale '70, D. D., Lake Forest '88), 2d base; E. C. Reybold, Delaware City, Del., English Department, 3d base; G. W. Reybold, Delaware City, Del., Middle Class, left field; Walter Buck, Andover, Mass., Graduate Student (Yale '70), center field; G. L. Huntress, Center Harbor, N. H., Senior Class (Yale '70), right field; Thompson McClintock, Pittsburg, Pa., Senior Class (Yale '70), short stop.



The Month.

Conducted by R. H. Edwards.

MARCH 4th. Candidates for the track team called out. About forty men respond.

March 6th. The senior class attend "In Gay New York" at the Park theatre, Boston, in the afternoon and the class banquet is held in the evening at the Parker House. Seventy men are present.

March 16th. R. S. Newcombe is unanimously elected managing editor of the Phillipian for next year.

March 19th. M. E. Stone, '93, W. B. Parker, '93, C. Grilk, '94, J. M. Bartwell, '93, all of Harvard, address the Philomathean and Forum societies.

March 20. The seniors who entered school in junior year hold the annual banquet at the Franklin House, Lawrence. Twelve men attend.

March 23d. The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs give a very successful concert in the town hall.

The following announced as successful Means competitors: W. E. Day, '97; J. L. Fiske, '97; S. H. E. Freund, '97; O. F. Gardner, '98; J. R. Irvine, 1900; C. U. Kimball, '97; F. H. Lehman, '97; F. A. Lucas, '99; R. Morris, '97; W. T. Townsend, '97.

P. A., '97, elects officers: Pres., A. H. Richardson; Vice Pres., J. W. Jameson; Sec. and Treas., R. H. Edwards.

March 25th. Officers of '98 elected: Pres., O. F. Gardner; Vice Pres., W. M. Reid; Sec. and Treas., G. G. Mullings.

March 26th. Successful Draper men announced: O. W. Branch, '97; Z. S. Eldredge, '98; S. H. E. Freund, '97; E. W. Hunt, '98; J. R. Irvine, 1900; J. R. Locke, '97; F. J. O'Connor, '99; J. H. A. Symonds, '97; P. W. Thomson, '98; S. W. Wood, '99.

P. S., '98, elects officers: Pres., L. D. Waddell; Vice Pres., A. P. Wilder; Sec. and Treas., E. L. Wentz.

P. S., '97, elects officers: Pres., E. F. Lawrence; Vice Pres., I. J. French; Sec. and Treas., J. J. Peter.

March 29th. P. S., '99, elects officers: Pres., R. H. Perry; Vice Pres., C. B. Warner; Sec., N. R. Roberts; Treas., J. F. Janes.

March 30th. School lets out for ten days' vacation.

Work is begun on the base ball diamond.

April 7th. Andover is defeated in the first game of the season played at Providence with Brown. Score, 15 to 2.

April 8th. Track team and baseball training tables started at Mansion House.

April 14th. '99 baseball candidates called out.

The first game on the home grounds is played with New Hampshire college and results in an easy victory for Andover. Score, 7 to 2.

April 16th. Philo holds a mock trial.

April 17th. '98 baseball candidates called out.

Street team elections.

Phillips—Capt., W. L. Cropley; managers, E. F. Lawrence and W. M. Reid.

Morton—Capt., T. G. Whaling; managers, J. H. Borden and C. B. Woolsey.

E. C.—Capt., J. J. Bartley; managers, E. H. Shaw and C. Ferris.

April 19th. Andover loses to Harvard 2nd in a close and well-played game. Score, 1 to 3.

April 21st. Dean Academy defeats the home team by a score of 8 to 1.



Conducted by F. H. Lehmann.

FRUSTRA.

As I took my seat at the opéra
To hear "Tannhauser" sung,
I chanced to cast my wand'ring eye
The audience among.

I saw a girl with tresses dark,
Which framed a charming face,
And instantly within my heart
I made for her a place.

I looked at her between the acts ;
I noticed every glance,
She never turned her eyes my way
To make my faint heart dance.

You wonder why she never did ?
Why, then I'll tell you that
She in a parterre box reclined,
While I in the gallery sat.

B. H. E.

SHE, HE AND A WHEEL.

Nature had been generous with her, indeed lavish and extravagant. She tipped the scale to one hundred and ninety-nine and three quarters, and she was still gaining at the rate of about two pounds a year. However, she had a sunny temper and two bewitching dimples that were set like two diamonds in her

ruddy, fat cheeks. Besides, she had other indescribable charms that made her a general favorite, and fully counteracted the afore mentioned generosity of nature. Quite naturally she had friends, gentlemen friends and lady friends, but particular gentlemen friends, and more naturally still she had a particular gentleman friend.

One time after she had allowed him to bask in her charming smiles so long that he was completely intoxicated, she informed him that she was thinking seriously of getting a bicycle, amending the statement in her irresistable insinuating way by suggesting that the proffer of his services would receive favorable consideration. "Why certainly, certainly,"—idiot ! that he had not thought of it before !—he knew something about riding a wheel, and should be delighted to teach her. Strange to say, however, after he left her he walked half a dozen blocks out of his way home, and whistled all the while a forlorn and monotonous tune, the theme of which suggested anything but future joys.

He borrowed the wheel at his own expense and brought it around and then for two hours straight, he enjoyed the unadulterated pleasure of teaching her to ride. I take it for granted the majority of my readers have already indulged in this, not the least of human joys. If they have not, I advise them to grasp the first opportunity. One gains more practical information about the weaker sex in two hours teaching them to ride a bicycle than one ordinarily does in years of correspondence or in months of evening calls. All a young lady's dignity is buried in the dust of the first tumble, and we have nothing but her truthful nature left be that good, bad or indifferent. All this and a great deal more was the sad but instructive experience of our hero. Before the first hour was out, and while she was remarking that she was enjoying it immensely and that she was confident she would be able to ride before the afternoon was out (it was 3 o'clock, July 1st,) he reflected that it was worse than lugging about her weight in solid lead. Toward the end of the second hour, he was more than exasperated, and he was tempted to adopt a last resort. He advised her to ride hard so as to get some momentum, and then simply to keep going. He started her off, and she obeyed him implicitly. She went on like an expert for about three hundred feet, then there was a sudden collapse, a shocking display of gymnastics, followed by a general settling down, and a quiteness and serenity as of

death. When he reached her, she had fainted, and the bicycle was internally injured to the extent of forty-five dollars cash. Gently he raised her; the ambulance carried her home, etc., etc. Ditto, what was left of the bicycle.

Poor girl! She was convalescing for months. He went to see her even oftener than before. She commenced to grow thin. He blamed himself for it all, and at last he determined to atone for it. He determined, that as soon as she had sufficiently recovered to sustain the shock, he would ask her,—yes beg her—to become his wife.

The time at last came. The doctor pronounced her as well as ever, and she forthwith began to gain, and win back again her charming dimples. One night they were alone, save the sofa. His courage was wavering, but he managed to get a start. Would't she care for him enough to be willing to-to-to take another ride on a bicycle?

And she said "yes."

F. H. L.

WRECKED.

He came walking along the narrow road between two broad fields of ripening cowed corn. From the door of the great barn Mary Newton could just see his hat as it bobbed along over the wavy expanse of mottled green. Mary had been feeding her pet calf and lingered now in the doorway, her wavy brown hair brushed back from her forehead. The men say she always lingered there

when she came to the barn, because—well, because—there was a somebody up on the loft helping to pitch the new mown hay. No, you wouldn't blame him, would you, for loving the owner of those tender dark eyes and ruddy cheeks?

The battered hat came nearer the end of the cornfield. "Why, he's a stranger, another miserable, lazy tramp, probably," and Mary shrank back into the barn as he turned his steps that way.

He came up the bridge just as the men were getting down from the mow. "Want a job, eh? Well, this is your place if you can work; we're just a hand short, but it's hot out there in the field and you don't look so awful strong."

"No hotter than tramping in that dusty road, I guess," he replied, with a half forced smile. Then he pulled off his worn out coat, which had been handsome once, and got ready to go to the field. He was not a large or heavily built man, and his shoulders were slightly bent. A trace of refinement still lingered about the hardened face and his reserved, self-possessed manner told, at least, of experience.

"What'll we call you?" asked one of the farm-hands, as they started off. "Frank's enough," he replied, and gave a hitch at his patched trousers.

"He's one of your dime novel fellers," agreed two of the men as they trudged along behind the creaking wagon, but

Mary's Joe asked him kindly to jump up on the rigging and drive.

Mary was running lightly toward the house when Joe looked around. Then he smiled and said something under his breath. The gangs of men coming from the fields with their great loads looked at the new comer in surprise as they passed.

He came in to supper quietly and talked with the men about weather and crops, but said nothing of himself.

In the twilight he was sitting on the steps alone. There came into his face a look of deepest pain which changed into one of sad longing, for he thought no one could see it.

And Joe and Mary? Well, they were down at the other end of the piazza, but they were listening to the peepers in happy oblivion of all the world. The lone man sighed deeply and hid his face in his hands. Then he rose abruptly and went into the house.

He had been on the farm about a week, everybody liked him, for he was full of fun after the first day but still as reticent as before about himself. One morning he was on the mow treading down a load of hay and started for the ladder which led to the floor. Suddenly he felt the hay give way beneath and then it was all black to him.

They picked him up off the basement floor from under the great chute where he had fallen and carried him tenderly into the house. Joe rode like wild for

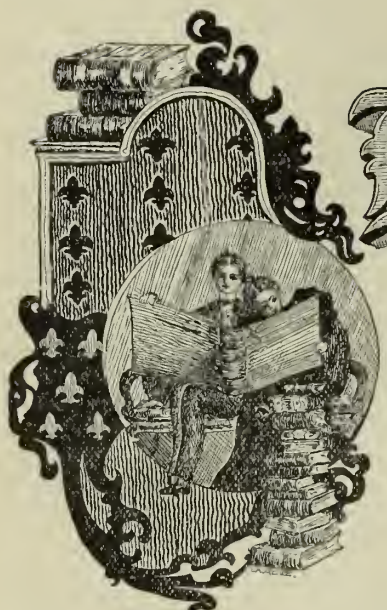
the doctor and when he came they had revived him again. "Yes, quite seriously injured, but he will recover in time, there are two ribs broken and a bad shoulder bruise."

He was two weeks in bed but always patient and uncomplaining. Mary did all she could for him and read away many otherwise lonely hours, and Joe always came in and talked with him for a while after supper when Mary was busy.

One of the times he broke out earnestly: "Joe, you and Mary have been good to me and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. The good

Lord grant your love may never be blighted as mine was. Once I loved a beautiful girl with all my heart and she had given me hers in return. I was young and rich then and loved society; well I can't tell you all the story but I wasn't faithful to her. Oh, may God forgive me. Heaven knows and she knows I have repented. She could forgive and forget but she could not wed me, though she loved me with all her heart. I have been a curse to myself and the world ever since. She! she has given her life for purity.

R. H. E.



Books

Conducted by W. T. Townsend.

A GENUINE GIRL. J. G. Lincoln. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

As a continuation of some of the characters of *Marjorie's Quest* this book brings to us our especial pleasure. It is indeed a delight to know the young lives of Marjorie's children and a truly genuine girl is Phyllis Gray, her bewitching daughter. The story is strangely written and as the plot thickens with Anita's scheming the interest increases. It reaches the climax in the latter chapter which tells of the Yale Prom, the New London boat race, Anita's discovery, and the happy engagements of

Jerry and Penelope, Teddy and Phyllis, and last of all Aunt Debby and Reuben Stark-weather. E.

A TRANSATLANTIC CHATELAINE. By Helen Choate Prince. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

This novel is the second production from the pen of Mrs. Prince, being, we think, the more finished of the two. It relates the experiences of Silvia Edwards, an American girl, who, at the death of her father moves to France. Here she hopes to find a life free from care, and a country where men are brave and gallant and friendship is true and lasting. We are somewhat startled at our heroine's early marriage, and just a little relieved at her first husband's death. She fails to find the life of a "Chateleine" as romantic as she had hoped, but finds a friend as noble as her ideal.

We should judge the book to be characteristic of life in France at the close of this century. It is written in a clear, forcible style and in some passages even dramatic.

Although we think the work has an unfortunate ending, it is, at least, free from the conventional style employed in so many of our modern novels. S

IN BIRD LAND. By Leander S. Keyser. Published by A. C. McClurg, Chicago, Ill.

Until quite recently those who sought information about the birds have had but a few books at their disposal and these were generally not of a sort to arouse one's enthusiasm. But this is not so of Mr. Keyser's book. In a most pleasing and charming style he takes us on long walks through the meadows and woodlands; he shows us and tells us the names of

quantities of the winged denizens of the forest, which we alone would have entirely overlooked, and finally he points out to us the habits and little traits of character, which we, through our ignorance, have hitherto been unable to appreciate.

The style is so delightfully informal, so enthusiastic, and so teems with quaint humor and original expressions that the reader seems to imbibe the author's feelings. He experiences the joy of leaving the conventionalities of civilized life and having in the place the exhilaration of a tramp across the sunny meadows and through the cool shade of the wild woods, or reader and author, together, laugh and wonder at the queer antics and behavior of the birds as they hear their joyous medley of song. The great merit of the book may be summed up in the statement that it gives trustworthy descriptions of our common birds and their habits in a pleasing and interesting style, this admirable combining pleasure and profit.

F.

But there is another thing which adds to its charm. Mr. Keyser is a book-lover as well as a bird lover and his remarks are often brightened by an appropriate selection from some of our Nature Poets---and these little tributes to the birds seem to bear out the author in his own enthusiasm.

Mr. Keyser excels at description and we frequently see vividly before us the wooded haunts of the birds.

He is poetic and artistic, and a sense of happiness is present through the whole book.

At times he is inclined to be philosophical and to moralize a little but these little touches are never obtrusive and they, with the rest, go to give the book its charm.

F.

POSSIBILITIES. By James G. K. McClure. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago

This book should have especial interest to Andover students, for it was here in 1866 that Mr. McClure, as a student in Phillips Academy, first got his inspiration to lead a Christian life.

The book is composed of a series of sermons upon the subject, "Possibilities," which Mr. McClure has recently delivered. They are earnest, practical talks upon developing, caring for and properly using those possibilities with which every man is endowed. They are an effective means of arousing a man's interest in himself, and are so earnest, so practical and show such a knowledge of human nature that the reader cannot help but be inspired by them.

F.

AUTHORS AND FRIENDS. By Annie Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This new edition of "Authors and Friends" is a great improvement. The book is handsomely gotten up in green and gold. The paper is of fine quality and the printing perfect.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A., 1873.

'35.—Died in Brookline, March 22, 1897. James S. Stone over 80 years of age.

'40.—Rev. Charles Arey, D. D., for many years rector of St. Peters' Church, Salem, died March 6, 1897. He was a graduate of Kenyon College and was a man of great culture and refined tastes.

'40.—On the 80th birthday anniversary of Hon. Samuel B. Noyes of Canton, the Massachusetts Republican Club of which he is a charter member tendered him a complimentary banquet. Mr. Noyes was the orator at the Semi-centennial of the Philomathean Society in 1875.

'47.—George O. Shattuck, a former President of our Alumni Association, an Overseer of Harvard University, President of the Suffolk County Bar Association and member of the Massachusetts Historical Society died in Boston, Feb. 23, 1897. He was born in Andover and descended from Revolutionary ancestry, both of his grandfathers having been soldiers in the War for Independence and his great grandfather was killed in the battle of Bunker Hill.

—In Jamaica Plain, April 15, 1897, died, Capt. Elisha F. Sears.

'57.—Edward T. Barker is superintendent of the city delivery of the Boston Post Office.

'57.—Wilmot H. Goodale died Jan. 2, 1897, in Baton Rouge, La., which had been his home since 1863. He was for a long time Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Louisiana State University and in 1891 was elected Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Civics in the University, holding this position at the time of his death.

'57.—Charles E. Hosmer is a physician practicing in South Billerica.

'61.—John Kerr Tiffany, a prominent lawyer of St. Louis, Mo., died in that city, March 3, 1897. He was a graduate of Harvard. Mr. Tiffany was the most careful student of the postage stamps of our country and had prepared and published a history of the envelopes, wrappers and sheets of the United States, which was of great value and interest.

'64.—Died in Andover, March 8, 1897, Samuel Chickering.

'66.—Recently published by the F. H. Revell Co., "Possibilities," by Rev. J. G. K. McClure.

'72.—Edward S. Martin has an article in the May number of Scribner's, entitled "Undergraduate Life at Harvard."

'74.—In the April McClure is a strong tale by Andrew H. Allen.

'86.—Egbert Smyth Ellis, Missionary of the American Board, died at Harpoot, Eastern Turkey, Feb. 22, 1897.

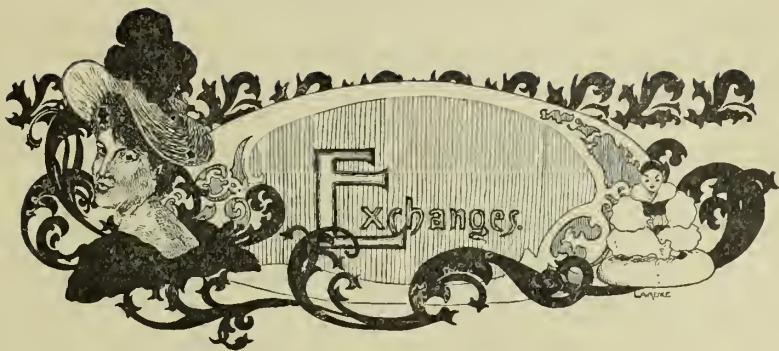
'89.—Edward Crane Hollister died at Liberty, N. Y., Feb. 13, 1897.

'89.—Died of pneumonia at Williams port, Pa., March. 14 1897, Robert E Rowley.

'91.—Winthrop H. Duncan is with the law firm of Stickney, Spencer & Ordway. The address is 161 Madison Ave., New York City.

'92.—A. P. Thompson is in the shoe manufacturing business in Honesdale, Pa.

'94.—Rev. Newman Matthews of Scranton, Pa., accepts his call to Randolph, N. Y.



Conducted by R. H. Edwards.

There are some very interesting articles in the April number of the Bachelor of Arts. The position of this magazine as an exponent of general university interests seems to be a helpful one.

IN SPRING.

I.

When through green lanes I go
In meditation still,
When the May-blossoms blow
Like wind-bedriven snow
Upon the pastured hill,
So many thousand things
Come whirling in my brain—
Some that the fragrance brings
Are half-forgotten things,
That violet and clover, and all the new-born train
Bring back to life again.

II.

But more are only dreams.
White-mantled shapes that come
Only half-visible
From their sleep-entered home.
That pass, I know not how,

And on my brow
Press their warm fingers,
And with wavering gleams
Troop by into the past,
Nor prayer nor vow
Maketh them more than dreams.

Robert L. Munger in. Bachelor of Arts.

TRIOLET.

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot?”
“Well, that depends, my sonny.”
“Now if your friends are still red-hot
Should auld acquaintance be forgot?”
“Why, what a question! Surely not.”
“But if they’ve lost their money
Should auld acquaintance be forgot?”
“Well, that depends, my sonny.”

Columbia Morningside.

MUTABILITY.

When lips are cherry-red,
When eyes are blue,
“Vision of loveliness”
I think, don’t you?
When eyes are cherry-red,
And lips are blue,
“Some one’s been on a bat”
I think, don’t you?

Columbia Morningside.

SEPARATION.

In the north is a crag by a sounding sea,
Where the shrill gulls wail and cry,
And over the breast of the gloom-swept lee,
Comes faint and far, heard distantly,
The wind's low drone of agony,
From the homes where the dream-clouds
lie.

In silent night the white bergs ride
On the icy-breathing bay,
And among the rocks in the surging tide,
The blue-black waters swing and glide,
And swoon to cling on the rock-bound
side
Of the crag that is weird and gray.

But far to the south where thirst gales
blow,
Lies an isle on a summer sea,
Where the whispering palm trees only
know
The sound of the west winds mournful
flow,

As it sings to the gleaming deeps below,
The song of the sadly free.

Far back in a dim forgotten day,
When loves were strong and free,
A crag in the north that is weird and gray,
Once loved an isle in a sunlit bay,
Where now still-darting shadows play,
Fair isle of a summer sea !

Yale Lit.

DREAM TIDES.

The spirits are climbing the milky way,
Sing high, sing low.
The spirits are climbing the milky way,
The loon's laugh echoes from over the bay,
Where the moonlight gleams on the sandy
brae
As white as the driving snow.

The spirits are climbing the milky way,
Sing high, sing low.
The spirits are climbing the milky way,
And the faint, sweet strains of a dream-
land lay,
From the starry steep through the upper
gray,
Have come to the plain below.

The spirits are fleeing the milky way,
Sing soft, sing low.
The spirits are fleeing the milky way,
The dawn creeps out of the eastern gray,
And tints the frosted pane with its ray
And wakes the world with its glow.
Yale Courant.

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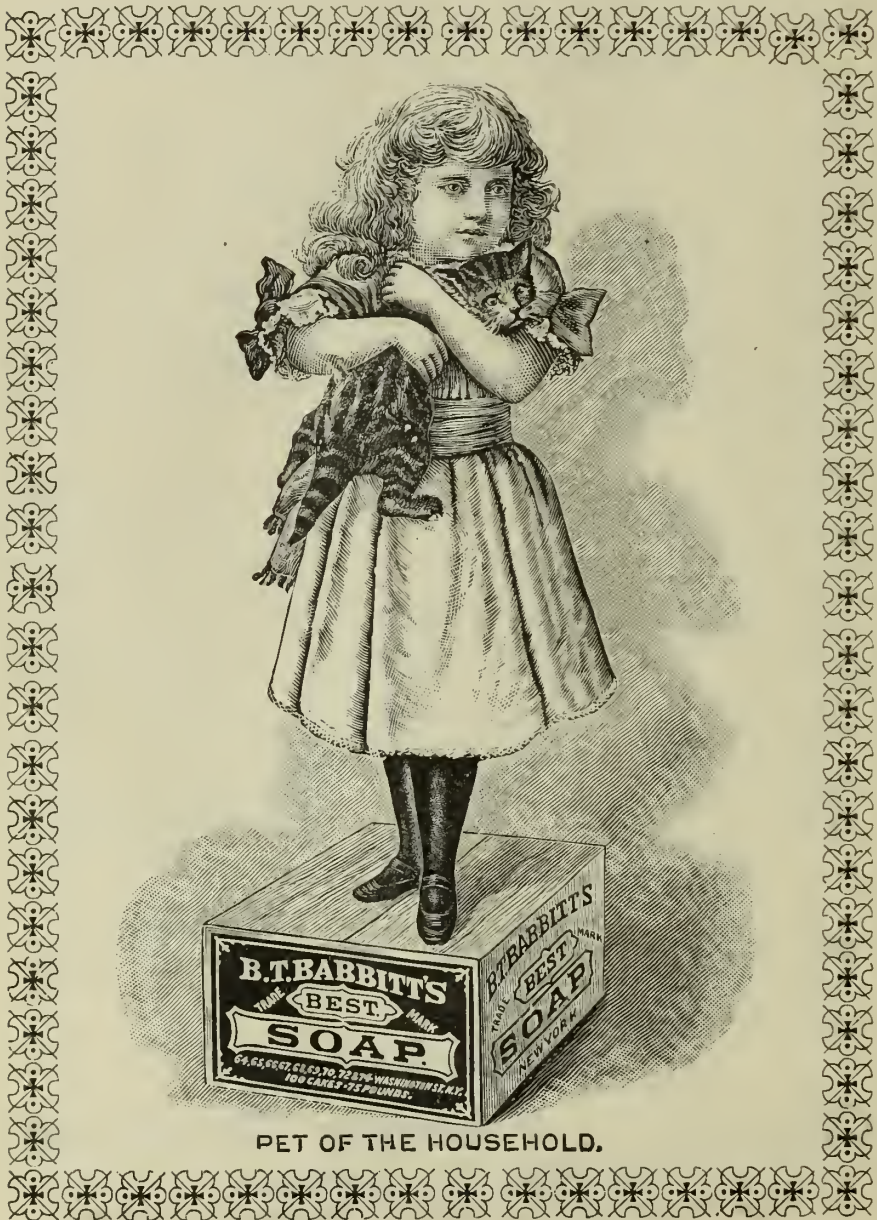
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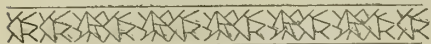
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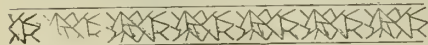
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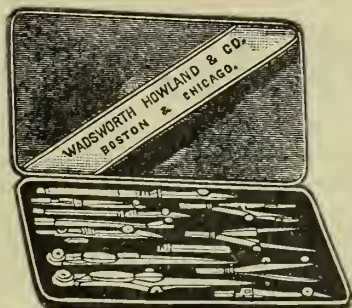
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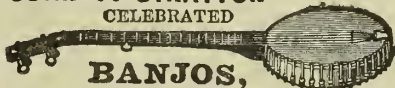


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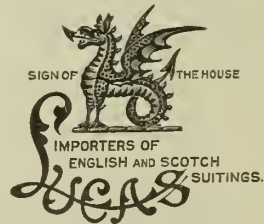
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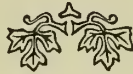
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Ar. Detroit	4.15 P. M.	" "
Lv. Detroit	4.45 P. M.	" "
Ar. Mackanac Island	11.45 A. M.	Thrs & Sun
Lv. Mackanac Island	12.15 P. M.	" "
Ar. Sault Ste. Marie	7.00 P. M.	" "
Lv. Sault Ste. Marie	7.30 P. M.	" "
Ar. Duluth	6.30 P. M.	Fri & Mon

First sailing from Buffalo, Friday, June 18th.

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Ar. Mackinac Island	7.00 P. M.	" "
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Ar. Detroit	2.00 P. M.	Mon & Thur
Lv. Detroit	2.30 P. M.	" "
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A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Phillips Academy.

Vol. VI. —JUNE, 1877.— No. 7.

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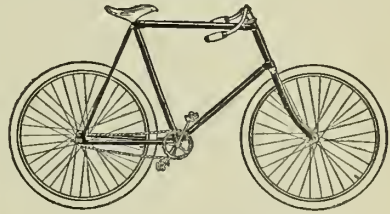
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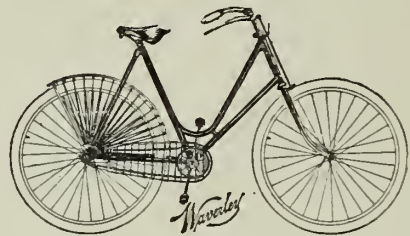
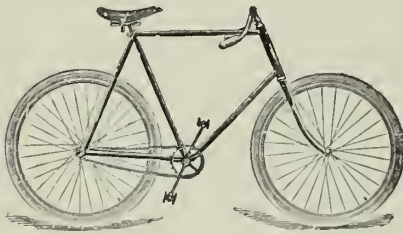
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It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best works from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

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No. 7.

“Is the Artistic Temperament a Blessing to Its Possessor.”

First Means Prize.

IN a garden, where there were many flowers and trees and a brook, lived a boy and a pig. Through the long summer days, singing and dreaming, the boy wandered along the winding paths or played in the stream or lay upon the grass and watched the clouds sail over the tree tops. The pig was a Philistine, a great, healthy, good-natured animal for whom all the world was but a trough. He searched for acorns or slept in the mud. To the boy the flowers, with their delicious fragrance, their glorious colors, and the exquisite grace and propriety of each green leaf and twig, were delightful; and the forest, where the long, perpendicular lines of the tree-trunks rose in splendid parallelism through the green twilight, pillars to uphold a thousand murmuring arches; and the green of the new leaves, youthful, undefiled, radiant, the green that laves the eye-balls and kisses the soul,

floating on the sun waves like angel's wings, color that seems sound and odor and sensation ; and the music, the sobbing passionate note of the wild dove and the voice of the lark, vocal honey, like the sweetness of distant bells dripping from lofty belfries, golden globes of sound bursting. All these he loved and was happy, and sometimes in very bliss he wept.

The autumn came, and the early winter. The frost ate up the flowers, the birds were gone, and from the forest came the ring of the woodman's axe and the crash of falling trees. The boy was cold and sad and lonely. For every thrill of his summer's joy he paid with a throb of agony, and he understood now that hand in hand with every joy comes a sister sorrow. Once among the sunny winter days came a cloudy one, like a pearl in a chain of gold. There was snow upon the earth and the sky was blue-grey, softly bright like mother-of-pearl, and tinted about the horizon with faint lilac and rose. And above the quiet earth, flooded with the grey radiance of day, shone the moon like one great fair flower, high upon a marble altar. Then came the purple-shadowed dusk, the child-night, and then, among the naked branches of the trees, a few misty stars. To the boy, as to each one of us, from the very heart of his desolation came that highest of all joys, the appreciation of beauty and the love of God in the things that are, the feeling of warm blood-brothership with the beasts and the plants and the hills and the skies !

The pig ate and slept and at the appointed time passed into that blessed state of bacon and lard to which a pig is destined, having felt no pleasure but fullness, no pain but emptiness.

In the biography of an artist one may always recognize this boy. He is the great Michael Angelo, or Alexander Pope, or Edgar Poe. The pig I have used to represent a man totally inartistic, and this with no lack of respect for either man or pig. Now, which temperament was a blessing to its possessor, the boy's or the pig's?

The man of the artistic temperament, be he artist or dilettante, for the artist differs from the dilettante merely in degree, marks a stage in man's evolution. Now, as we in our exodus from monkeydom left

behind our prehensile toes and other useful articles, so, in his development towards that highest form, genius, when a man becomes artistic he loses certain characteristics which we are used to consider very valuable, perhaps physical healthiness, or commercial sagacity, or some moral quality, or even very often that most sacred of Philistine virtues, conventionality. For instance; Thackeray was so lacking in dignity and reverence that within the very precincts of Boston he rode to the theatre with his long legs sticking out of the cab window. Keats was a consumptive; Shelley was called mad by his school fellows and an atheist by his grown-up contemporaries; Pope was a crippled dwarf; Byron was—unconventional, to say the least; Coleridge was not able to support his wife; Poe was untruthful, and Goldsmith died ten thousand dollars in debt. Nor as you know are these exceptional cases. I have confined my examples to literary men for the sake of convenience, but it is true of all artists, I think, that they are likely to be lacking in health, whether physical, mental or moral, as civilization is a sickness of nature, so æstheticism itself may be considered a disease.

Let us decide generally what a blessing really is. We can not judge of so large a subject by the consideration of mere details. Certainly not wealth, fame, health, beauty or love are blessings, except as these are the producers of happiness. Then happiness is the only real blessing. But we would not say that a child who has stolen jam and been whipped for it is happier than one who has tasted neither sweet nor switch. Then to find the true amount of a man's happiness we must make an addition of these two quantities, ever flowing plus and minus, his joy and consequent misery, or vice versa. Joy has but one price, pain. This we may pay in advance or have charged to our account.

The artistic temperament inflicts upon its possessor just so much pain as it is capable of giving joy. A man must thirst before he can know the deliciousness of cold water. He to whom the breath of the organ was as the very wind blowing out of paradise would burst into tears at the slamming of a door. The man who dreams of Greece and her glories, of beautiful men and women gracefully draped or nobly

naked, of the temples, of the sacred quiet hills, the pure streams and clear skies, realizes the horrible mistake of our noisy civilization, with its factories, its hideous, deforming garments, its desecrated waters and sooty heavens. The true philosopher, the artist of Truth, must have a painful appreciation of our learning, whether mechanical and scientific which has brought with it a majority of the very ills it works to alleviate, or on the other hand, of that blind devotion to a collecting mania for linguistic facts.

The artistic temperament renders a man discordant with his surroundings. It lifts him from the earth, but it is only in its highest development that it gives him wings, then he is restored to an harmony as vast and high as that of good and evil. "Genius is a martyrdom."

Perhaps the artistic temperament is a blessing to its possessor. Perhaps there is a higher blessing than mere happiness. Pain is a sort of negative joy, and as good and holy as joy. It is the apparent, the immediate motive power in our development. In the olden times a boy was thrashed into a man, and there was philosophy in this. Beat a dog, and for an instant a man's soul leaps up to its eyes. That man is most blessed who has the greatest capacity for these two, pain and joy, who has grown most like that ideal, ultimate form, the universal genius; that man is he of the Artistic Temperament.

Ross Irvine.



Popular Sentimentalism as an Accomplice of Crime.

Second Means Prize.

MODERN sentimentalism is not an inheritance, but a growth. Our Puritan fathers were neither sentimentalists nor cowards. They believed in a stern interpretation of the law which gave full emphasis to the "Thou shalt nots" of the decalogue. Their's was almost a doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The severities of the old dispensation were not to be ignored nor set aside for the tender claims of love and mercy in the new. An offense committed was followed by certain punishment of the offender, to the full extent of the letter of the law. And to our shame as Americans be it said that cruel penalties were often attached to insignificant misdemeanors. Even death itself was visited, in cases not a few, upon such as were afflicted, for instance, with an equivocal complaint, called "witch-craft." Men, women and children were coldly murdered for an imaginary offense which a skilful physician nowadays would probably pronounce a nervous disorder, and treat with a rest cure at some comfortable sanitarium.

How much we owe to a stalwart unserving principal of puritanical justice, which erred on the side of severity and erred seriously, we cannot say.

But the pendulum has swung far out in the other direction: times have changed. The simple and severe colonial life which our forefathers lived has grown into the busy whirl of the present and with our modern ideas have come the necessities and luxuries unknown to former generations. For the hardships and seeming cruelties of the primitive days of our country, have been substituted the many comforts of her prosperous youth.

But has the moral sense of our people kept pace with their material growth? Have we profited by these advantages or by their misuse, have we not encouraged a taste for extravagance and sentimentalism?

The old-fashioned cruelties seem hideous, monstrous even: but perhaps the other extreme is as threatening to our national welfare. At the present day, so far from punishing for slight offenses, there is a tendency to condone evil, to make light of crime, to excuse the guilty merchant who fails rich and to ask no questions as to how the banker or manufacturer can sustain his former style of living even after his business is swept away by the reverses of fortune.

Certain of our daily newspapers encourage those reporters who have what is termed "a nose for news," which often means a keen scent for scandal, coupled with the ability to weave into their account of it, so much of art and sentiment that grossness and impurity are successfully obscured and the recital so infused with sentimentalism that the moral sense of the reader thereby becomes blunted and his judgment distorted.

Recently, in one of our leading newspapers, an account was given of a thief who voluntarily surrendered himself to justice that another who was falsely accused of the crime might be exonerated. This man who could, without scruple, commit a robbery, but who hesitated to allow an innocent person to suffer in his stead, was applauded for his generosity so enthusiastically, that his crime was lost sight of, and he was treated as a hero, rather than as a culprit.

Does such treatment of a crime make it repellent? Will this attitude toward a criminal be likely to lead to his punishment? On the contrary, it obscures the guilt of the offender and offers a palliation for his offence. The effect of this is, to bring about a false estimate of character and to encourage, rather than discountenance, evil-doing.

Modern playwrights, as well as daily press may fairly be characterized as propagandists of sentimentalism. The bare evil of a play is often obscured by introducing ludicrous circumstances and the villain is given such characteristics as tend to make him appear admirable. The amusing occurrences successfully shield the wicked plot, and in the complicated net of events the scoundrel apparently rids himself of his guilt and poses as a hero, at the expense of good morals.

In no less degree does the trashy literature of to-day lend its evil influences to its readers. The front page of certain periodicals is often

devoted to a scene in some late tragedy, and the crime itself is written up in such a gaudy, spectacular way, as to flatter, rather than to denounce, the offence.

This modern spirit of leniency toward crime must inevitably tend to increase it. I therefore ask in all earnestness—what shall be the cure?

Must not the remedy come from a changed attitude toward criminality? Instead of the prevailing sentimentalism, a high minded discrimination between right and wrong must take possession of the people. Then with the “courage of their convictions,” they will censure wrong-doing, visit deserved penalty upon the transgressor, and refuse to cloak guilt with any kind of masque; until crime, robbed of its accomplice, sentimentalism, and thus shorn largely of its strength, shall appear the heinous thing it is, and shrink and shrivel in the white light of an educated public conscience.

William Edwards Day.



Is "The Artistic Temperament" a Blessing to Its Possessor?

Third Means Prize.

LIFE is the one gift of Eternity to Humanity. As a Problem, it can be solved only by the Individual. But to some people is given the power of thinking, feeling, in short of living more deeply than the majority. The possessor of an artistic temperament has the precious gift of emotion—the power of living rather than of merely existing. Without this power a man may be intellectual, may even be an artist or a musician of great skill, but he can never impart sympathy to his work. He may mould a form of intellectual thought, but the spark of emotion will never enter to give it life.

Is this "Artistic Temperament" a necessity of civilization, or is it even dependent upon it? Undoubtedly not; although education by training the mind in literature, art and music, tends to foster greatly the appreciation of the Beautiful. Artistic Temperament is not so much a question of the development of civilization, as it is an inborn feeling which unconsciously pervades the whole soul and character of its possessor. It is the immortal gift which lies just beyond the reach of barbarism, but just within the reach of those who appreciate nature—however uncivilized they may be.

This world, chiseled by the rude hand of time and furrowed by the relentless inroads of change, has passed through many civilizations, but none more beautiful or happier than that of the ancient Greeks. Their idea of life is expressed in the single utterance of the shade of Achilles, "Better be the meanest slave on earth than ruler over all those who have passed away to Hades." In the Greek religion, happiness came before death, not after it. From death they expected nothing. Before them lay life—a life of healthful activity and poetic beauty. While they lived, they were the most artistic people and undoubtedly the happiest the world has ever seen. Their civiliz-

ation aimed at perfect unity in Art, Literature and Physical Development. Thus, they built up equally a beauty of soul, mind and body—a soul which conceived the Parthenon, a mind which evolved the Iliad and a body which achieved victory at Marathon and Salamis.

A man who is imbued with an artistic temperament is often stigmatized by the civilized world as visionary, is pitied, perhaps, for lack of practical knowledge. But as a rule how much stronger and fuller is his life than the life of those who pity him. His heart responds to every noble chord of life: his soul is thrilled by even the faintest note of melody. Life is grander, more sympathetic, more beautiful, though at times infinitely sadder. He is an unconscious artist, not always knowing more intellectually, but always feeling and realizing more. Pure intellect often compels the brain to admire, but only artistic feeling quickens the heart in a bond of sympathy.

America—too often “the Land of the almighty Dollar”—is not a fertile soil wherein to plant the seeds of artistic appreciation. The love of the Material supplants too often the love of the Artistic. The grinding race for wealth in our American cities has made life too intense. To relax the mind from the intensity of work, our pleasures, our recreations, if so they may be termed, must be intense. The strain can not be endured forever; the body gives way and another pawn succumbs in the desperate game of Life and Death. It becomes a question and a question of grave importance, not only whether civilization produces happiness, but even if it makes life worthier. Is it right that men should thus slave away lives sacred from the gift of God?

Only a few hundred miles from Denver—that most advanced of modern cities—exists another and a different civilization—a civilization of a bygone age. Here, upon a lofty, flat-topped *mesa*—distinctly outlined against the blue of a New Mexican sky—was built ages ago, the Cliff City of Acoma. To-day it stands as it stood long before America became the “New World”—the undisputed ruler of the sand-covered plain below. Here, far from that truly nineteenth century production—scientific civilization—live the people of the

Pueblo of Acoma, their chief task the keeping of the flocks in the plains below them, their home at once the grandest and most picturesque plains in America. Truly a happy life; one without the ambition of civilization, but is that ambition happiness? These people know Nature; they are born of her, live in her embrace and die shrouded in her love. Under her inspiration they have built their *adobe* houses and clothed themselves in garments rich in the colors of sun and sky and field. Is not here to be found, in such love of nature, artistic appreciation in its highest and truest and best sense? It is an unconscious, inborn love of the beautiful, but is it not as joyous as if it knew Raffael, Wagner, and Milton?

Yes, a hundred times yes, is the artistic temperament a blessing to its possessor. By giving him power to live a stronger and a broader life, he comes nearer solving the mystery of Happiness—that word which means all things, yet explains nothing, which is more beautiful to look upon than ought else of earth but as intangible to the grasp as is the breath of yesterday.

Winston Trowbridge Townsend.



The Miners Who Never Came Back.

The little mining camp of Gold Hill Gulch was wide awake although the sun had but just come up over the low hill which gave the town its name. A group of miners were standing before the one store of the town with their packs, picks, and guns strapped on their backs. They were off for Mexico. Strange tales had come to them from time to time, stories of the mines of Mexico rich with gold—and no one to work them—and stories of gold literally running in the streams.

There were shouts of “Good bye”, and “Good luck” as the little party took the indistinct mountain trail for the south and went slowly over the hill and out of sight.

Their provisions were ample for three months and no one doubted that before they were half gone they would be in Mexico, near some town where there would be an abundance of food. The little party of nearly thirty camped that night under the shadow of a great boulder, and, after supper, the fire was piled high and as the wild flames leaped up into the night, stories were told of jumping claims, and of “finds” and nuggets, such as always went around camp fires in the early fifties. Then one and another rolled up, turned over, and were lost in sleep, till only the fire remained to burn slowly down, while the owl hooted far off in the forest.

So the party went on for many days, weary days some of them and long, but most of the miners were strong, hardy men and they noticed the journey but little. However, there were two, one a boy but twenty (whom the miners called Joe Glucksome), and a Frenchman, who were smaller and tired sooner. These the miners never really wished to have come with them, but as long as the hopes of the party were high, they let them keep along, and even sometimes went slower to fatigue them less.

After a month's travel they crossed into Mexico and went on, on through the hills and valleys meeting no one now, and having to pick their way as there was no path. Then the miners began to get dis-

couraged, as no gold had yet been found, although they had pawned out nearly every stream they came to. Yet they still plodded on, always looking, looking for the gold mines, the rich mines of which they had heard so much.

Another week went by and still no gold. Growlings were heard and some were for turning homewards while others were for pushing on to the City of Mexico or perhaps to the great silver mines which were known to be to the east.

So they called a council of war, and it was found that sixteen were for going to the east, but the others said they would push back towards home. The discouragement of not finding the mines and the knowledge that the provisions were running low made the miners cruel. The sixteen who were going to the east said they would not take Joe Glucksome and the Frenchman, and the party going home said they would not take them either, for they feared that they would give out or sicken on their hands. They said a stern "no" to all the entreaties and gave them their share of what was left of the food and told them to shift for themselves and get home as best they could.

"Frenchie" said Joe that night after all the others had rolled up and gone to sleep, leaving the condemned men sitting sadly by the fire. "Frenchie do you suppose we can ever get back alive?"

"I don't know, I don't know, Joe" said "Frenchie" as he sadly filled his pipe and lighted it, "but I know we must try hard."

"Frenchie," said Joe, "if you say the word we'll beat them back home and show them we are not so weak as they think." The only reply was a hard quick grasp of the hand which told Joe Glucksome more than many words could have done.

The next morning the miners arose and quietly went off without waking the two younger men, for they thought the parting would be too hard. When the Frenchman woke and roused his comrade the sun was well up and they saw that the others were gone. Then they slowly and sorrowfully started on they way homewards, for they knew that there was truly small chance that they would ever see their homes again.

So they went on for days,—how many they did not know—and only walked machanically on and on.

They had long ago thrown away all needless weight from their packs which now were light, indeed, for the food was very low. Then the Frenchman happened to pull off the dry pod of a wild rose and put it in his mouth to chew. It was good and they ate more and thus sustained they reached the lower part of California before the Frenchman collapsed from sheer exhaustion, and died where he was, only a hundred miles from home. This saddened Joe, but he was so nearly gone himself that he could not mourn very much.

He laid his poor companion at the foot of a hill, and rolled off stones from the side to cover his poor wasted body. As he was pulling the stones down he noticed a yellow streak up and down the bare surface of the rock, perhaps a foot wide. Slowly it dawned upon him that it was a vein of gold! Yes, at last, at last! He raced up and down the small valley, he nearly went crazy as miners had often done before him when they at last found their fortunes.

He knew however that he could do nothing alone, so sadly leaving his dead comrade he staggered on. The sun beat cruelly on his head and the night noises worried his fast ebbing brain. Then at last he came upon a new mining camp and sank into a long sickness and state of coma, and when he at last slowly recovered from this he remembered nothing of his gold, nothing of his dead comrade. All memory had left him and he began anew to learn the lessons of life.

Two years went by, and still no memory. Then one day as he was slowly walking up the poor rugged street of the camp, a sign dislodged by the wind, fell and struck him on the head. Again he was sick, but this time when he recovered, all his memory returned to him, of the past life and the Frenchman and then the gold. Getting together a party he went south till they came to the Frenchman's grave, and there he showed them the vein.

Independently rich, he came East, for the thought of the West palled upon him. He made every effort to find out what became of the party who came towards California, but nothing was heard from them.

Many years after an editor was sitting at his desk reading the morning paper. Suddenly his eye lighted on an interesting piece of news. An exploring party in Western Mexico had unexpectedly come upon the remains of what seemed to have been a party of men, miners most likely, where no human man was thought to have ever been before. Some of the guns and implements had been sent East and were exciting considerable interest. The editor arose and took his hat and went out.

“Well, Glucksome, can you solve the mystery?” said a friend as he saw the editor examining the relics. “Yes,” he replied, “this is all that is left of the ill-fated party who left me to help myself or die, down in Mexico, in the old ‘49 days.”

And then he thought of the Frenchman and his lonely grave in the far, far west, and slowly and sadly turned away.

Frost Montaigne Wheeler.



How He Did It.

[T was June. The noise of the bustling city was dying away in the twilight and voices could be heard of persons who sat in the open air enjoying the breeze which came from New York Bay.

George Fulton, his sister Adeline and daughter Bertha, were sitting in the balcony of a brown-stone mansion on Madison Avenue. A ring of the door bell and the sound of hasty footsteps on the staircase interrupted their conversation. Mr. Fulton rose to meet the caller.

“What is it, Marvin?” he asked, as the butler came toward him.

“There’s a gentleman at the door who wishes to see you, sir.” replied the butler.

“Seat him in the drawing room,” said Mr. Fulton, and turning he ran down stairs with the nimbleness of youth. His tall, erect figure, ruddy features and grey hair showed the marks of middle age. As he entered the drawing room a young man rose to introduce himself.

“Allan Grey?” said Mr. Fulton inquiringly. “Have I ever met you?”

“No sir, but perhaps you can guess my errand.”

In spite of his coarse dress the young man had a fine appearance.

“You wish to apply for a coachman’s situation, I presume.”

“That is my business here, sir.”

“Have you had much experience in driving in the city?”

“No, sir, but I thoroughly understand horses, and I am confident that I can please you.”

“Have you references?”

No, sir; not any for driving.”

“New York is a hard place in which to find work without good letters from your last employer. How do I know who you are? Have you no letters to identify you?”

“I can satisfy you on that point,” said the young man drawing a folded paper from his pocket.

Mr. Fulton quickly glanced over the contents, handed the paper back to Gray and said, “This is all right, but when it comes to driv-

ing in the city it is quite another matter. I will give you a trial: you may go to the barn and my man there will show you the coachman's room."

Mr. Fulton returned to his sister and daughter and told them how much he was pleased with the general appearance of the new coachman.

"I am glad, papa," said his daughter, "that you have at last found some one who will look well on the boot. It has been hard to find anyone who could fill Tom's place since he died. We have had a succession of uninteresting fellows with queer noses, thick lips or the map of Ireland on their faces."

"Well Bertha, I hope you will be pleased after a drive tomorrow," said the father.

At three o'clock the next day, the duties of the new coachman began. The three members of the family, seated in the carriage, rolled up Madison Avenue into Fifth and joined the long procession of elegant turnouts. Mr. Fulton carefully watched the driver as he picked his way through the crowded street and managed his horses with the greatest skill. He evidently knew his art and Mr. Fulton turned his attention to the fashionable vehicles glittering in the sunlight. His new coachman added fresh lustre to his swell equipage. His pair of bob-tailed blacks pranced through Central Park scarce leaving a hoof-print of their dainty white feet on the hard gravel. No turnout in the Park or Riverside Drive could equal his. What gave such an air of style and elegance? Was it the gaudy harness shining resplendent in the sunbeams? No, it was the presence of his daughter. She was the world to him, She brought him memories of his beloved wife long ago gone to rest. The daughter grew more and more like her mother. When he returned from business, from the cares of his Wall Street office Bertha always had something to tell him—something to drive away care. He gave her all that wealth could obtain. He granted her lightest wish and yet her sweet simplicity made her most beautiful and charming in society.

Three years passed. The coachman remained faithful to his duties. Although he was familiarly addressed as Allan by the servants

as well as the family, he made no friendship with any one, but passed most of his time, when not out driving, alone in his own room. A dim light could always be seen through his curtain, even later than midnight. What was he doing there every night so late? asked the servants, but the question was not answered nor did any dare approach him.

One evening Mr. Fulton and his sister were standing in the balcony waiting for the arrival of Bertha. The hour grew late and the familiar steps of the beautiful blacks were not heard. The father and aunt became nervous and impatient. They tried to imagine what had detained Bertha. When minutes began to seem like hours they heard the rolling wheels. The carriage stopped at the gate; a policeman sat on the boot. The vehicle was empty.

"What can this mean?" stammered the father as he put out his trembling hand to cling to the balustrades while descending the stairs.

"Here are your horses. This is the number where the Captain told me to leave them," said the officer as he jumped from the seat.

"Where is my daughter?" demanded Mr. Fulton in a rage.

"Sorry that I cannot inform you, sir. I have nothing to say about that. I have finished my duty," replied the officer.

"Do you mean to say that you know nothing about this affair?"

"I am sure, sir, that I cannot give you real facts, but I might be able to stretch my imagination and offer a conclusion."

Mr. Fulton looked the officer in the eye and said imperiously, "Tell me what you know—what you believe is true."

"When I left the station I saw a young man and woman leave the court room. I had the curiosity to follow them. They took a cab for the Grand Central station and bought tickets for Harlem. I went back to my post and when off duty I went to the police station and was ordered to bring this team here."

"Can you describe the couple?" said Mr. Fulton.

"Very well, sir. The man looked to be about twenty-seven; he had a full flushed face with a black mustache. The lady was shorter and wore a hat trimmed with olive green, and a gray dress. She had brown eyes and dark hair."

As the officer finished his description Mr. Fulton would have fallen if the policeman had not caught him and helped him to his room. The housekeeper and frightened servants ran back and forth trying to aid the speechless man. When the doctor came, he had recovered his consciousness. He could not endure the thought that his daughter was carried away by a coachman. What! his good name ruined forever? No, no! it must be a dream.

The next morning he discharged every man servant about the house. He even went to poor Marvin who had lived with him many years and told him his service was no longer wanted. This was a strange thing—to turn the old butler out of doors. He would not run off with anybody. One-eyed Bob, the groom, was exchanged for a man without a nose.

“Well,” said the detective, who was searching Allan Gray’s room for a clue to the mystery, “you have locked your stable doors after the horse has been stolen.” Mr. Fulton did not reply. The blow was heavier than he could endure. Must he blot out the name of Bertha and forget her memory forever? No, he had faith in his only child.

As the detective inspected Allan’s room everything combined to show that its former occupant was something more than a common coachman.

Seven days before, Allan Gray had revealed his identity to Bertha Fulton. He was driving on a boulevard where Miss Bertha had noticed the building of a beautiful residence in the midst of a green lawn laid out with walks adorned by shells and stones of various colors. As she neared this place she noticed that the ring of the hammers had ceased and the grand house was completed. The coachman drove up to the gate and asked Miss Fulton’s permission to be excused a few moments. He walked up the avenue which led from the gate to the piazza. He went to a side entrance and taking a bunch of keys from his pocket opened the door of a conservatory. His actions were unaccountable to Bertha. Soon he returned with a box of lovely flowers and said, “Miss Fulton, these are for you.”

“What do you mean, Allan, by taking those flowers?”

"If you will allow me, I will explain. This is my own home," he said. "Will you go with me and examine the interior?"

"With great pleasure," she answered. "Who designed such a charming plan for you?"

"I was the architect. I have been working on this house ever since I went to live with your father."

The rooms were elegantly decorated and furnished. Allan led her to the library where he had placed his souvenirs and college trophies. Bertha opened a large scrap-book and was deeply interested in its contents. She found a program of the Junior Promenade which dated back four years. She began looking at the names. She knew many that were written there. Dance number nine made her face flush. She could scarcely believe that she was reading her own name scribbled by her own hand. "So it seems that I once knew this man, Allan Gray," she thought. "Can I call him Allan any more? Not while he calls me Miss Fulton. Mr. Gray, will you step here a moment, please," she said.

"Mr. Gray does not sound natural from you," he replied.

"Do you remember dancing with me at the promenade?" asked Bertha.

"I remember it as the happiest time in my life. It was that memory that gave me this house. Come with me and I will tell you the whole story."

They went out on the south balcony where they stood overlooking the North River and the blue waters of Long Island Sound. Where could there be a pleasanter spot to tell the story of his love? Or a place more charming for her to listen?

"Never in my life had I seen one who so fully met my ideal of true womanhood as yourself when we danced together at the Junior Promenade. I knew not whether I should ever see you again. When I graduated from Yale, I made it my first aim to find you. I had no wealth to win you, but I determined to be near you, to guard you with jealous care lest another step in and carry off the prize I strove to gain. While others slept I wrote and planned. My

songs won popular favor, my stories gave me fame. You were the power of every note, the strength of every word. With favor and fame came gold and that which made this home. I have stooped—no, I'll not say that—I have not stooped to know you. It was an honor to hold the reins and take you where you chose to go. I knew the day would come when you would know me as I am and this hope made me strong. Have I wrought in vain, Bertha? Has life with me no charm for you?"

When they returned home Bertha sought her scrap-book and found on her dance program the name of Allan Gray. She thought of years of kindness, devotion and patience. His unceasing efforts to provide a home like that to which she was accustomed. Was he not worthy of her? Had he not acted a manly part? Incident after incident returned to her. He had kept aloft from all things low or vile. In no sense had his humble position degraded him. For her the midnight oil had burned, for her he had planned and toiled. She forgot her duty to her father when she consented that one short week should leave Allan no longer a coachman. She forgot the injury and grief she should bring on her indulgent parent. She only knew that she had promised silence.

The detective, who searched Allan's room pacified Mr. Fulton by declaring that his missing coachman was no ordinary fellow but a cultured accomplished gentleman. What had been his reasons for his menial life the officer was unable to explain. He dismissed the case by saying "they are married and in less than twenty-four hours you will know where they are."

As Mr. Fulton followed the detective to the door a message boy sang out, "A telegram!"

Mr. Fulton tore open the envelope and read:

My dear Father: Come with Aunt Adeline to 28 T. B. All will be explained.

Your loving child,

Bertha.

Within three hours Mr. Fulton's daughter was in his arms and the whole strange tale was told.

John Corbin Pierson.

Bill's Strange Conduct.

[T was the last day of the round-up. For the past week the cowboys had been scouring the country for the cattle which had roamed unmolested since the last year.

The arduous work was now done and the weary and saddle-worn herders were collected in the comfortable roomy quarters of the ranch-house, some in their bunks, others lounging upon their blankets before the great fire place. It was the first time they had all been together for many days and each was anxious to hear the others' experience during his absence.

Thus the evening passed pleasantly in story telling and good-natured fun. Bill Harvey was always in demand at such times. His handsome face and manly bearing, his generosity and excellence as a story-teller made him the favorite of his companions. But tonight Bill was peculiar. He sat gazing dreamily into the fire, seemingly unmoved by the jollity around him. When called upon for a story he shook his head in a confused sort of way and when asked to contribute to the jack-pot which the boys were getting up he refused. This last was a great surprise for Bill was acknowledged to be the most reckless man in camp with his money.

The boys agreed that something strange indeed had come over him and they resolved to watch him closely to find out the cause. It was strange that no one considered the possibility of Bill's being in love.

One day while Bill was searching for cattle he came upon a small creek. It ran through a pretty little canyon with plenty of green grass and decked here and there with copses of wild lilac and of the strange curled manzanita wood. It was just the place to run across a few head of cattle, and Bill urged his horse forward a little. He had just turned a bend in the creek when a strange cry caused him to rein up sharply. Before him stood a lovely young woman. She had been gathering the sweet scented wild lilac blossoms, and the rider's sudden

appearance had given her a sudden fright, but seeing there was no danger she speedily regained her self-possession. For a moment there was an embarrassing silence but Bill saw that he had startled her, and he immediately dismounted and apologized for coming thus rudely upon her. Her gracious smile assured him that she had no ill will against him, and when she replied with a slight coquettish air that she knew it was an accident and that he did not mean to frighten her, Bill was so pleased that he was rather glad the affair had happened, after all. He asked her if she had seen any cattle about and when she said there was quite a bunch of them up at the head of the creek, for some strange reason he did not dash after them as he usually would have done. The maid seemed quite willing to answer all his questions and he soon learned that she was the daughter of a settler who had recently come to the place for his health. He did some sheep raising and farming on a small scale but he was well enough off so that he did not need to do either for a livelihood.

As the sun was up pretty high and as he knew that the cattle would remain in such a favored place, Bill was easily persuaded to take his noon-day meal with his newly made acquaintance.

Slowly they walked to her father's dwelling together. She was carrying a huge armful of her freshly plucked lilacs, and as she talked and smiled over them, Bill was completely bewitched and wondered how he could ever say good-bye to her.

She perhaps was as equally fascinated. Bill was tall and straight, and really handsome, and his manners seemed to the maid very different from those of other cow-boys whom she had met.

When at last Bill could find no excuse for staying longer, he promised he should come and see her if he ever came that way again.

She watched him spring lightly into the saddle and she noticed how easily and gracefully he sat on his horse. The time had passed very pleasantly between them and she felt as if she had made a friend, but when he was gone she did not feel lonely or sad for she had a feeling that he would come again.

Bill was not very successful at finding cattle that day. Usually

none could escape him but now his sight seemed blurred. Once a heifer had sprung out of a thicket close by his side and had galloped off before he could see her brand and he continually found himself making blunders.

A week passed, and Bill had secured all the cattle in that part of the country belonging to his ranch. His second visit to his sweetheart, as Bill had gradually come to call her, in his thoughts, was longer than the first—but for some reason or other he did not seem as light hearted or gay as before. Usually, he had an endless stock of fun and stories in him but now he seemed bashful and confused. Several times he had found her gazing fixedly upon him and when he had looked into her eyes he dropped his head instantly as if there was something in them that awed him.

Bill had meant to say a few earnest words to her and perhaps ask her something but he had put it off again and again, until at last it was time for him to leave.

He censured himself over and over for his cowardice and when he thought of how she had looked upon him he could hardly help from turning back and do what he had been afraid to do before. Yet he did not turn back, but continued to think of her all the way home. He thought when he got among the boys again he would forget about her, but this was just what he was thinking about when he sat gazing into the fire in the ranch house and it was what made him seem so peculiar to the boys that first night after the round-up.

Bill continued to act strongly for a day or two but he seemed to be getting over whatever ailed him, so that at the end of a week the boys were beginning to think he was quite like himself again. One Sunday morning, however, he saddled his horse and without saying a word to anybody, rode off. This was too much for the boys so they decided to follow him and discover if they could, why he had wished to go alone. So a couple of them followed him, taking care to keep out of his sight.

Bill, as we may guess, had started to visit somebody whom he had been thinking about a good deal, in the last week, and he was so

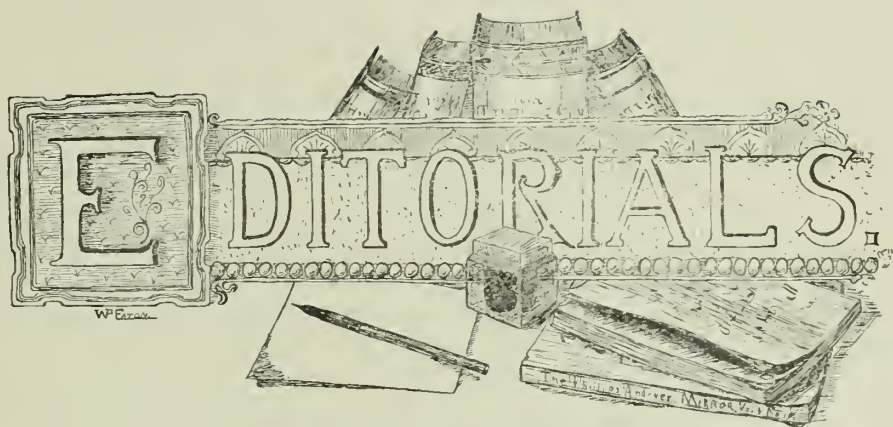
absorbed in his own reflection that his friends had little trouble in following him unobserved. They had watched him as he approached the little cabin, and had seen a maiden come out to meet him. Bill had tied his horse and strolled slowly with the girl along the little brook until they came to a fallen tree nicely shaded by an over hanging live oak. Here they seated themselves and seemed to be conversing softly. This was enough for the boys, they did not wish to take an unfair advantage of Bill, and withdrew.

When Bill got home that night he found at his place on the long dining table a hugh bunch of wild lilacs. They were held together by a twisted withe of the long prairie grass, the ends of which were ingeniously brought together to form a love-knot.

Bill saw at a glance what it all meant and though he wondered how his secret could have been found out he was feeling too happy to care about it, for now his wooing was at an end, and after shaking his hands and slapping him on the back all the boys agreed to forgive him for his strange conduct.

John Farwell Ferry.





Conducted by Ray Morris.
CONGRATULATIONS! '97.

'97 has a right to congratulate herself that such a truly beautiful memorial of the class has been placed in chapel. The window is not only appropriate as to design, but is an excellent piece of work from an artistic standpoint, and its only shortcoming is that it fails to harmonize with '93's window, its next door neighbor.

The question of how long the present chapel will remain in use has been raised, as it has been considered not entirely firm when filled with a thousand people, and we understand that some change is contemplated for no very distant date. In such a case the advisability of putting in stained glass may be questioned, as a window, unlike some other adornments, must stay with the building for which it was originally designed, except in special cases, where stained glass might have been made in a shape that would harmonize with both the old building and the new.

But it is safe to assume that, for many years to come, there will at least be some use made of the present hall, and there is no prospect of any change at all for the present. And, that being the case, the class could have hardly given the school a more attractive gift, or a better memorial of themselves.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.

At the time we go to press the two main baseball games of the season have not been played, so we cannot comment on the actual success of the season as measured by the results with Exeter and Lawrenceville. But it is very evident to everyone interested in athletics that the whole management this spring has been exceedingly good. From the captain's standpoint a team has been developed from material not promising, with the most perfect discipline, and remarkable improvement from the first game of the season. From the manager's standpoint, the necessary funds have been raised promptly, and an admirable schedule arranged, and several things done which have never been attempted before, such as the securing of a trainer and the building of a respectable diamond. The natural consequence of this combination of circumstances is that the school has showed an unusual amount of enthusiasm at the games, and the cheering, which was so much complained about last year, is perfectly satisfactory. So far, there have been no brilliant organizations for noise like that made at the St. Mark's game last year, when the cheering not only pulled the team out of a bad hole, but almost won the day. But this is a good sign rather than a bad one, for if the team had played then with the same spirit with which it is playing now, the cheering would have been almost unnecessary.

There was considerable discouragement in the school when, early in the season, two men who were considered at once brilliant and sure players were dropped from the squad. But the moral effect alone which this had on the team has proved that firm and rigorous discipline will always pay in the long run, and now, owing to the good luck which usually follows conscientious work, the places are strong again and the whole team is playing a strong and steady game. No one has had a sinecure for any position, it may be said, and the fellows have realized that after showing enough ability to make the Easter squad, the rest depended on hard and steady work, rather than prestige. We think that the school owes a vote of thanks to Captain French and Manager Thomas for the way in which they have conducted the season.

We take pleasure in announcing the election of John Farwell Ferry to the editorial board of the Mirror, and of George Lauder, Jr., '97, and Milton Simon, '98, to the contributing board. The support of the Mirror by under classmen has been much better this year than it was last, but it does not yet amount to nearly as much as it should. Two more editorships will be filled between now and next March, and they will be awarded, without partiality, to the men who do the most work.



The Month.

Conducted by R. H. Edwards.

APRIL 24th. Andover defeats the Craigs of Lowell in a closely contested game; score, 7—6.

W. Withington, '98, elected leader of the Banjo Club for next year.

April 26th. P. A., '99, elects officers: Pres., R. W. Moorehead; Vice Pres., Daniel Hawley; Sec. and Treas., Carlyle Garrison.

April 28th. Andover defeated by Dartmouth. An interesting game, marked by heavy hitting. Score, 15—6.

P. A., 1900, elects officers: Pres., J. I. Collins; Vice Pres., J. R. Irvine; Sec. and Treas., R. S. Newton.

May 1st. Andover defeats Groton in a one-sided contest by a score of 18—0.

May 5th. Andover plays a clean game and defeats Yale Fresh. Score, 6—2.

May 8th. Andover defeats Mt. Hermon by a score of 27—3.

J. K. J. Foley elected captain of '99 class team.

Freund, '97; Moorehead, '99, and Lucas, '99, elected to the *Phillipian* Board.

May 13th. Philo-Forum debate won by Philo.

May 14th. Yale Varsity defeats Andover in a close game by a score of 7—6. Great enthusiasm.

W. Withington elected captain of '98 class team.

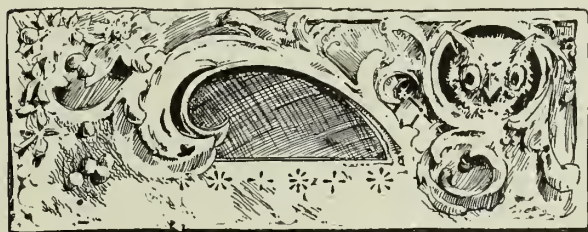
Means speaking held. Prizes awarded to J. R. Irvine, 1900, first; W. E. Day, '97, second; W. T. Townsend, '97, third.

May 15th. Annual spring tournament held on upper campus. The following men won first places: Jones, '99, (2); Schweppe, '98; Richardson, '97; Woodbine, '98; Peter, '97; Cady, '97; Wells, '97; Long, '97; Ellis, '98, (3); Schreiber, '98. Two records lowered.

First edition of the *Pot-Pourri* appears.

May 19th. Andover defeats Tufts in an interesting game. Score, 12—9.

May 21st. Memorial window presented to the school by '97.





Conducted by F. H. Lehman.

Little Miss Beecher
 Sat on a bleacher,
 Watching a game one day ;
 Instead of a spider.
 A fly lit beside her,
 And frightened Miss Beecher away.

E. L. S.

IN THE LAND OF OPIUM AND FIRECRACKERS.

During my stay in San Francisco, I had the pleasure of making a trip to America's most famous Chinatown. The Chinese population in "Frisco" is about twenty-five thousand, and they all live in a settlement not more than a mile square, on which area they dwell, carry on their industries, and have all other things pertaining to their oriental customs.

Much has been said about Mott street in New York's Chinese quarters, also of one or two streets in Boston's Chinese settlement ; but those streets do not compare with Peking, Dupont, Han-Chan, Yangtse Kiang, Fuh chan and a dozen others (the names of which no American could well remember) in "Frisco's" Chinatown.

One bright afternoon in May, an acquaintance of mine invited me to see

the sights in Chinatown. This important individual impressed me as a man who could do both, read and talk the Chinese language. I don't know what led me to imagine him a linguist, unless it was that I noticed his trying to decipher a sign-board, in Chinese characters, at the extreme entrance to this illustrious town.

As we entered the precinct of this sacred habitation, I began to feel a little timid about trespassing on the Mongolian's territory—for it was only a few days before that the president (Harrison) and party, accompanied by two detectives and a strong bodyguard, had made the trip that we were venturing upon, and as I recalled the many incidents which occurred in the president's trip, which I had learned of, the hair on my head seemed to rise straight up—we stopped ; I hesitated. But now, as we had got so far, we could not give up the desired trip at the very entrance of the place. So we proceeded on our journey, being interrupted now and then by my stopping to glance around, so as to be ready for any attack that the Johns or Jims might make.

The first sight that met our eyes was a shoe factory, run by a Chinaman, whose employees were all his fellow-countrymen. Not being interested in the shoe business, we did not tarry at that place.

Our next turn was up a narrow little byway, which was more a lane or an alley than a street. On asking its name we were informed by a man standing nearby, who chanced to be an interpreter, that it was Han-Chan street, and that it led to Dupont street, the principal business street of the quarters.

Before entering Han-Chan street, I made a rapid survey of it, as far as the eye could see, so as not to allow myself to be entrapped by the sons of the Orient. Fortunately, everything was clear, so we dashed off down the narrow thoroughfare, like two of Dumas' musketeers.

As we advanced a little way up the street, I heard a strange murmuring in a building, and on asking the meaning of this low, continued noise, my guide calmly replied that it was the Highbinders in secret meeting, deliberating on some important measure, probably scheming to put some unfortunate fellow-creature to death.

I hardly think it necessary to say whether we remained there long or not; I shall leave that for you to decide. However, we soon found ourselves before another house more noisy than the former. I thought it rather strange at this juncture

not to see any policemen around these places; but when I considered my own anxiety, concerning the safety of my person, I was ready to excuse the officers' neglect of duty. The main door to this building being open, I looked in and saw only a long staircase running almost perpendicularly. So, again feeling inquisitive, I inquired about this peculiar clamor. "I suppose they are playing fan-tan," replied my friend. "Do you want to go up and see 'em?"

"No, I thank you!" I rejoined, at the same time stepping inside the door. I tried to ascertain what they were saying. By this time a score or so of Chinamen had arrived on the scene; and they eyed us from head to foot. "What does this mean?" I asked in a low voice.

"They think we're detectives," muttered my friend. At these words my heart beat with a pulsation that was anything but pleasant. "What if they should attack us?" said I. "They wouldn't do that," replied my friend; "they would be afraid to attempt anything like that!" he continued in a rather boisterous voice. So, being somewhat calmed by these words, I recovered my breath and asked him to resume our journey.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the famous Dupont street, which is to Chinatown, what Broadway is to New York, and the buildings are all decorated with fancy designs, consisting of all the colors of the rainbow. The little stores on

wheels, with wares of every kind, from a shirt down to a Chinese date; the shops, with windows daintily trimmed with bunting and ribbon of all sorts; the vender, with his goods of Chinese art and device; the drayman, with his long pig-tail flying through the air from beneath his hat; the itinerant farmer, just in from his farm, with his produce on his back: all are mixed together in the busy street, struggling for the American dollar.

It was in this street that I saw, for the first time in my life, a Chinese "ton-sorial" artist. He was in the act of shaving a fellow-countryman when we arrived at his door. I was somewhat interested in this line of work, so I stopped to watch the barber manipulate his customer, thinking to get a few points from him. His razor was about the size of a large darning needle, with ivory handle, and when he had finished shaving the jaws and chin of his worthy customer, I now looked for the finishing artistic touches. But to my astonishment, he grabbed his lather brush and began to soap the ears and eyebrows of his victim. Then he seized his razor and went to work on the tender parts mentioned, and the ease and skill with which he did his work proved him to be a master of his art. When we left, the artist was plaiting his customer's long hair.

Our next stop was on the opposite side of the street, at a tailor shop. My friend evidently knew something about

this establishment, for he did not hesitate to enter. As we went in, I beheld an aged Chinaman seated on a table, in the same manner as our American tailor sits, namely, with his legs coiled in several circles and sitting upon them. This man greeted us with a salute of the hand, that was quite pleasing to me, and I may say right here that the Chinese are, as a rule, very social and hospitable. My friend uttered a few words to this fellow in a semi Chinese American tone, which the tailor seemed to understand readily.

"Follow me and I will show you something!" said my guide. With these words he rapped three times on a door, and it opened; he passed through, and I followed. I had hardly got my foot off the threshold, when the door slammed behind me. This last move made me somewhat nervous, despite the fact that I tried my utmost to suppress the feeling. In this dark and dingy room was a Chinaman, all alone, sitting beside a table, and on it was a machine which was a sort of lottery artifice.

My friend, to show me how it worked, took from his pocket a pencil and wrote something on a piece of paper, which, together with a dime, he gave to the gamester, who turned the machine, and when it stopped, the Chinaman said, "Good'y no'e," which meant that he had won nothing.

This being over, we left the place, to my entire satisfaction. The Chinese theatre was the next attraction, but un-

fortunately, the play had not begun. I was informed that plays often run for months, without change of bill.

Having seen so many gaily-dressed Orientals, I asked my friend about the aristocracy of the Chinese, and he kindly consented to show me the elite, who lived and promenaded on Pekin street, which is the Fifth Avenue of Chinatown.

To reach Pekin street, we had to go through Yangtse-Kiang street, which was free from all attractions, except the sight of a funeral procession, consisting of a hearse, several carriages and a cart, which was loaded down with baked meats, fruits and all the dainties of the Chinese table. I learned afterwards that the meats, etc., were to be used for a feast at the burial, which is the regular custom in Chinatown. The funeral train having passed, we increased our gait, and in a few minutes we were on the boulevards. Pekin street, I must say, was clean and respectable, with all the modern improvements. The homes and residences on this street looked quite neat and cosy, although some of the houses seemed overtaxed with people, for I counted as many as twenty heads in the windows of one house.

It is on this street that the opium smugglers, the politicians, the statesmen, the retired merchants and the

money getters promenade. All these were dressed in their different colored silk costumes, of green, black, blue, red, purple, white and orange, and the statesmen were distinguished by a tassel, which hung from their caps.

Mothers with their sons and daughters, dressed in bright colored silks, and ornamented with jewels, all seemed to be people of leisure. A little further down the street I saw an aristocratic looking individual, with a lady on his arm; they had been calling, evidently, and he wore a blue silk costume, richly embroidered with gold trimmings; while she was dressed in an elaborate gown, very gorgeous and resplendent. I afterwards learned that this distinguished couple was Mr. and Mrs. Shun-che, the wealthiest family in Chinatown.

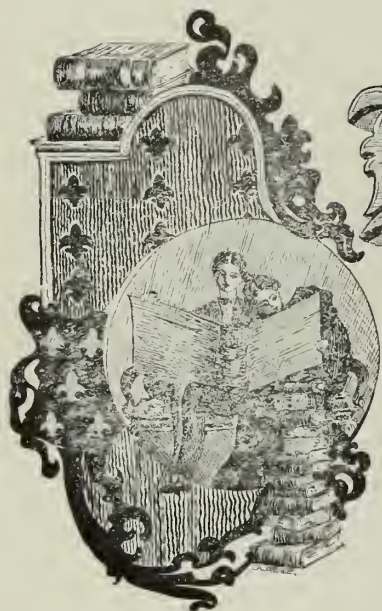
It was now six o'clock, and my friend suggested that we go to a Chinese restaurant for supper, but that was a little more than I cared to do; so, after making several turns and bends, we succeeded in finding our way out of what might properly be called the Chinese puzzle of Chinatown, into civilization again.

P. M. N.

"Out of sight; out of mind."

That saying is quite right,
For I am out of my mind, I find,
When she is out of sight.

R. R. W., ex-'97.



Books

Conducted by W. T. Townsend.

A STORY TELLER'S PACK. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1 50.

This charming illustrated edition of some of Stockton's best recent short stories is very welcome indeed, for it is some time since any collections of his stories has appeared. The most entertaining feature of Mr. Stockton's work is the way in which he utilizes absolutely novel and quaint situations. There is never anything stereotyped or commonplace about the frame-

work of his stories. In "As One Woman to Another," for instance, the writer sees a small balloon floating past him in the air, and catches it with a kite and fish-hooks which his brother Richard had left lying in the grass. The balloon, which was one of the sort used for meteorological observation, contained, instead of the usual note, a letter from a young lady who was practically imprisoned by her insane uncle, and the rescue makes an extremely bright and clever narrative, coupled with some amusing complications. There is nothing so extremely uncommon in any one of the situations which occur, and the narrative is told in that simple and naïvely matter of fact way which has occasionally been equalled by Barrie, but perhaps not excelled by any modern novelist. Yet no one but Stockton would have thought of just the combination of circumstances, which is perfectly typical of the whole collection and the stories are bursting with the catchiest sort of good humor, which is all the surer because it is never thrust upon the reader.

Mark Twain sometimes gives us the most killing little bits of brightness in his stories, but we almost always realize that we are reading comedy, while with these stories of Stockton, the irresistible funniness of the whole situation comes on the reader all at once, without any cue from the author. So, in "The Widow's Cruise," there is something particularly charming in the idea of the nice old ladies who listen

to the most outrageous yarns from the four "sailor men" without a murmur, and then solemnly match them with a story which is so perfectly ridiculous that it would sound foolish if the reader was not by that time in perfect sympathy with the whole tale.

Those of us who were the proper age to enjoy them can remember what lovely stories Mr. Stockton used to have in St. Nicholas, about eight or ten years ago; stories of curiously disposed giants, and all sorts of odd people, and the same thing that made those stories so entertaining is the chief charm of these; their perfect originality, not only in the main, but in all the little details of story telling.

On the whole, the collection is an exceptionally pleasing one, and is gotten up with a pretty binding, and illustrations by just the people who can best illustrate this type of stories, Newell, Kemble, Smedley, F. O. Small, and Alice Barber Stevens.

M.

TRUE STORIES OF NEW ENGLAND CAPTIVES. By C. Alice Baker. E. A. Hall & Co., Greenfield, Mass. Sold by subscription only.

How often have the accounts in history and fiction of the horrors and torments which the savage inflicted upon our ancestors held us spell-bound! How often have we desired that we might follow their subsequent journeyings and sufferings more into detail, and have been surprised to find how little has been written upon the subject. It is with much interest and gratification then that we read such a book as "True Stories of New England Captives." As we read each account we are impressed by the painstaking effort which has been expended upon it, the minuteness of detail and the vivid descriptions. Thus we can see how well the author has succeeded through, and been inspired by this motto which led her to undertake the work, "As often as I have read in the annals of the early settlers of New England the pathetic words 'carried captive to Canada from whence they came not back.' I have longed to know the fate of the captive. The wish has become a purpose and I have taken upon myself a mission to open the door for their return."

The book has great historic as well as literary value, for in all her statements Miss Baker has shown a strict fidelity to truth.

The capture of the settlers, the fatigues and suffering of the long journeyings from their New England homes to far off Canada, and the efforts of the French to induce them to embrace the Romish faith, seems like a romance and they are further heightened by the vivid and sympathetic way in which Miss Baker tells them.

The descriptions of how the author secured her facts and information is quite as interesting as the facts themselves. After getting all that was possible from the old records of the New England towns which had been ravaged by the French and Indians, she betook herself to Canada and there amongst the dust covered and time-worn records of the old cloisters and villages she toiled unwearingly, led on by her own resolve and by the fascination which came with the new and startling facts which they continually disclosed.

The book is illustrated with beautifully executed engravings of the places of interest in New England and Canada. The type is good and clear and altogether the book is very attractively gotten up. The edition of the book is limited and is sold by subscription only.

F.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A., 1873.

'43.—Samuel Phillips died April 29, 1897, at Lincoln, Mass. Lt. Gov. Samuel Phillips was his great-grandfather and Phillips Brooks his cousin. For several years Mr. Phillips was cashier of the Maverick National Bank of Boston.

'49.—Jerome F. Downing is in the insurance business in Erie, Pa.

'55.—Gov. Wolcott has nominated Pres. Franklin Carter of Williamstown to be a member of the State Board of Education.

'57.—Joseph A. Kingsbury is Superintendent of the Keystone Live Stock Express Co. and lives at Pittsburg, Pa.

'57.—David Porter Stowell is a physician and lives at 239 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

'66.—At the annual meeting of the Davol Mills of Fall River Frank L. Fish of Taunton was elected President of the directors.

'67.—The Senior member of the fire insurance company of Avery, Irwin & Young of Louisville, Ky., is Samuel Look Avery.

'67.—William T. Carter is a manufacturing jeweler in the firm of Carter, Hastings & Howe with factory at Newark, N. J.

'67.—Rev. Warner B. Riggs is pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Dallas, Texas.

'67.—The Professor of English Literature in the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln is Lucius O. Sherman.

'67.—Rev. Henry F. White is pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Buckley, Wash.

'67.—As banker and broker. Thos. S. Young, Jr., has an office at 66 Broadway, New York City.

'70.—John Seymour Wood has a story called "Nancy" in the April number of the Century.

'74.—Rev. Francis G. Burgess, for thirteen years rector of St. John's Episcopal Parish, Worcester, Mass. has resigned his pastorate owing to the state of his health and intends to spend two years in Europe.

'88.—Marshall P. Thompson has opened a law office at 125 Milk Street, Boston.

'89.—Robert K. Dickerman is a lawyer at 89 State Street, Boston

90.—Ralph W. Holmes is with Holmes & Gay, real estate dealers, Winsted, Conn.

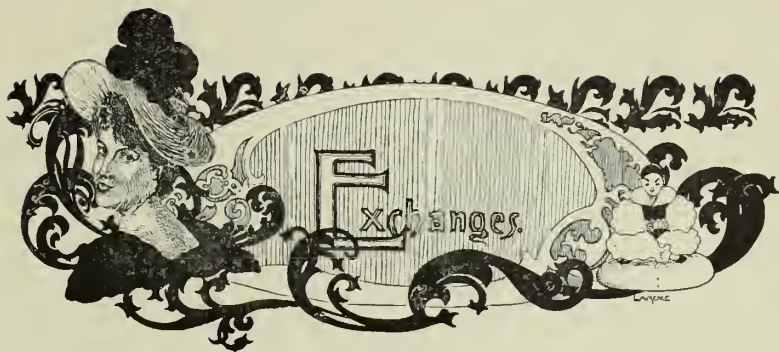
'91.—Wallace H. Sterns of Bangor Seminary accepts his call to E. Granville, Mass.

'92.—Miss Louise Finley of St. Louis, Mo., was married May 5, 1897, to Daniel B. Wentz.

'92.—Edward T. Wright and Miss Harriet F. Woodbury were married April 19, 1897, at Great Falls, Montana.

'93.—Guy W. Gilbert is now settled as a dentist in Andover.

'93.—William T. B. Williams won second prize of \$45 in the Boylston Prize speaking contest at Cambridge.



Conducted by R. H. Edwards.

A ROUNDELAY.

Wake to the feast of flower, strewn May!

May-day singeth a roundelay;
To men of might and maidens gay,
To kirtle of green and cowl of gray,
To high and low in her potent sway,
May-day singeth her roundelay.

Hark to the song of the blithesome May!

May-day singeth a roundelay;
In Nature's key and in Nature's way—
In the rippling brook and the sunbeam's
ray,
In the warbling thrush and the chattering
jay,
May-day singeth her roundelay.

Haste to the wood and tribute pay!

May-day singeth a roundelay;
In the tulips flaming in proud array,
In the gleaming reds of the coming day,
In the whirl of a thousand wings at play,
May-day singeth her roundelay.

—*Vassar Miscellany*, '97.

VESPER SONG.

The sun is dead in the hills
And the moon is born of the sea,
The flushed east glows a paling rose
And the dark falls over me—
Song of the wailing twilight breeze
Carry me where you go
Out through the swaying poplar trees
All in a silver row,
Sing me a gentle slumber song
In cadence low.

The moon is dead in the sky
And the sun is born of the sea,
All night long I have dreamed the song
That the night wind brought to me—
Sun of a thousand gleaming eyes
Sparkling above the wave,
Burning the racing moon that tries
Hide in her western grave,
Burn in my heart the vesper song
You grudging gave.

—*Yale Lit.*

ON BETTY'S FAN.

On Betty's fan, so frail and white,
 With downy wings just spread for flight,
 Are Cupids, painted daintily,
 Rose-pink, upon the ivory—
 Who smirk at one in mild delight.
 When Betty danced with me last night,
 (Betty can waltz adorably!)
 Surely Fate tried to vent her spite
 On Betty's fan.

Somehow—I can't explain it quite—
 It slipped and broke. Alas! the plight;

Betty was vexed—that I could see.

"It was *my* fault. Pray allow *me*!"

Eight dollars lost to sound and sight,

On Betty's fan!—*William's Weekly*.

To church the student musing goes
 Upon his hymn (or her) who knows

What brews within his pate?

In front he sits and gazes down

On those below, without a frown,

A spectacle sedate.

A prayer-book's all that can be seen
 (The railing serves him as a screen

And hides this naughty youth).

He's nearly bubbling o'er with glee,

For down below, upon his knee,

He reads the latest "*Truth*."

—*Bordoin Orient*.

THE DYING DAY.

Gray mists dripping on the lea,
 And shallow moor-land.

Murmurs singing from the sea, their
 lullaby.

Do you grieve that sadly parting inland,

Your fair day of love has gone to die?

In the lap of morning breeze returning,

Borne swiftly through the meadows of the
 sky.

Your dear love with pure and silent yearn-
 ing,

Will come to you when blue-eyed dawn is
 nigh.

—*Yale Lit.*

I arise from dreams of thee

When the chapel hour is nigh,

And I quickly hasten down

From my chamber near the sky.

I bolt my breakfast cold,

'Tis already after eight;

I rush across to church

But alas! I'm just too late.

I am shut out in the cold;

Two marks are scored for me,

For I lie abed too late

When I rise from dreams of thee.

I arise from dreams of thee

Too late I know to my sorrow,

But your last red cent you may safely
 bet

I'll arise on time to-morrow.

—*Yale Record*.

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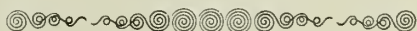
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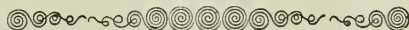
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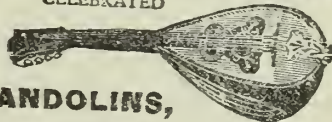
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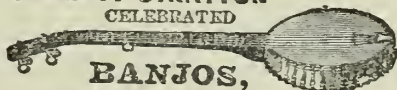


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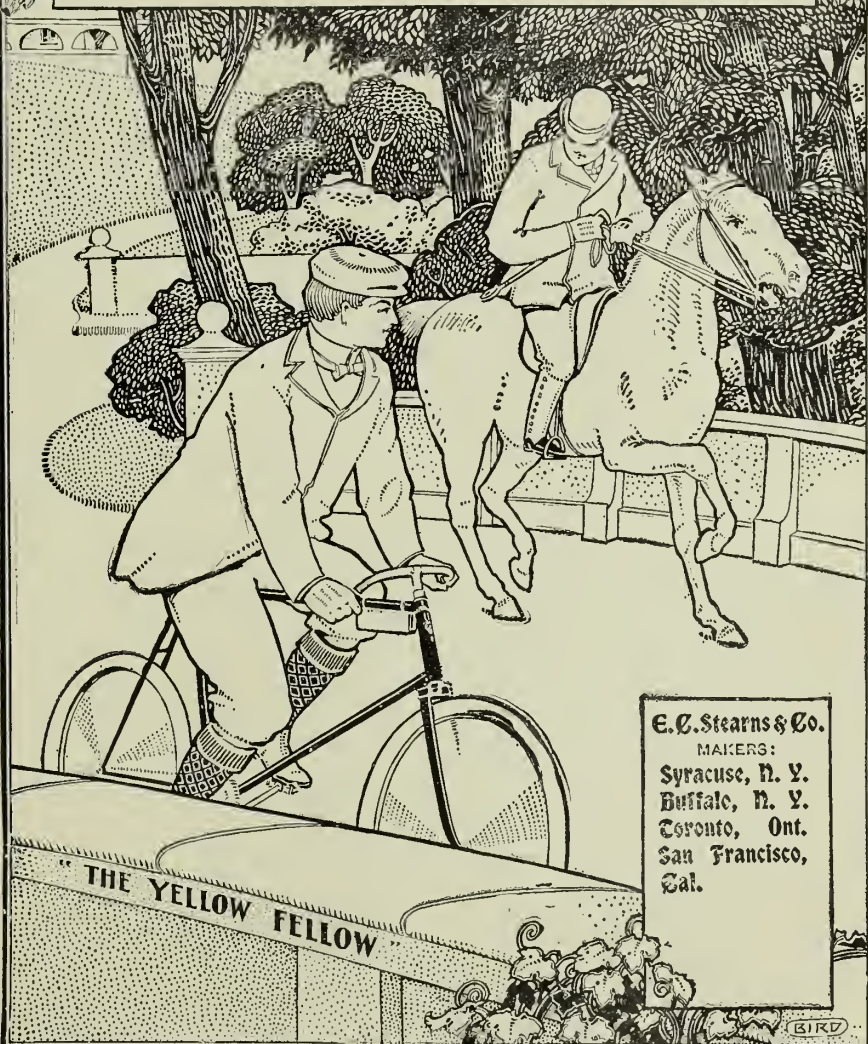
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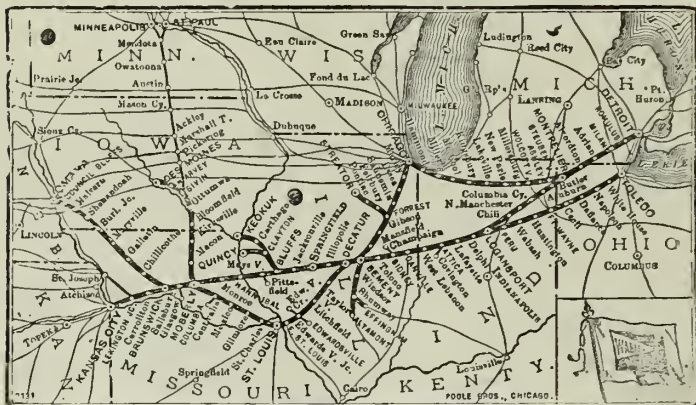
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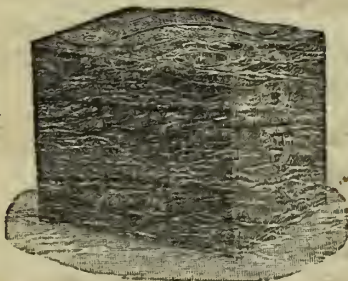
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